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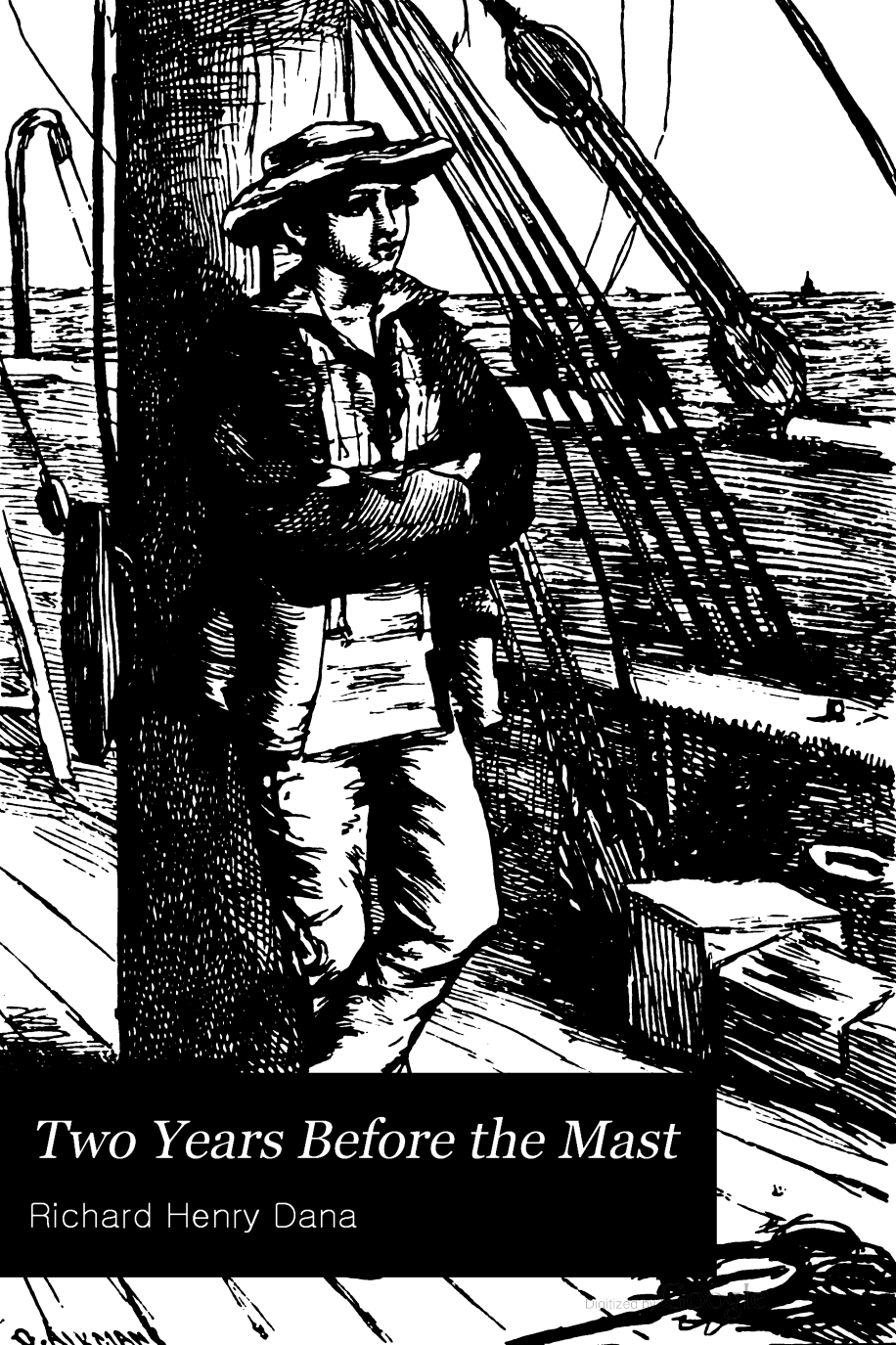

Two Years Before the Mast

Richard Henry Dana

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TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

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STANDING THE WATCH.

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TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

OR

~~A Voice from the Forecastle~~

AN ~~AUTHENTIC~~ NARRATIVE OF ~~SAILORS~~ LIFE AT SEA

BY

R. H. DANA, JUN.

New Edition

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1899

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THERE is little occasion for prefatory remark to a work so well known as this. The Editor of this edition has endeavoured to make the text as accurate and suitable for those into whose hands it is expected to fall as possible. Occasionally he has taken the liberty of omitting what may be termed uninteresting entries in the journal, and of making other abbreviations where he thought this could be done without injury to the narrative. A few illustrations are introduced, and a short glossary has been added with the view of explaining the more common sea-phrases occurring throughout the work.

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PREFACE.

I AM unwilling to present this narrative to the public without a few words in explanation of my reasons for publishing it. Since Mr. Cooper's Pilot and Red Rover, there have been so many stories of sea-life written, that I should really think it unjustifiable in me to add one to the number, without being able to give reasons in some measure warranting me in so doing.

With the single exception, as I am quite confident, of Mr. Ames' entertaining, but hasty and desultory work, called "Mariner's Sketches," all the books professing to give life at sea have been written by persons who have gained their experience as naval officers, or passengers, and of

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these there are very few which are intended to be taken as narratives of facts.

Now, in the first place, the whole course of life and daily duties, the discipline, habits, and customs of a man-of-war are very different from those of the merchant service; and in the next place, however entertaining and well-written these books may be, and however accurately they may give sea-life as it appears to their authors, it must still be plain to every one, that a naval officer, who goes to sea as a gentleman, "with his gloves on," (as the phrase is,) and who associates only with his fellow-officers, and hardly speaks to a sailor except through a boatswain's mate, must take a very different view of the whole matter from that which would be taken by a common sailor.

Besides the interest which every one must feel in exhibitions of life in those forms in which he himself has never experienced it, there has been, of late years, a great deal of attention directed toward common seamen, and a strong sympathy awakened in their behalf. Yet I believe that,

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with the single exception which I have mentioned, there has not been a book written, professing to give their life and experiences, by one who has been of them, and can know what their life really is. *A voice from the forecastle* has hardly yet been heard.

In the following pages I design to give an accurate and authentic narrative of a little more than two years spent as a common sailor before the mast, in the American merchant service. It is written out from a journal which I kept at the time, and from notes which I made of most of the events as they happened; and in it I have adhered closely to fact in every particular, and endeavoured to give each thing its true character. In so doing I have been obliged occasionally to use strong and coarse expressions, and in some instances to give scenes which may be painful to nice feelings; but I have very carefully avoided doing so, whenever I have not felt them essential to giving the true character of a scene. My design is, and it is this which has induced me to publish the book, to present the life of a common

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sailor at sea as it really is—the light and the dark together.

There may be in some parts a good deal that is unintelligible to the general reader; but I have found, from my own experience, and from what I have heard from others, that plain matters of fact in relations to customs and habits of life new to us, and descriptions of life under new aspects, act upon the inexperienced through the imagination, so that we are hardly aware of our want of technical knowledge. Thousands read the escape of the American frigate through the British Channel, and the chase and wreck of the Bristol trader in the Red Rover, and follow the minute nautical manœuvres with breathless interest, who do not know the name of a rope in the ship; and perhaps with none the less admiration and enthusiasm for their want of acquaintance with the professional detail.

In preparing this narrative I have carefully avoided incorporating into it any impressions but those made upon me by the events as they occurred, leaving to my concluding chapter, to

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which I shall respectfully call the reader's attention, those views which have been suggested to me by subsequent reflection.

These reasons, and the advice of a few friends, have led me to give this narrative to the press. If it shall interest the general reader, and call more attention to the welfare of seamen, or give any information as to their real condition, which may serve to raise them in the rank of beings, and to promote in any measure their religious and moral improvement, and diminish the hardships of their daily life, the end of its publication will be answered. R. H. D., Jr.

Boston, *July* 1840.

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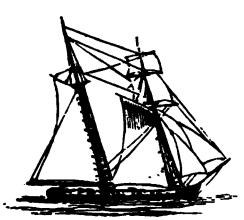
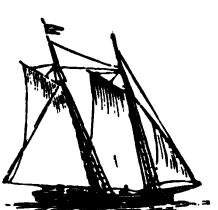


TOP-SAIL SCHOONER.



FORE-AND-AFT SCHOONER.

NAMES OF MERCANTILE VESSELS ACCORDING TO RIG.

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TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

CHAPTER I.

"GOOD NIGHT."

THE fourteenth of August was the day fixed upon for the sailing of the brig "Pilgrim," on her voyage from Boston round Cape Horn, to the western coast of North America. As she was to get under weigh early in the afternoon, I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock, in full sea-rig, and with my chest, containing an outfit for a two or three years' voyage, which I had undertaken from a determination to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life, and a long absence from books and study, a weakness of the eyes, which had obliged me to give up my pursuits, and which no medical aid seemed likely to cure.

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The change from the light dress-coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Cambridge (U. S.), to the loose duck trowsers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor, though somewhat of a transformation, was soon made; and I supposed that I should pass very well for a Jack-tar. But it is impossible to deceive the practised in these matters, and while I supposed myself to be looking as salt as Neptune himself, I was, no doubt, known for a landsman by every one on board as soon as I hove in sight. A sailor has a peculiar cut to his clothes, and a way of wearing them, that a green hand can never get. The trowsers, tight round the hips, and thence hanging long and loose round the feet, a superabundance of check shirt, a low-crowned, well-varnished black hat, worn on the back of the head, with half-a-fathom of black ribbon hanging over the left eye, and a peculiar tie to the black-silk neckerchief, with other minutiæ, are signs, the want of which betrays the beginner at once.

Besides the points of my dress which were out of the way, doubtless my complexion and hands were enough to distinguish me from the regular "salt," who, with a sunburnt cheek, wide step, and rolling gait, swings his bronzed and toughened hands athwart ships, half-open, as though just ready to grasp a rope.

"With all my imperfections on my head" I

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joined the crew, we hauled out into the stream, and came to an anchor for the night. The next day we were employed in preparations for sea, reeving studding-sail gear, crossing royal yards, putting on chafing-gear, and taking on board our powder. On the following night I stood my first watch. I remained awake nearly all the first part of the night, from fear I might not hear when I was called; and when I went on deck, so great were my ideas of the importance of my trust, that I walked regularly fore and aft the whole length of the vessel, looking out over the bows and taff-rail at each turn, and was not a little surprised at the coolness of the old salt whom I called to take my place, in stowing himself snugly away under the long-boat for a nap. That was a sufficient look-out, he thought, for a fine night, at anchor in a safe harbour.

The next morning was Saturday, and a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay. I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity to take a last look at the city and well-known objects, as no time is allowed on board ship for sentiment. As we drew down into the lower harbour, we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to an anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day, and

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a part of the night. My watch began at eleven at night, and I received orders to call the captain if the wind came from the westward. About midnight the wind became fair, and having called the captain, I was ordered to call all hands. How I accomplished this I do not know, but I am quite sure that I did not give the true hoarse boatswain's call of "All ha-a-nds! up anchor aho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold on Yankee land. I could take but little part in all these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given and so immediately executed; there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange cries and strange actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life. At length these peculiar long-drawn sounds, which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass, began, and in a few moments we were under weigh. The noise of the waters thrown from the bows began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night-breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground-swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding "good night" to my native land.

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CHAPTER II.

FIRST LESSONS AT SEA.

THE first day we passed at sea was the Sabbath. As we were just from port, and there was a great deal to be done on board, we were kept at work all day, and at night the watches were set, and everything was put in sea order. When we were called aft to be divided into watches, I had a good specimen of the manners of a sea captain. After the division had been made, he gave a short characteristic speech, walking the quarter deck with a cigar in his mouth, and dropping the words out between the puffs.

"Now, my men, we have begun a long voyage. If we get along well together, we shall have a comfortable time; if we don't, we shall have hell afloat. All you've got to do is to obey your orders and do your duty like men—then you'll fare well enough; if you don't, you'll fare hard enough, I can assure you. If we pull together, you'll find me a clever fellow; if we don't, you'll find me a bloody rascal. That's all I've got to say. Go below, the larboard watch."

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I, being in the starboard or second mate's watch, had an opportunity of keeping the first watch at sea. S——, a young man, taking, like myself, his first voyage, was in the same watch, and he was the son of a professional man, and had been in a counting-room in Boston, we found that we had many friends and topics in common. We talked these matters over:—Boston, what our friends were probably doing, our voyage, etc.; until he went to take his turn at the look-out, and left me to myself. I had now a fine time for reflection. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The officer was walking the quarter-deck, where I had no right to go; one or two men were talking on the forecastle, whom I had little inclination to join; so that I was left open to the full impression of everything about me. However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swift over them, I could not but remember that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did then and afterwards take pleasure in these reflections, hoping by them to prevent my becoming insensible to the value of what I was learning.

But all my plans were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead; and I could plainly see

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by the looks of the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say, that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes eight bells were struck, the watch were called, and we went below. I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage, in which I lived, was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and ship-stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. There was a complete "hurrah's nest," as the sailors say, "everything on top and nothing at hand." A large hawser had been coiled away upon my chest; my hats, boots, mattress, and blankets, were all fetched away and gone over to leeward, and were jammed and broken under the boxes and coils of rigging. To crown all, we were allowed no light to find anything with, and I was just beginning to feel strong symptoms of sea-sickness, and that listlessness and inactivity which accompanies it. Giving up all attempts to collect my things together, I lay down upon the sails, expecting to hear the cry of "All hands ahoy," which the ap-

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proaching storm would soon make necessary. I shortly heard the rain-drops falling on deck, thick and fast, and the watch evidently had their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the trampling of feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the accompaniments of a coming storm. In a few minutes the side of the hatch was thrown back, which let down the noise and tumult of the deck still louder. The cry of "All hands ahoy! tumble up here and take in sail," saluted our ears, and the hatch was quickly shut again. When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience was before me. The little brig was close hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it seemed to me, nearly upon her beam-ends. The heavy sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge-hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The top-sail halliard had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and to me unintelligible orders constantly given and rapidly executed, and the sailors "singing out" at the ropes, in their hoarse and peculiar strains. In addition to all this, I had not got my "sea-legs on," was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to anything, and it was "pitch dark." This was

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my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef top-sails.

How I got along, I cannot now remember. I "laid out" on the yards, and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I left the top-sail yard. Soon all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below. This I did not consider much of a favour, for the confusion of everything below, and that inexpressibly sickening smell caused by the shaking up of the bilge-water in the hold, made the steerage but an indifferent refuge from the cold, wet decks. I had often read of the nautical experience of others, but I felt as though there could be none worse than mine; for in addition to every other evil, I could not but remember that this was only the first night of a two years' voyage. When we were on deck, we were not much better off, for we were continually ordered about by the officer, who said that it was good for us to be in motion. Yet anything was better than the horrible state of things below. I remember very well of going to the hatchway and putting my head down, when I was oppressed by *nausea*, and always relieved immediately: it was as good as an emetic.

This state of things continued for two days.

Wednesday, Aug. 20th.—We had the watch on deck from four till eight this morning. When we

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came on deck at four o'clock, we found things much changed for the better. The sea and wind had gone down, and the stars were out bright. I experienced a corresponding change in my feelings; yet continued extremely weak from my sickness. I stood in the waist on the weather side, watching the gradual break of the day, and the first streaks of early light. Much has been said about sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with sunrise on shore. It wants the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of men, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and housetops, to give it life and spirit. But though the actual *rise of the sun* at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare with the *early breaking of day* upon the wide ocean.

There is something in the first grey streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundless and unknown depth of the sea around you, and gives you a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can give. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up the ordinary monotonous sea-day begins.

From such reflections as these I was aroused by the order from the officer, "Forward there; rig the head-pump!" I found that no time was al-

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lowed for day-dreaming, but that we must "turn to" at the first light. Having called up the "idlers," viz. carpenter, cook, steward, etc.—and rigged the pump, we commenced washing down the decks. This operation, which is performed every morning at sea, takes nearly two hours; and I had hardly strength enough to get through it. After we had finished, swabbed down, and coiled up the rigging, I sat down on the spars, waiting for seven bells, which was the sign for breakfast. The officer, seeing my lazy posture, ordered me to "slush the mainmasts, from the royal mast-head down." The vessel was then rolling a little, and I had taken no sustenance for three days, so that I felt tempted to tell him that I had rather wait till after breakfast; but I knew that I must "take the bull by the horns," and that if I showed any sign or want of spirit, or backwardness, I should be ruined at once. So I took my bucket of grease and climbed up to the royal mast-head. Here the rocking of the vessel, which increases the higher you go from the foot of the mast, which was the fulcrum of the lever, and the smell of the grease, which offended my fastidious senses, upset my stomach again, and I was not a little rejoiced when I got upon the comparative *terra firma* of the deck. In a few minutes seven bells were struck, the log hove, the watch called, and we went to breakfast. Here I cannot but remember

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the advice of the cook, a simple-hearted African. "Now," says he, "my lad, you are well cleaned out: you haven't got a drop of your long-shore swash aboard of you. You must begin on a new tack—pitch all your sweetmeats overboard, and turn to upon good hearty salt beef and sea bread, and I'll promise you, you'll have your ribs well sheathed and be as hearty as any of 'em, afore you are up to the Horn." This would be good advice to give to passengers, when they speak of the little niceties which they have laid by in case of sea-sickness.

I cannot describe the change which half-a-pound of cold salt beef and a biscuit or two produced in me. I was a new being. We had a watch below till noon, so that I had some time to myself; and getting a huge piece of strong, cold, salt beef from the cook, I kept gnawing upon it until twelve o'clock. When we went on deck I felt somewhat like a man, and could begin to learn my sea-duty with considerable spirit. At about two o'clock, we heard the loud cry of "Sail ho!" from aloft, and soon saw two sails to windward, going directly athwart our hawse. This was the first time that I had seen a sail at sea. I thought then, and have always since, that it exceeds every other sight in interest and beauty. They passed to leeward of us, and out of hailing distance; but the captain could read the names on

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the sterns with the glass. They were, the ship "Ellen Mar" of New York, and the brig "Mermaid" of Boston. They were both steering westward, and were bound in for our dear native land.

Thursday, Aug. 21st.—This day the sun rose clear, we had a fine wind, and everything was bright and cheerful. I had now got my sea-legs on, and was beginning to enter upon the regular duties of a sea-life. About six bells—that is, three o'clock P.M.—we saw a sail on our larboard bow. I was very anxious, like every new sailor, to speak her. She came down to us, backed her main topsail, and the two vessels stood "head on," bowing and curvetting at each other like a couple of war-horses reined in by their riders. It was the first vessel that I had seen near, and I was surprised to find how much she rolled and pitched in so quiet a sea. She plunged her head into the sea, and then, her stern settling gradually down, her huge bows rose up, showing the bright copper, and her stern and breast hooks dripping, like Neptune's locks, with the brine. Her decks were filled with passengers, who had come up at the cry of "Sail ho!" and who by their dress and features appeared to be Swiss and French emigrants. She hailed us at first in French, but receiving no answer, she tried us in English. She was the ship "La Carolina," from Havre to New York. We desired her to report the brig "Pilgrim," from Boston, for the

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north-west coast of America, five days out. She then filled away and left us to plough on through our waste of waters. This day ended pleasantly; we had got into regular and comfortable weather, and into that routine of sea life which is only broken by a storm, a sail, or the sight of land.

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CHAPTER III.

SAILORS' LIFE AND DUTY.

As we had now a long spell of fine weather, without any incident to break the monotony of our lives, there can be no better place to describe the duties, regulations, and customs of an American merchantman, of which ours was a fair specimen.

The Captain, in the first place, is lord paramount. He stands no watches, comes and goes when he pleases, and is accountable to no one, and must be obeyed in everything, without a question, even from his chief officer. He has the power to turn his officers off duty, and even to break them and make them do duty as sailors in the forecastle. Where there are no passengers and no supercargo, as in our vessel, he has no companion but his own dignity; and no pleasures, unless he differs from most of his kind, but the consciousness of possessing supreme power, and, occasionally, the exercise of it.

The Prime Minister, the official organ, and the active and superintending officer, is The Chief Mate. He is first lieutenant, boatswain, sailing-

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master, and quarter-master. The captain tells him what he wishes to have done, and leaves to him the care of overseeing, or allotting the work, and also, the responsibility of its being well done. The mate (as he is always called, par excellence) also keeps the log-book, for which he is responsible to the owners and insurers, and has the charge of the stowage, safe-keeping, and delivery of the cargo. He is also, *ex officio*, the wit of the crew; for the captain does not condescend to joke with the men, and the second mate no one cares for; so that when "the mate" thinks fit to entertain "the people" with a coarse joke or a little practical wit, every one feels bound to laugh.

THE SECOND MATE is proverbially a dog's berth. He is neither officer nor man. The men do not respect him as an officer, and he is obliged to go aloft to reef or furl the topsails, and to put his hands into the tar and slush with the rest. The crew call him the "sailors' waiter," as he has to furnish them with spun-yarn, marline, and all other stuffs that they need in their work, and has charge of the boatswain's locker, which includes serving-boards, marlin-spikes, etc. etc. He is expected by the captain to maintain his dignity and to enforce obedience, and still is kept at a great distance by the mate, and obliged to work with the crew. He is one to whom "little is given, and of whom much is required." His wages are usually

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double those of the common sailor, and he eats and sleeps in the cabin; but he is obliged to be on deck nearly all his time, and eats at the second table—that is, makes a meal out of what the captain and chief mate leave.

THE STEWARD is the captain's servant, and has charge of the pantry, from which every one, even the mate himself, is excluded. These distinctions usually find him an enemy in the mate, who does not like to have any one on board who is not entirely under his control; the crew do not consider him as one of their number, so he is left to the mercy of the captain.

THE COOK is the patron of the crew, and those who are in his favour can get their wet mittens and stockings dried, or light their pipes at the galley in the night-watch. These two worthies, together with the carpenter and sail-maker, if there be one, stand no watch, but being employed all day, are allowed to "sleep in" at nights, unless all hands are called.

THE CREW are divided into two divisions, as equally as may be, called the "watches." Of these the chief mate commands the larboard, and the second mate the starboard. They divide the time between them, being on and off duty, or, as it is called, on deck and below, every four hours. If, for instance, the chief mate with the larboard watch have the first night-watch from

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eight to twelve, at the end of the four hours the starboard watch is called, and the second mate takes the deck, while the larboard watch and the first mate go below till four in the morning, when they come on deck again, and remain until night, having what is called the morning watch. As they will have been on deck eight hours out of twelve, while those who had the middle watch —from twelve to four—will only have been up four hours, they have what is called a "forenoon watch below," that is, from eight A.M., till twelve A.M. In a man-of-war, and in some merchantmen, this alteration of watches is kept up throughout twenty-four hours; but our ship, like most merchantmen, had "all hands," from twelve o'clock till dark, except in bad weather, we had "watch and watch."

An explanation of the "dog-watches" may, perhaps, be of use to one who has never been at sea. They are to shift the watches each night, so that the same watch need not to be on deck at the same hours. In order to effect this, the watch from four to eight P.M. is divided into two half, or dog watches, one from four to six, and the other from six to eight. By these means they divide the twenty-four hours into seven watches instead of six, and thus shift the hours every night. As the dog-watches come during the twilight, after the day's work is done, and before the night watch

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is set, they are the watches in which everybody is on deck. The captain is up, walking on the weather side of the quarter-deck, the chief mate on the lee side, and the second mate about the weather gangway. The steward has finished his work in the cabin, and has come up to smoke his pipe with the cook in the galley. The crew are sitting on the windlass, or lying on the forecastle, smoking, singing, or telling long yarns. At eight o'clock eight bells are struck, the log is hove, the watch set, the wheel relieved, the galley shut up, and the other watch go below.

The morning commences with the watch on deck "turning to" at daybreak and washing down, scrubbing, and swabbing the decks. This, together with filling the "scuttled butt" with fresh water, and coiling up the rigging, usually occupies the time until seven bells (half-past seven) when all hands get breakfast. At eight the day's work begins, and lasts until sun-down, with the exception of an hour for dinner.

Before I end my explanation, it may be well to define a "day's work," and to correct a mistake prevalent amongst landsmen about a sailor's life. Nothing is more common than to hear people say, Are not sailors very idle at sea? what can they find to do? This is a very natural mistake, and being very frequently made, it is one which every sailor feels interested in having corrected. In the first place

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then, the discipline of the ship requires every man to be at work upon something when he is on deck, except at night and on Sundays. Except at these times, you will never see any man on board a well-ordered vessel, standing idle on deck, sitting down, or leaning over the side. It is the officer's duty to see every one at work, even if there is nothing to be done but to scrape the rust from the chain cables. In no state prison are the convicts more regularly set to work and more closely watched. No conversation is allowed among the crew at their duty, and though they frequently do talk when aloft or when near one another, yet they always stop when an officer is nigh.

With regard to the work upon which the men are put, it is a matter which probably would not be understood by one who has not been at sea. When I first left port, and found that we were kept regularly employed for a week or two, I supposed that we were getting the vessel into sea trim, and that it would soon be over, and we should have nothing to do but sail the ship; but I found that it continued for two years, and that at the end of the two years there was as much to be done as ever. As has often been said, a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repair. When first leaving port, studding-sail gear is to be rove, all the running rigging to be examined, that which is unfit for use is to be got down, and new rigging

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rove in its place; then the standing rigging is to be overhauled, replaced, and repaired in a thousand different ways; and whenever any of the numberless ropes or the yards are chafing or wearing upon it, then " chafing-gear," as it is called, must be put on. The chafing-gear consists of worming, parcelling, roundings, battens, and service of all kinds—both rope-yarns, spun-yarn, marline, and seizing stuffs. Taking off, putting on, and mending the chafing gear, alone, upon a vessel, would find constant employment for two or three men, during working hours, for the whole voyage.

The next point to be considerd is, that all the " small stuffs " which are used on board a ship—such as spun-yarn, marline, seizing stuff, etc. etc. —are made on board. The owners of a vessel buy up incredible quantities of " old junk," which the sailors unlay after drawing out the yarns, knot them together, and roll them up in balls. These " rope-yarns " are constantly used for various purposes, but the greater part is manufactured into spun-yarn. For this purpose every vessel is furnished with a spun-yarn " winch," which is very simple, consisting of a wheel and spindle. This may be heard constantly on deck in pleasant weather, and we had employment, during a great part of the time, for three hands, in drawing and knotting yarns and making spun-yarn.

Another method of employing the crew is

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"setting up" rigging. Whenever any of the standing rigging becomes slack (which is continually happening), the seizings and coverings are replaced, which is a very nice piece of work. There is also such a connection between different parts of a vessel, that one rope can seldom be touched without altering another. You cannot stay a mast aft by the back-stays without slacking up the head-stays, etc. etc. If we add to this all the tarring, greasing, oiling, varnishing, painting, scraping, and scrubbing, which is required in the course of a long voyage, and also remember this is all to be done in addition to watching at night, steering, reefing, furling, bracing, making and setting sail, and pulling, hauling, and climbing in every direction, one will hardly ask, "What can a sailor do at sea?

If, after all this labour—after exposing the lives and limbs in storms, wet and cold—

> "Wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
> The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
> Keep their furs dry"—

the merchants and captains think that they have not earned their twelve dollars a-month (out of which they clothe themselves), and their salt beef and hard bread, they keep them picking oakum—*ad infinitum*. This was the usual resource upon a rainy day, for then it will not do to work upon the

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rigging; and when it is pouring down in floods, instead of letting the sailors stand about in sheltered places, and talk, and keep themselves comfortable, they are separated to different parts of the ship, and kept at work picking oakum. I have seen oakum stuff placed in different parts of the ship, so that the sailors might not be idle in the *snatches* between the frequent squalls upon crossing the equator. Some officers have been so driven to find work for the crew in a ship ready for sea, that they have set them a-pounding the anchors (often done), and scraping the chain cables. The "Philadelphia catechism" is

"Six days shalt thou labour and do all thou art able,
And on the seventh—holystone the decks and scrape the cable."

This kind of work, of course, is not kept up off Cape Horn, Cape of Good Hope, and in extreme north or south latitudes; but I have seen the decks washed down and scrubbed when the water would have frozen if it had been fresh; and all hands kept at work upon the rigging, when we had on our pea jackets, and our hands so numb that we could hardly hold our marlin-spikes.

I have here gone out of my narrative course, in order that any who reads this may form as correct an idea of a sailor's life and duty as possible. I have done it in this place because, for some time,

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our life was nothing but an unvarying repetition of these duties, which can be better described together. Before leaving this description, however, I would state, in order to show landsmen how little they know of the nature of a ship, that a "ship-carpenter" is kept in constant employ during good weather on board vessels which are in what is called perfect sea order.

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CHAPTER IV.

CROSSING THE EQUATOR.

AFTER speaking the "Caroline," on the 21st of August, nothing occurred to break the monotony of our life until

Friday, Sept. 5th, when we saw a sail on our weather (starboard) beam. She proved to be a brig under English colours, and passing under our stern, reported herself as forty-nine days from Buenos Ayres, bound to Liverpool. Before she had passed us, "Sail ho!" was cried again, and we made another sail, far on our weather bow, and steering athwart our hawse. She passed out of hail, with Brazilian colours in her main rigging. By her course she must have been bound from Brazil to the south of Europe, probably Portugal.

Sunday, Sept. 7th.—Fell in with the north-east trade-winds. This morning we caught our first dolphin, which I was very eager to see. I was disappointed in the colours of this fish when dying. They were certainly very beautiful, but not equal to what has been said of them. They are too indistinct. To do the fish justice, there is

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nothing more beautiful than the dolphin when swimming a few feet below the surface on a bright day. It is the most elegantly formed, and also the quickest fish in salt water; and the rays of the sun striking upon it, in its rapid and changing motions, reflected from the water, made it look like a stray beam from a rainbow.

This day was spent like all pleasant Sabbaths at sea. The decks were washed down, the rigging coiled up, and everything put in order, and throughout the day only one watch is kept on deck at a time. The men are all decked in their best white-duck trowsers, and red or checked shirts, and have nothing to do but to make the necessary changes in the sails. They employ themselves in reading, talking, smoking, and mending their clothes. If the weather is pleasant they bring their work and their books upon deck, and sit down upon the forecastle and windlass. This is the only day on which these privileges are allowed them. When Monday comes they put on their tarry trowsers again, and prepare for six days of labour.

To enhance the value of the Sabbath to the crew, they are allowed on that day a pudding, or as it is called, a "duff." This is nothing more than flour boiled with water and eaten with molasses. It is very heavy, dark, and clammy, yet it is looked upon as a luxury, and really forms an

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agreeable variety with salt beef and pork. Many a rascally captain has made friends of his crew by allowing them duff twice a-week on the passage home.

On board some vessels this is made a day of instruction and religious exercises; but we had a crew of swearers, from the captain to the smallest boy; and a day of rest, and of something like quiet, social enjoyment, was all that we could expect.

We continued running large before the north-east trade-winds for several days until Monday,

Sept. 22*d*, when, upon coming on deck at seven bells in the morning, we found the other watch aloft throwing water upon the sails; and looking astern, we saw a small clipper-built brig with a black hull heading directly after us. We went to work immediately, and put all the canvas upon the brig, which we could get upon her, rigging our oars for studding sail-yards; and continued wetting down the sails by buckets of water whipped up to the mast-head, until about nine o'clock, when there came on a drizzling rain. The vessel continued in pursuit, changing her course as we changed ours, to keep before the wind. The captain, who watched her with his glass, said that she was armed and full of men, and showed no colours. We continued running dead before the wind, knowing that we sailed better so, and that clippers are fastest on the wind.

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We had also another advantage. The wind was light, and we spread more canvas than she did, having royals and sky-sails fore and aft, and ten studding-sails; while she, being a hermaphrodite brig, had only a gaff try-sail aft. Early in the morning she was overhauling us a little, but as the rain came on and the wind grew lighter, we began to leave her astern. All hands remained on deck throughout the day, and we got our arms in order; but we were too few to have done anything with her if she had proved to be what we feared. Fortunately there was no moon, and the night which followed was exceedingly dark, so that by putting out all the lights on board, and altering our course four points, we hoped to get out of her reach. We had no light at the binnacle, but steered by the stars, and kept perfect silence through the night. At daybreak there was no sign of anything in the horizon, and we kept the vessel off to her course.

Wednesday, Oct. 1st.—Crossed the equator in long. 24 deg. 24 min. W. I now, for the first time, felt at liberty, according to the old usages, to call myself a son of Neptune, and was very glad to be able to claim the title without the disagreeable initiation which so many have to go through. After once crossing the line, you can never be subjected to the process, but are considered as a son of Neptune, with full power to

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play tricks upon others. This ancient custom is now seldom allowed, unless there are passengers on board, in which case there is always a good deal of sport.

It had been obvious to all hands for some time that the second mate, whose name was Foster, was an idle, careless fellow, and not much of a sailor, and that the captain was exceedingly dissatisfied with him. The power of the captain in these cases was well known, and we all anticipated a difficulty. Foster (called *Mr.* by virtue of his office), was but half a sailor, having always been short voyages and remained at home between them. His father was a man of some property, and intended to have given his son a liberal education; but he, being idle and worthless, was sent off to sea, and succeeded no better there; for, unlike many scamps, he had none of the qualities of a sailor,—he was "not of the stuff they make sailors of." He was one of that class of officers who are disliked by their captain and despised by the crew. He used to hold long yarns with the crew, and talk about the captain, and play with the boys, and relax discipline every way. This kind of conduct always makes the captain suspicious, and is never pleasant in the end to the men, they preferring to have an officer active, vigilant, and as distant as may be with kindness. Among other bad practices, he fre-

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quently slept on his watch, and having been discovered asleep by the captain, he was told that he would be turned off duty if he did it again. To prevent it in every way possible, the hen-coops were ordered to be knocked up, for the captain never sat down on deck himself, and never permitted an officer to do so.

The second night after crossing the equator we had the watch from eight till twelve, and it was "my helm" for the last two hours. There had been light squalls through the night, and the captain told Mr. Foster, who commanded our watch, to keep a bright look-out. Soon after I came to the helm I found that he was quite drowsy, and at last he stretched himself on the companion, and went fast asleep. Soon afterwards the captain came very quietly on deck, and stood by me for some time looking at the compass. The officer at length became aware of the captain's presence, but pretending not to know it, began humming and whistling to himself, to show that he was not asleep, and went forward, without looking behind him, and ordered the main-royal to be loosened. On turning round to come aft, he pretended surprise at seeing the master on deck. This would not do. The captain was "too wide awake" for him, and beginning upon him at once, gave him a grand blow-up in true nautical style—"You're a lazy

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good-for-nothing rascal; you're neither man, boy, *soger*, nor sailor!—you're no more than a *thing* aboard a vessel!—you don't earn your salt!—you're worse than a *Mahon soger!*" and other still more choice extracts from the sailor's vocabulary. After the poor fellow had taken this harangue, he was sent into his state-room, and the captain stood the rest of the watch himself.

At seven bells in the morning all hands were called aft, and told that Foster was no longer an officer on board, and that we might choose one of our own number for the second mate. It is usual for the captain to make this offer, and it is good policy, for the crew think themselves the choosers and are flattered by it, but have to obey, nevertheless. Our crew, as is usual, refused to take the responsibility of choosing a man of whom we could never be able to complain, and left it to the captain. He picked out an active and intelligent young sailor, born near the Kennebec, who had been several Canton voyages, and proclaimed him in the following manner:—"I choose Jim Hall—he's your second mate. All you've got to do is, to obey him as you would me; and remember that he is Mr. Hall." Foster went forward in the forecastle as a common sailor, and lost *the handle of his name*, while young Jim became Mr. Hall, and took up his quarters in the land of knives, forks, and tea-cups.

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Sunday, Oct. 5th.—It was our morning watch, when, soon after the day began to break, a man on the forecastle cried out "Land ho!" I had never heard the cry before, and did not know what it meant (and few would suspect what the words were, when hearing the strange sound for the first time); but I soon found, by the direction of all eyes, that there was land stretching along on our weather-beam. We immediately took in studding-sail, and hauled our wind, running in for land. This done, we determined our longitude; for by the captain's chronometer we were in 25 deg. W., but by this observation we were much farther, and he had been for some time in doubt whether it was his chronometer or his sextant that was out of order. This landfall settled the matter, and the former instrument was condemned, and becoming still worse, was never afterwards used.

As we ran in towards the coast, we found that we were direct off the port of Pernambuco, and could see with the telescope the roofs of the houses, and one large church, and the town of Olinda. We ran along by the mouth of the harbour, and saw a full-rigged brig going in. At two P.M. we again kept off before the wind, leaving the land on our quarter, and at sundown it was out of sight. It was here that I first saw one of those singular things called catamarans. They are composed of logs lashed together upon the water, have

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one large sail, are quite fast, and, strange as it may seem, are trusted as good sea-boats. We saw several, with from one to three men in each, boldly pulling out to sea after it had become almost dark. The Indians go out in them after fish, and as the weather is regular in certain seasons, they have no fear. After again taking departure from Olinda, we kept off on our way to Cape Horn.

We met with nothing remarkable until we were in the latitude of the river La Plata. Here there are violent gales from the south-west, called Pomperes, which are very destructive to the shipping in the river, and are felt for many leagues at sea. They are usually preceded by lightning. The captain told the mates to keep a bright look-out, and if they saw lightning at the south-west to take in sail at once. We got the first touch of one during my watch on deck. I was walking in the lee gangway, and thought I saw lightning on the lee bow. I told the second mate, who came over and looked out for some time. It was very black in the south-west, and in about ten minutes we saw a distinct flash. The wind, which had been south-east, had now left us, and it was dead calm. We sprang aloft immediately, and furled the royals and top-gallant sails, and took in the flying jib, hauled up the mainsail and trysails, squared the after-yards, and waited the attack. A huge mist, capped with black clouds, came driv-

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ing towards us, extending over that quarter of the horizon, and covering the stars, which shone brightly in the other parts of the heavens. It came upon us with a blast, and a shower of hail and rain, which almost took our breaths from us. The hardiest was obliged to turn his back. We let the halyards run, and fortunately were not taken aback. The little vessel "paid off" from the wind, and ran on for some time directly before it, tearing through the water with everything flying. Having called all hands, we close-reefed the topsails and trysails, furled the courses and jib, set the fore-topmast staysails, and brought her nearly to the course, with the weather-braces hauled in a little to ease her.

This was the first blow that I had seen which could be really called a gale. We had reefed our topsails in the Gulf Stream, and I had thought it something serious, but an old sailor would have thought nothing of it. As I had now become used to the vessel and to do my duty, I was of some service on the yard, and could knot my reef-point as well as anybody. I obeyed the order to lay aloft with the rest, and found the reefing a very exciting scene; for one watch reefed the fore topsail, and the other the main, and every one did his utmost to get the topsail hoisted first. We had a great advantage over the larboard watch, because the chief mate never goes aloft, while our new

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second mate used to jump into the rigging as soon as we began to haul out the reef-tackle, and have the weather-earing passed before there was a man upon the yard. In this way we were almost always able to raise the cry of "Haul out to the leeward" before them; and having knotted the points, would slide down the shrouds and back-stays, and sing out at the topsail halliards, to let it be known that we were ahead of them. Reefing is the most exciting part of a sailor's duty. All hands are engaged upon it, and after the halyards are let go there is no time to be lost—no "sogering" or hanging back then. If one is not quick enough, another runs over him. The first on the yard goes to the weather-earing, the second to the lee, and the next two to the "dog's ear," while the others lay along into the bunt, just giving each other elbow-room. In reefing, the yard-arms (the extremes of the yards) are posts of honour; but in furling, the strongest and most experienced stand in the slings (or middle of the yard) and make up the bunt. If the second mate is a smart fellow he will never let any one take either of the posts from him; but if he is wanting either in seamanship, strength, or activity, some better man will get the bunt and earings from him, which immediately brings him into disrepute.

We remained for the rest of the night, and throughout the next day, under the same close

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sail; for it continued to blow very fresh, and though we had no more hail, yet there was a soaking rain, and it was quite cold and uncomfortable; the more so, because we were not prepared for cold weather, but had on our thin clothes. We were glad to get a watch below, and put on our thick clothing, boots, and south-westers. Towards sundown the gale moderated a little, and it began to clear off in the south-west. We shook our reefs out, one by one, and before midnight had top-gallant sails upon her.

We had now made up our minds for Cape Horn and cold weather, and entered upon every necessary preparation.

Tuesday, Nov. 4th.—At daybreak saw land upon our larboard quarter. There were two islands of different size but of the same shape, rather high, beginning low at the water's edge, and running with a curved ascent to the middle. They were so far off as to be of a deep blue colour, and a few hours sunk them in the north-east. These were the Falkland Islands. We had run between them and the mainland of Patagonia. At sunrise the second mate, who was at the mast head, said that he saw land on the starboard bow. This must have been the island of Staten Land, and we were in the region of Cape Horn, with a fine breeze from the northward, top-mast and top-gallant studding-sails set, and every prospect of a speedy and pleasing passage round.

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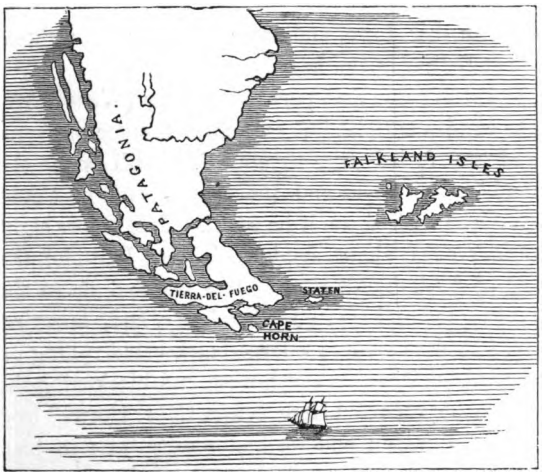

CHART OF CAPE HORN.

CHAPTER V.

DOUBLING CAPE HORN.

Wednesday, Nov. 5th.—The weather was fine during the previous night; we had a clear view of the Magellan Clouds, and of the Southern Cross. The Magellan Clouds consist of three small nebulæ in the southern parts of the heavens—two bright, like the Milky-way, and one dark. These are first seen just above the horizon, soon after crossing the southern tropic. When off Cape Horn they were nearly overhead. The Cross is composed of four

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stars in that form, and is said to be the brightest constellation in the heavens.

During the first part of this day (Wednesday) the wind was light, but soon after it came on fresh, and we furled the royals. We still kept the studding-sails out, and the captain said he would go round with them, if he could. Just before eight o'clock (then about sundown in that latitude), the cry of "All hands ahoy!" was sounded down the forescuttle and the after-hatchway, and, hurrying upon deck, we found a large black cloud rolling on towards us from the south-west, and blackening the whole heavens. "Here comes Cape Horn!" said the chief mate; and we had hardly time to haul down and clew up before it was upon us. In a few moments a heavier sea was raised than I had ever seen before, and as it was directly ahead, the little brig, which was no better than a bathing-machine, plunged into it, and all the forward part of her was under water, the sea pouring in through the bow-ports and hawse-holes, and over the knight-heads, threatening to wash everything overboard. In the lee-scuppers it was up to a man's waist. We sprang-aloft and double-reefed the topsails, and furled all the sails, and made all snug. But this would not do; the brig was labouring and straining against the head sea, and the gale was growing worse and worse. At the same time, sleet and hail were driving with all fury against us. We

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clewed down, and hauled out the reef-tackles again, and close reefed the fore-topsail, and furled the main, and hove her on the starboard-tack. Here was an end of our fine prospects. We made up our minds to head winds and cold weather; sent down the royal-yards and unrove the gear: but all the rest of the top-hamper remained aloft, even to the sky-sail masts and studding-sail booms.

Throughout the night it stormed violently—rain, hail, snow, and sleet, beating upon the vessel—the wind continuing ahead, and the sea running high. About daybreak (about three A.M.) the deck was covered with snow. The captain sent up the steward with a glass of grog to each of the watch; and all the time that we were off the Cape, grog was given to the morning watch, and to all hands whenever we reefed topsails. The clouds cleared away at sunrise, and the wind becoming more fair, we again made sail and stood nearly up to our courses.

Thursday, Nov. 6th.—It continued more pleasant through the first part of the day, but at night we had the same scene over again. This time we did not heave to, as on the night before, but endeavoured to beat to windward under close-reefed topsails, balance-reefed trysail, and fore-topsails. This night it was my turn to steer, or, as the sailors say, my *trick* at the helm, for two hours. Inexperienced as I was, I made out to steer to the satisfaction of

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the officer; and neither S—— nor myself gave up our tricks all the time that we were off the Cape. This was something to boast of, for it requires a good deal of skill and watchfulness to steer a vessel close-hauled, in a gale of wind, against a heavy head sea. "Ease her when she pitches," is the word; and a little carelessness in letting her ship a heavy sea, might sweep the decks or knock the masts out of her.

Friday, Nov. 7th.—Towards morning the wind went down, and during the whole forenoon we lay tossing about in a dead calm, and in the midst of a thick fog. The calms here are unlike those in most parts of the world, for there is always such a high sea running, and the periods of the calms are so short, that it has no time to go down; and vessels being under no command of sails or rudder, lie like logs upon the water. We were obliged to steady the beams and yards by guys and braces, and to lash everything well below. We now found our top hamper of some use, for though it is liable to be carried away, or sprung by the sudden "bringing up" of a vessel when pitching in a chopping sea, yet it is a great help in steadying a vessel when rolling in a long swell; giving more slowness, ease, and regularity to the motion.

The calm of the morning reminds me of a scene which I forgot to mention at the time of the occurrence, but which I remember from its being

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the first time I had heard the near breathing of whales. It was on the night that we passed between the Falkland Islands and Staten Land. We had the watch from twelve to four, and coming upon deck, found the little brig lying perfectly still, surrounded by a thick fog, and the sea as smooth as though oil had been poured on it; yet now and then a long swell rolled over its surface, slightly lifting the vessel, but without breaking the glassy smoothness of the water. We were surrounded far and near by shoals of sluggish whales and grampusses, which the fog prevented our seeing, rising slowly to the surface, or perhaps lying out at length, heaving out those peculiar lazy, deep, and long breathings which give such an impression of supineness and strength. Some of the watch were asleep, and others were perfectly still, so that there was nothing to break the illusion, and I stood leaning over the bulwarks listening to the slow breathings of the mighty creatures—now one breaking the water just alongside, whose black body I almost fancied that I could see through the fog; and again another, which I could just hear in the distance—until the low and regular swell seemed like the heaving of the ocean's mighty bosom to the sound of its heavy and long-drawn respirations.

Towards the evening of this day (Friday, 7th) the fog cleared off, and we had every appearance of a cold blow; and soon after sunset it came on.

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Again it was clew up and haul down, reef and furl, until we had got her down to close-reefed topsails, double-reefed main trysail, and reefed fore-spencer. Snow, hail, and sleet were driving upon us most of the night, and the sea breaking over her bows, and covering the forward part of the little vessel; but as she would lay her course the captain refused to heave her to.

Saturday, Nov. 8th.—To-day commenced with calm and thick fog, and ended with hail, snow, a violent wind, and close-reefed topsails.

Sunday, Nov. 9th.—To-day the sun rose clear, and continued so till twelve o'clock, when the captain got the observation. This was very well for Cape Horn, and we thought it a little remarkable that, as we had not one unpleasant Sunday during the whole voyage, the only tolerable day here should be a Sunday. We got time to clear the steerage and forecastle, and set things to rights, and to overhaul our wet clothes a little. But this did not last very long. Between five and six—the sun was nearly three hours high—the cry, "Starbowlines ahoy!" summoned our watch on deck; and immediately all hands were called. A true specimen of Cape Horn was coming upon us. A great cloud of a dark slate colour was driving on us from the south-west, and we did our best to take in sail (for the light sails had been set during the first part of the day), before we

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were in the midst of it. We had got the light sails furled, the courses hauled out, and just mounting the fore rigging when the storm struck us. In an instant the sea, which had been comparatively quiet, was running higher and higher, and it became almost dark as night. The hail and sleet were harder than I had yet felt them; seeming almost to pin us down in the rigging. We were longer in taking in sail than ever before; for the sails were stiff and wet, the ropes and rigging covered with snow and sleet, and we ourselves cold, and nearly blinded with the violence of the storm. By the time we had got down upon the deck, the little brig was plunged madly into a tremendous head sea, which at every drive rushed in through the bow port and over the bows, and buried all the fore part of our vessel. At this instant the chief mate, who was standing on the top of the windlass, at the foot of the spencer mast, called out, "Lay out there and furl the jib!" This was no agreeable or safe duty, yet it must be done. An old Swede (the best sailor on board), who belonged to the forecastle, sprang out on the bowsprit. Another must go: I was near the mate, and sprang forward, threw the downhaul over the windlass, and jumped between the knight-heads out upon the bowsprit. The crew stood abaft the windlass and hauled the jib down, while we got out upon the weather side of the jib-boom, our

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feet on the foot ropes, holding on by the spar, the great jib flying off the leeward, and slatting so as almost to throw us off the boom.

For some time we could do nothing but hold on, and the vessel diving into two huge seas, one after the other, plunged us twice in the water up to our very chins. We hardly knew whether we were off or on, when coming up, dripping from the water, we were raised high into the air. John (that was the sailor's name) thought the boom would go every moment, and called out to the mate to keep the vessel off, and bend the stay sail; but the fury of the wind, and the breaking of the seas against the bows, defied every attempt to make ourselves heard, and we were obliged to do the best we could in our situation. Fortunately no other seas so heavy struck her, and we succeeded in furling the jib "after a fashion," and, coming in over the staysail nettings, were not a little pleased to find that all was snug and the watch gone below; for we were soaked through, and it was very cold.

The weather continued nearly the same throughout the night.

Monday, Nov. 10*th*, and three following days.—During a part of these days we were hove to, but the rest of the time were driving on under close-reefed topsails, with a very heavy sea, a strong gale, and frequent squalls of hail and snow.

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We had now got hardened to Cape weather, the vessel was under reduced sail, and everything secured on deck and below, so that we had little to do, but steer and stand our watch. Our clothes were all wet through, and the only change was from wet to more wet. It was in vain to think of reading or working below, for we were too tired, the hatchways were closed down, and everything was wet and uncomfortable, black and dirty, heaving and pitching. We had only to come below when the watch was out, wring out our wet clothes, hang them up, and turn in and sleep as soundly as we could until the watch was called again. A sailor can sleep anywhere—no sound of wind, water, wood, or iron, can keep him awake—and we were always fast asleep when three blows on the hatchway, and the unwelcome cry of "All starbowlines ahoy! eight bells there below! do you hear the news?" (the usual formula of calling the watch) roused us up from the berths upon the cold, wet decks. The only time when we could be said to take any pleasure was at night and morning, when we were allowed a tinpot full of hot tea (or, as the sailors significantly call it, "water bewitched"), sweetened with molasses. This, bad as it was, was still warm and comforting, and, together with our sea biscuit, and salt beef, made a quiet meal. Yet even this meal was attended with some uncertainty. We had to go

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ourselves to the galley and take our kid of beef and tin pots of tea, and run the risk of losing them before we could get below. Many a kid of beef have I seen rolling in the scuppers, and the bearer lying at his length on the decks.

Friday, Nov. 14th.—We were now well to the westward of the Cape, and were changing our course to the northward as much as we dared, since the strong south-west winds which prevailed then, carried us towards Patagonia. At two P.M. we saw a sail on our larboard, and at four we made it out to be a large ship, steering her course under single-reefed topsail. We at that time had shaken the reefs of our topsails, as the wind was lighter, and set the maintop-gallant sail. As soon as our captain saw what sail she was under, he set the fore top-gallant sail and flying jib; and the old whaler—for such his boats and short sail showed him to be—felt a little ashamed, and shook the reefs out of his topsails, but could do no more, for he had sent down his top-gallant masts off the Cape. He ran down for us, and answered our hail as the whale ship, "New England," of Poughkeepsie, one hundred and twenty days from New York. Our captain gave our name, and added ninety-two days from Boston. They then had a little conversation about longitude, in which they found that they could not agree. The ship fell astern, and continued in sight during the night. Towards

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morning, the wind having become light, we crossed our royal and sky-sail yards, and at daylight we were seen under a cloud of sail, having royals and sky-sails fore and aft. The "spouter," as the sailors call a whaleman, had sent up his maintop-gallant mast, and set the sail, and made signal for us to heave to. About half-past seven their whale-boat came alongside, and Captain Job Terry sprang on board, a man known in every port, and by every vessel in the Pacific Ocean. "Don't you know Job Terry? I thought everybody knew Job Terry," said a green hand, who came in the boat, to me when I asked him about his captain. He was indeed a singular man. He was six feet high, wore thick cowhide boots, and brown coat and trowsers, and, except a sun-burnt complexion, had not the slightest appearance of a sailor; yet he had been forty years in the whale trade, and, as he said himself, had owned ships, built ships, and sailed ships. His boat's crew were a pretty raw set, just out of the bush, and, as the sailor's phrase is, "hadn't got the hay seed out of their hair." Captain Terry convinced our captain that our reckoning was a little out, and having spent the day on board, put off in his boat at sunset for his ship, which was now six or eight miles astern. He began a "yarn" when he came on board, which lasted, with but little intermission, for four hours. It was all about himself and the Peruvian govern-

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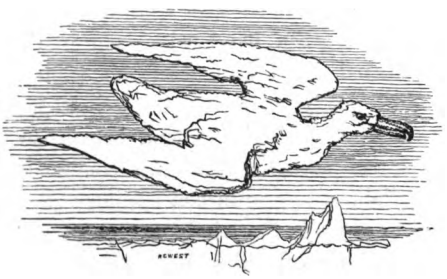
ment, and the Dublin frigate, and Lord James Townshend, and President Jackson, and the ship "Ann M'Kim" of Baltimore. It would probably never have come to an end, had not a good breeze sprung up, which sent him off to his own vessel.

At eight o'clock we altered our course to the northward, bound for Juan Fernandez.

This day we saw the last of the albatrosses, which had been our companions a great part of



THE ALBATROSS.

the time off the Cape. I had been interested in the bird from the descriptions which I had read of it, and was not at all disappointed. We caught one or two with a baited hook, which we floated astern upon a shingle. Their short flapping wings, long legs, and large staring eyes, give them a very peculiar appearance. They look well on the wing; but one of the finest sights that I have ever

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seen, was an albatross on the water, during a calm, off Cape Horn, when a heavy sea was running. There being no breeze, the surface of the water was unbroken, but a long heavy swell was rolling, and we saw the fellow, all white, directly ahead of us, asleep upon the waves, with his head under his wing: now rising on the top of a huge billow, and then falling slowly until he was lost in the hollow between. He was undisturbed for some time, until the noise of our bows, gradually approaching, roused him, when, lifting his head, he stared upon us for a moment, and then spread his wide wings and took his flight.

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CHAPTER VI.

A BLACK DAY IN OUR CALENDAR.

MONDAY, *Nov. 19th.*—This was a black day in our calendar. At seven o'clock in the morning, it being our watch below, we were aroused by the cry of "all hands ahoy! a man overboard!" The unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of every one, and hurrying on deck, we found the vessel hove flat aback, with all her studding-sails set; for the boy who was at the helm left it to throw something overboard, and the carpenter, who was an old sailor, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down, and hove her aback. The watch on deck were lowering away the quarter boat, and I got on deck just in time to heave myself into her as she was leaving the side; but it was not until out upon the wide Pacific, in our little boat, that I knew whom we had lost. It was George Bulmer, a young English sailor, who was prized by the officers as an active and willing seamen, and by the crew as a lively, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate. He went aloft to fit a strap round the maintop masthead, for ring tail halyards,

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and had a strap and block, a coil of halyards, and a marline spike about his neck. He fell from the starboard futtock shrouds, and not knowing how to swim, and being heavily dressed, with all these things round his neck, he probably sunk immediately. We pulled astern, in the direction in which he fell, and though we knew that there was no hope of saving him, yet no one wished to speak of returning, and we rowed about for nearly an hour without the hope of doing any thing, but unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up. At length we turned our boat's head, and made towards the vessel.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; the body remains with his friends, and "mourners go about the streets;" but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event. and a difficulty in realising it, that give to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realise it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object and a real evidence; but at sea, the man is near you—at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy

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shows his loss. Then, too, at sea, to use a homely but expressive phrase—you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no form and hear no voices but their own, and one is suddenly taken from among them, they miss him in every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the forecastle, and one man wanting when the small night watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels a loss.

All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time. There is more kindness shown by the officers to the crew, than by the crew to one another. There is more seriousness. The oath and loud laugh are gone. The officers are more watchful, and the crew go more carefully aloft.—The lost man is seldom mentioned, or is dismissed with the sailor's eulogy, "Well, poor George is gone! His cruise is up soon! He knew his work, and did his duty, and was a good shipmate."—Then usually follows some allusion to another world, for sailors are nearly all believers; but their notions

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and opinions are unfixed and at loose ends. They said, "God won't be hard upon the poor fellow;" and seldom get beyond the common phrase, which seems to imply, that their sufferings and hard treatment here will excuse them hereafter.—"To work hard, live hard, and go to hell after all, would be hard indeed!" Our cook, a simple-hearted old African, who had been through a good deal in his day, and was rather seriously inclined, always going to church twice a day when on shore, and reading his Bible on a Sunday in the galley, talked to the crew about spending their Sabbaths badly, and told them they might go as George had, and be as little prepared.

Yet a sailor's life is at best a mixture of a little good with much evil, and a little pleasure with much pain. The beautiful is linked with the revolting, the sublime with the commonplace, and the solemn with the ridiculous.

We had hardly returned on board with our sad report, before an auction was held on the poor man's clothes. The captain had first, however, called all hands aft, and asked them if they were satisfied that everything had been done to save the man, and if they thought that it were any use in remaining there longer. The crew all said it was in vain, for the man did not know how to swim, and was very heavily dressed. So then we filled away, and kept her off to her course.

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The laws regulating navigation make the captain answerable for the effects of a sailor who dies during the voyage; and it is either a law, or a universal custom established for convenience, that the captain should immediately hold an auction of his things, in which they are bid for by the sailors, and the sums which they give are deducted from their wages at the end of the voyage. In this way the trouble and risk of keeping his things through the voyage are avoided, and the clothes are usually sold for more than they would be worth on shore. Accordingly, we had no sooner got the ship before the wind, than his chest was brought up upon the forecastle, and the sale began. The jackets and trowsers in which we had seen him dressed but a few days before, were exposed and bid off while the life was hardly out of his body, and his chest was taken aft and used as a store chest, so that there was nothing left which could be called his. Sailors have an unwillingness to wear a dead man's clothes during the same voyage, and they seldom do so unless they are in absolute want.

The night after this event, when I went to the galley to get a light, I found the cook inclined to be talkative, so I sat down on the spars, and gave him an opportunity to hold à yarn. I was the more inclined to do so, as I found that he was full of the superstitions once more common among seamen, and which the recent death had waked

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up in his mind. He talked about George's having spoken of his friends, and said, he believed few men died without having a warning of it, which he supported by a great many stories of dreams, and the unusual behaviour of men before death. From this he went on to other superstitions, the Flying Dutchman, etc., and talked rather mysteriously, having something evidently on his mind. At length he put his head out of the galley, and looked carefully about, to see if any one was within hearing, and being satisfied on that head, asked me in a low tone—

"I say! you know what countryman's carpenter be?"

"Yes," said I; "he's German."

"Are you sure o' dat?" said he.

I satisfied him on that point, by saying that he could speak no other language but the German and English.

"I'm plaguy glad o' dat," said the cook. "I was mighty 'fraid he was a Fin. I tell you what, I have been plaguy civil to that man all the voyage."

I asked him the reason of this, and found that he was fully possessed of the notion that Fins are wizards, and especially have power over winds and storms. I tried to reason with him about it, but he had the best of all arguments, that from experience, at hand, and was not to be moved.

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He had been in a vessel at the Sandwich Islands, in which the sailmaker was a Fin, and could do any thing he was of a mind to. This sailmaker kept a junk bottle in his berth, which was always kept just half full of rum, though he got drunk upon it nearly every day. He had seen him sit for hours together, talking to this bottle, which stood up before him on the table. The same man cut his throat in his berth, and everybody said he was possessed.

He had heard of ships, too, beating up the Gulf of Finland against a head wind, and having a ship heave in sight astern, overhaul and pass them, with as fair a wind as could blow, and all studding sails out, and found she was from Finland.

"Oh, oh!" said he, "I've seen too much of them men to want to see 'em board a ship. If they can't have their own way they'll play the devil with you."

As I still doubted, he said he would leave it to John, who was the oldest seaman aboard, and would know if anybody did. John to be sure, was the oldest, and at the same time the most ignorant man in the ship: but I consented to have him called. The cook stated the matter to him, and John, as I anticipated, sided with the cook, and said he himself had been in a ship where they had a head wind for a fortnight, and the captain

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found out at last that one of the men, whom he had some words with a short time before, was a Fin, and immediately told him if he didn't stop the head wind he would shut him down in the fore peak. The Fin would not give in, and the captain shut him down in the fore peak, and would not give him anything to eat. The Fin held out for a day and a half when he could not stand it any longer, and something or other then brought the wind round again, and they let him out.

"There," said the cook, "what do you think of dat?"

I told him I had no doubt it was true, and that it would have been odd if the wind had not changed in fifteen days, Fin or no Fin.

"Oh," says he, "go 'way! You think 'cause you have been at college, you know better than anybody. You know better than them as has seen it with their own eyes. You wait till you have been to sea as long as I have, and you'll know."

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CHAPTER VII.

ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

We continued sailing along with fair wind and fine weather until at day-break, Nov. 25th, we saw the Island of Juan Fernandez ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud, out of the sea. We were then probably seventy miles from it; and so high did it appear, that I mistook it for a cloud rising over the island, and looked for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a greener and deader colour, and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before us, and we directed our course to the only harbour. Arriving at the entrance soon after sun-down, we found a Chilian man-of-war brig, the only vessel coming out. She hailed us, and an officer on board, whom we supposed to be an American, advised us to run in before night, and said that they were bound to Valparaiso. We ran immediately for the anchorage, but, owing to the winds, which drew about the mountains, and came to us in flaws from every point of the compass, we did not come to anchor until nearly midnight. We had a boat ahead all the time we were working

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in, and those on board were continually bracing the yards about for every puff that struck us, until about twelve o'clock, when we came to in forty fathoms water, and our anchor struck ground for the first time since we left Boston—one hundred and three days. We were then divided into three watches, and thus stood out the remainder of the night.

When all hands were called, it was nearly sunrise, and between that time and breakfast, although quite busy on board in getting up our water-casks, etc., I had a good view of the objects around me. The harbour was nearly land-locked, and at the head of it was a landing-place, protected by a small breakwater of stones, upon which two large boats were hauled up, with a sentry standing over them. Near this was a variety of huts and cottages, nearly one hundred in number, the best of them built of mud, and white-washed; but the greater part only Robinson Crusoe like—of posts and branches of trees.

The governor's house, as it was called, was the most conspicuous, being large, with grated windows, plastered walls, and roof of red tiles, yet, like all the rest, only of one storey. Near it was a small chapel, distinguished by a cross; and a long, brown-looking building, surrounded by something like a pallisade, from which an old and dingy-looking Chilian flag was flying. This, of course, was

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dignified by the title of *Presidio*. A sentinel was stationed at the chapel, another at the governor's house, and a few soldiers armed with bayonets, looking rather ragged, with shoes out at the toes, were strolling about the houses, or waiting at the landing place for our boat to come ashore.

The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule tracks leading to different parts of the island.

I cannot here forget how my friend S—— and myself got the laugh of the crew upon us, by our eagerness to get on shore. The captain having ordered the quarter boat to be lowered, we both sprang down into the forecastle, filled our jacket pockets with tobacco to barter with the people ashore, and when the officer called for "four hands in the boat," nearly broke our necks in our haste to be first over the side, and had the pleasure of pulling ahead of the brig with a tow line for half an hour, and coming on board again to be laughed at by the rest who had seen our manœuvre.

After breakfast the second mate was ordered ashore with five hands to fill the water casks, and to my joy I was among the number. We pulled ashore with the empty casks, and here again

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fortune favoured me, for the water was too thick and muddy to be put into the casks, and the governor had sent men up to the head of the stream to clear it out for us, which gave us nearly two hours of leisure. This leisure we employed in wandering about among the houses, and eating a little fruit which was offered to us. Ground apples, melons, grapes, strawberries of an enormous size, and cherries, abound here. The latter are said to have been planted by Lord Anson. The soldiers were miserably clad, and asked with some interest if we had shoes to sell on board. I doubt very much if they had the means of buying them. They were very eager to get tobacco, for which they gave shells, fruit, etc. Knives also were in demand, but we were forbidden by the governor to let any one have them, as he told us that all the people there, except the soldiers and a few officers, were convicts sent from Valparaiso, and that it was necessary to keep all weapons out of their hands. The island, it seems, belongs to Chili, and had been used by the government as a sort of Botany Bay for the last two years; and the governor—an Englishman, who had entered the Chilian navy—with a priest, half-a-dozen task-masters, and a body of soldiers, were stationed there to keep them in order. This was no easy task; and only a few months before our arrival, a few of them had stolen a boat at night, boarded a

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brig lying in the harbour, and sent the captain and crew ashore in their boat, and gone off to sea.

We were informed of this, and loaded our arms, and kept strict watch on board during the night, and were careful not to let the convicts get our knives from us when on shore. The worst part of the convicts, I found, were locked up under sentry in caves dug in the side of the mountain, with mule tracks leading to them, whence they were taken by day and set to work, under task-masters, upon building an aqueduct, a wharf, and other public works, while the rest lived in the houses which they put up for themselves, had their families with them, and seemed to me to be the laziest people on the face of the earth. They did nothing but take a *paseo* into the woods, a *paseo* among the houses, a *paseo* at the landing-place, looking at us and our vessels, and too lazy to speak fast; while the others were driving, or rather driven about at a rapid trot, in single file, with burthens on their shoulders, and followed by their task-masters with long rods in their hands, and broad-brimmed straw hats upon their heads. Upon what precise grounds this great distinction was made I do not know, and I could not very well know, for the governor was the only man who spoke English upon the island, and he was out of my walk.

Having filled our casks. we returned on board,

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and soon after the governor, dressed in a uniform like that of an American militia officer, the *Padre* in the dress of the grey friars, with hood and all complete, and the *Capitan* with big whiskers and dirty regimentals, came on board to dine. While at dinner a large ship appeared in the offing, and soon afterwards we saw a light whale boat pulling into the harbour. The ship lay off and on, and a boat came alongside of us, and put on board the captain, a plain young Quaker dressed all in brown. The ship was the "Cortes," whaleman, of New Bedford, and had put in to see if there were any vessels from round the Horn, and to hear the latest news from America. They remained aboard a short time, and had a little talk with the crew, when they left us and pulled off to their ship, which, having filled away, was soon out of sight.

A small boat which came from the shore to take away the governor and suite, as they styled themselves, brought, as a present to the crew, a large pail of milk, a few shells, and a block of sandal wood. The milk, which was the first we had tasted since leaving Boston, we soon despatched; a piece of the sandal wood I obtained, and learned that it grew on the hills in the centre of the island. I had always regretted that I did not bring away other specimens of the product of the island, having afterwards lost all that I had with me—the piece of sandal wood, and a small flower which

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I plucked and brought on board in the crown of my tarpaulin, and carefully pressed between the leaves of a book.

About an hour before sun down, having stowed our water-casks, we commenced getting under weigh, and were not a little while about it, for we were in thirty fathoms water, and in one of the gusts which came off shore had let go our other bow anchor, and as the southerly wind draws round the mountains and comes off in uncertain flaws we were continually swinging round, and had thus got a very foul hawse. We hove in upon our chain, and after stoppering and unshackling it again and again, and hoisting and hauling down sail, we at length tripped our anchor and stood out to sea. It was a bright starlight when we were clear of the bay, and the lofty island lay behind us in all its beauty, and I gave a parting look, and bid farewell, to the most romatic spot of earth that my eyes had ever seen. I did then, and have ever since, felt an attachment for that island altogether peculiar. It was partly, no doubt, its having been the first land I had ever seen since leaving home, and still more from the associations which every one has connected with it in their childhood from reading Robinson Crusoe. To this I may add the height and romantic outline of its mountains, the beauty and freshness of its verdure, and the extreme fertility

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of its soil, and its solitary position in the midst of the wide expanse of the South Pacific, as all concurring to give it its peculiar charm.

Thursday, Nov. 27th, upon coming on deck in the morning, we were again upon the wide Pacific, and saw no more land until we arrived upon the western coast of the great continent of America.

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CHAPTER VIII.

GRIEVANCES ON BOARD.

As we saw neither land nor sail from the time of leaving Juan Fernandez until our arrival in California, nothing of any interest occurred except our own doings on board. We caught the south-east traders, and ran before them for nearly three weeks without so much as altering a sail or bracing a yard. The captain took advantage of this fine weather to get the vessel in order for coming upon the coast. The carpenter was employed in fitting up part of the steerage into a trade room, for our cargo, which we now learned, was not to be landed, but to be sold by retail from on board; and this trade room was built for samples and the lightest goods to be kept in, and as a place for the general business. In the mean-time we were employed in working upon the rigging. Everything was set up taut, the lower rigging rattled down, or rather up (according to the modern fashion), an abundance of spun yarn and seizing stuff made, and finally, the whole standing rigging, fore and aft, was tarred down.

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This was my first essay at this latter business, and I had enough of it, for nearly all of it came upon my friend S —— and upon myself. The men were needed at other work, and M——, the young man who came with us, was laid up with the rheumatism in his feet, and the boy was rather too young and small for the business, and as the winds were light and regular, he was kept during most of the daytime at the helm; so that nearly all the tarring came upon us. We put on short duck frocks, and taking a small bucket of tar and a piece of oakum in our hands, went aloft, one at the royal mast head and the other at the fore, and began tarring down. This is an important operation, and is usually done about once in six months in a vessel upon a long voyage. It was done in our vessel several times afterwards, but by the whole crew at once, and finished off in a day; but at this time, as most of it came upon two of us, and we were new at the business, it took us several days. In this operation they always begin at the mast-head and work down, tarring the shrouds, backstays, standing part of the lifts, the ties, runners, etc., and go out to the yard-arms, tarring as they come in the lifts and foot-ropes. Tarring the stays is more difficult, and is done by what the sailors call "riding down." A long piece of rope —top-gallant studding sail halliards, or something of the sort—is taken up to the mast-head from

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which the stay leads, and rove through a block, or girt line, or, as the sailors usually call it, a gant line: with the end of this a bow-line is taken round the stay, into which the man gets with the bucket of tar and a bunch of oakum, and the other end being fast on the deck, with some one to tend it, he is lowered down gradually, and tars the stay gradually as he goes. There he "swings aloft 'twixt heaven and earth," and if the rope slips, breaks, or is let go, or if the bow-line slips, he falls overboard or breaks his neck. This, however, is a thing which never enters a sailor's calculation. He only thinks of leaving no *holidays* (places not tarred), for, in case he should, he would have to go over the whole again; or of dropping no tar upon deck, for then there would be a soft word in his ear from the mate. In this manner I tarred down all the head-stays, but found the rigging about the jib-booms, martingale, and sprit-sail yard, upon which I was afterwards put, the hardest. Here you have to hang with your eyelids and tar with your hands.

This dirty work could not last for ever, and on Saturday night we finished it, scraped all the spots from the deck and rails, and, what was of more importance to us, cleaned ourselves thoroughly, rolled up our tarry frocks and trousers, and laid them away for the next occasion, and put on our clean duck clothes, and had a good comfortable

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Saturday night. The next day was pleasant—and, indeed, we had but one unpleasant Sunday during the whole voyage, and that was off Cape Horn, when we could expect nothing better. On Monday we commenced painting and getting the vessel ready for port. This work, too, is done by the crew; and every sailor who has been long voyages is a little of a painter, in addition to his other accomplishments. We painted her both inside and out, from the truck to the water's edge. The outside is painted by lowering stages over the side by ropes, and on those we sat, with our brushes and paint-pots by us, and our feet half the time in the water. This must be done, of course, on a smooth day, when the vessel does not roll much. I remember very well being over the side painting in this way, one fine afternoon, our vessel going quietly along at the rate of four or five knots, and a pilot-fish, the sure precursor of a shark, swimming alongside of us. The captain was leaning over the rail watching him, and we went quietly on with our work, in the midst of our painting on

Friday, Dec. 19*th*, when we crossed the equator for the second time. I had the feelings which all have when, for the first time, they find themselves living under an entire change of seasons; as crossing the line under a burning sun in the midst of December, and, as I afterwards was, beating about among ice and snow on the 4th of July.

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Thursday, Dec. 25th.—This day was Christmas, but brought us no holiday. The only change was that we had a "plum-duff" for dinner, and the crew quarrelled with the steward because he did not give us our usual allowance of molasses to eat with it. He thought the plum would be a substitute for the molasses; but we were not to be cheated out of our rights in this way.

Such are the trifles which produce quarrels on shipboard. In fact we had been too long from port. We were getting tired of one another, and were in an irritable state both forward and aft. Our fresh provisions were of course gone, and the captain had stopped our rice, so that we had nothing but salt beef and pork throughout the week, with the exception of a very small duff on Sunday. This added to the discontent; and a thousand little things, daily and almost hourly occurring, which no one who has not himself been on a long and tedious voyage can conceive of, or properly appreciate—little wars and rumours of wars—reports of things said in the cabin—misunderstanding of words and looks—apparent abuses—brought us into a state in which everything seemed to go wrong. Every encroachment upon the time allowed for rest appeared unnecessary—every shifting of the studding sail was only to "haze" (punish by hard work) the crew.

In the midst of this state of things my mess

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mate S—— and myself petitioned the captain for leave to shift our berths from the steerage, where we had previously lived, into the forecastle. This, to our delight, was granted, and we turned in to *hunk* and mess with the crew forward. We now began to feel like sailors, which we never fully did when we were in the steerage. While there, however useful and active you may be, you are but mongrel, and a sort of afterguard and "ship's cousin." You are immediately under the eye of the officers, cannot dance, sing, play, make a noise or *growl* (complain), or take any other sailor's pleasure; and you will live with the steward, who is usually a go-between, and the crew never feel as though you were one of them. But if you live in the forecastle, you are as independent as a "wood-sawyer's clerk" (nautice), and are a *sailor*. You hear sailors talk, learn their ways, their peculiarities of feeling as well as speaking and acting; and, moreover, pick up a great deal of curious and useful information in seamanship, ships' customs, etc., from their long yarns, and equally long disputes.

No man can be a sailor, or know what sailors are, unless he has lived in the forecastle with them, turned in and out with them, eat of their dish and drank of their cup. After I had been a week there, nothing could have tempted me to go back to my old berth; and never afterwards, even in

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the worst of weather, when in a close and reeking forecastle off Cape Horn, did I for a moment wish myself in the steerage. Another thing which you learn better in the forecastle than anywhere else, is to make and mend clothes, and this is indispensable to sailors. A large part of their watches below they spend at this work, and here I learned that art which stood me in so good stead afterwards.

But to return to the state of the crew. Upon our coming into the forecastle, there was some difficulty about the uniting the allowances of bread, by which we thought we were to lose a few pounds. This set us in a ferment. The captain would not condescend to explain, and we went aft in a body, with a Swede, the oldest and best sailor of the crew, for spokesman. The recollection of the scene that followed always brings up a smile, especially the quarter-deck dignity and eloquence of the captain. He was walking the weather side of the quarter-deck, and with a look and voice intended to annihilate us, called out, "Well, what the devil do you want now?" Whereupon we stated our grievances as respectfully as we could, but he broke in upon us, saying that we were getting fat and lazy, didn't have enough to do, and that made us find fault. This provoked us, and we began to give word for word. This would never answer. He clenched his fist, stamped, and swore, and sent us all forward, saying, with

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oaths enough interspersed to send the words home:—

"Away with you! go forward every one of you! I'll haze you! I'll work you up! You don't have enough to do! If you arn't careful I'll make a hell of the ship. . . . . You've mistaken your man, I'm E—— T——, all the way from 'down east.' I've been through the mill, ground, and bolted, and came out a regular built down east johnny cake, good when it's hot, but when it's cold sour and indigestible; and you'll find me so."

The latter part of this harangue I remember well, for it made a strong impression, and the "down east johnny cake," became a bye-word for the rest of the voyage. So much for our petition for the redress of grievances. The matter was, however, set right; for the mate, after allowing the captain due time to cool off, explained it to him, and at night we were called aft to hear another harangue, in which, of course, the whole blame of the misunderstanding was thrown upon us. We ventured to hint that he would not give us time to explain; but it would'nt do. We were driven back discomfited. Thus the affair blew over, but the irritation caused by it remained; and we never had peace or good understanding again, so long as the captain and crew remained together.

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We continued sailing along in the beautiful temperate climate of the Pacific. The Pacific well deserves its name, for, except in the southern part, at Cape Horn, and in the western parts, near the China and Indian oceans, it has few storms, and is never either extremely hot or cold.

Between the tropics there is a slight haziness, like a thin gauze drawn over the sun, that tempers the heat, which comes down with perpendicular fierceness in the Atlantic and Indian tropics. We sailed well to the westward to have the full advantage of the north-east trades, and when we had reached the latitude of Point Concepcion, where it is usual to make the land, we were several hundred miles to the westward of it. We immediately changed our course to due east, and sailed in that direction for a number of days. At length we began to heave to (after dark), for fear of making the land at night on a coast where there are no light-houses, and but indifferent charts; and sailing down the coast came to anchor (Jan. 14th) in the spacious harbour of Santa Barbara, after a run of one hundred and fifty days from Boston.

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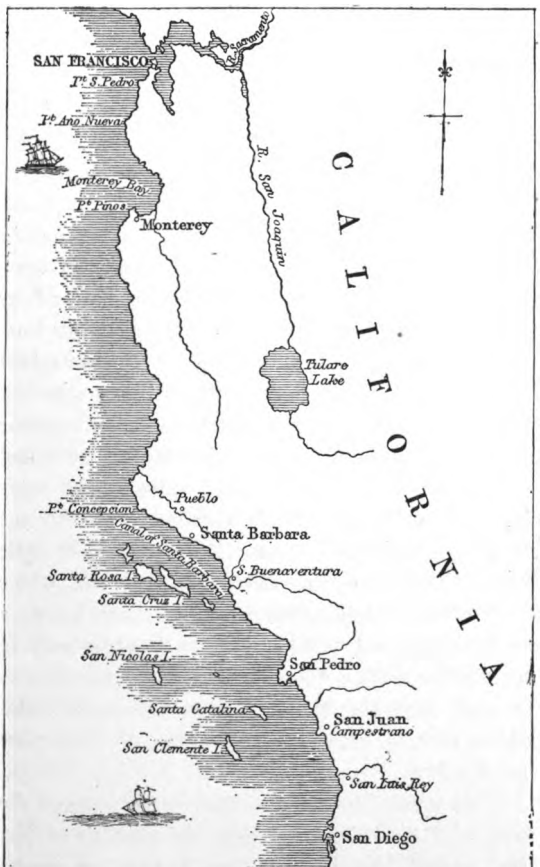

THE CALIFORNIAN COAST.

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CHAPTER IX.

CALIFORNIA.

THE bay, or as it is commonly called, the *canal* of Santa Barbara, is very large, being formed by the main land on one side (between Point Concepcion on the north and Point St. Buenaventura on the south), which here bends in like a crescent, and three large islands opposite to it, and at the distance of twenty miles. This is just sufficient to give it the name of a bay, while at the same time it is so large and so much exposed to the south-east and north-west winds, that it is little better than an open roadstead; and the whole swell of the Pacific Ocean rolls in here before a south-wester, and breaks with so heavy a surf in the shallow waters, that it is highly dangerous to lie near into the shore during the south-easter season, that is, between the months of November and April.

This wind (the south-easter) is the bane of the coast of California. Between the months of November and April (including a part of each), which is the rainy season in this latitude, you are

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never safe from it: and accordingly, in the ports which are open to it, vessels are obliged during these months to lie at anchor at a distance of three miles from the shore, with slip ropes on their cables, ready to slip and go to sea at a moment's notice. The only ports which are safe from this wind are San Francisco and Monterey in the north, and San Diego in the south.

As it was January when we arrived, and the middle of the south-east season, we accordingly came to anchor at the distance of three miles from the shore, in eleven fathoms water, and bent a slip rope and buoys to our cables, cast off the yard arm gaskets from the sails and stopped them all with rope yarns. After we had done this the boat went ashore with the captain, and returned with orders to the mate to send the boat for him at sun-down. I did not go in the first boat, and was glad to find that there was another going before night; for after so long a voyage as ours had been, a few hours is long to pass in sight and out of the reach of land. We spent the day on board in the usual avocations; but as this was the first time we had been without the captain, we felt a little more freedom, and looked about us to see what sort of a country we had got into, and were to spend a year or two of our lives in.

In the first place, it was a beautiful day, and so warm that we had on straw hats, duck trousers,

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and all the summer gear; and as this was mid-winter, it speaks well for the climate; and we afterwards found that the thermometer never fell to the freezing point during winter, and that there was very little difference between the seasons, except that during a long period of rainy and south-easterly weather, thick clothes were not uncomfortable.

The large bay lay about us, nearly smooth, as there was hardly a breath of wind stirring, though the boat's crew who went ashore, told us that the long ground swell broke into a heavy surf on the beach. There was only one vessel in the port—a long, sharp brig, of about 300 tons, with raking masts, and very square yards, and English colours at her peak. We afterwards learned that she was built at Guayaquil, and named "Ayacucho," after the place where the battle was fought that gave Peru her independence, and was owned by a Scotchman, named Wilson, who commanded her, and was engaged in the trade between Callao, the Sandwich Islands, and California. She was a fast sailer, as we frequently afterwards perceived, and had a crew of Sandwich Islanders on board. Besides this vessel there was no object to break the surface of the bay. Two points ran out as the horns of the crescent, one of which—the one to the westward—was low and sandy, and is that to which vessels are obliged to give a wide berth

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when running out for a south-easter; the other is high, bold, and well-wooded, and we were told has a mission upon it, called St. Buenaventura, from which the point is named.

Just before sundown the mate ordered a boat's crew ashore, and I went as one of the number. We passed under the stern of the English brig, and had a long pull ashore. I shall never forget the impression which our first landing on the beach of California made upon me. The sun had just gone down; it was getting dusky; the damp night wind was beginning to blow, and the heavy swell of the Pacific was setting in, and breaking in loud and high combers upon the beach. We lay on our oars in the swell, just outside of the surf, waiting for a good chance to run in, when a boat, which had put off from the Ayacucho just after us, came alongside of us, with a crew of dusky Sandwich Islanders, talking and hallooing in their outlandish tongue. They knew we were novices in this kind of boating, and waiting to see them go in. The second mate, however, who steered our boat, determined to have the advantage of their experience, and would not go in first. Finding, at length, how matters stood, they gave a shout, and taking advantage of a great comber which came swelling in, rearing its head, and lifting up the stern of our boat nearly perpendicular, and again dropping it in the trough, they gave three or four

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long and strong pulls, and went in on the top of the great wave, throwing their oars overboard, and as far from the boat as they could throw them, and jumping out the instant that the boat touched the beach, and seizing hold of her and running her up high and dry upon the sand. We saw at once how it was to be done, and also the necessity of keeping the boat "stern on" to the sea: for the instant the boat should strike upon her broadside or quarter, she would be driven up broadside on, and capsized. We pulled strongly in, and as soon as we felt that the sea had got hold of us, and was carrying us in with the speed of a race-horse, we threw the oars as far from the boat as we could, and took hold of the gunwale, ready to spring out and seize her when she struck, the officer using his utmost strength to keep his stem on. We were shot up upon the beach like an arrow from the bow, and seizing the boat, ran her up high and dry, and soon picked up our oars, and stood by her, ready to come down.

Finding that the captain did not come immediately, we put our oars in the boat, and leaving one to watch it, walked about the beach to see what we could of the place. The beach is nearly a mile in length between the two points, and of smooth sand. We had taken the only good landing-place, which is in the middle; it being stony towards the ends. It is but twenty yards in width

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from high-water mark to a slight bank at which the soil begins, and so hard that it is a favourite place for running horses. It was growing dark, so that we could just distinguish the dim outlines of the two vessels in the offing; and the great seas were rolling in in regular lines, growing larger and larger as they approached the shore, and hanging over the beach upon which they were to break, when their tops would curl over and turn to white foam, and, beginning at one extreme end of the line, break rapidly to the other, as a long card-house falls when the children knock down the cards at one end. The Sandwich Islanders, in the meantime, had turned their boat round, and ran her down into the water, and were loading her with hides and tallow. As this was the work in which we were soon to be engaged, we looked on with some curiosity. They ran the boat into the water so far that every large sea might float her, and two of them with their trousers rolled up, stood by the bows, one on each side, keeping her in her right position. This was hard work: for besides the force they had to use upon the boat, the large seas nearly took them off their legs. The others were running from the boat to the bank, upon which, out of the reach of the water, was a pile of dry bullocks' hides doubled lengthwise in the middle, and nearly as stiff as boards. These they took upon their heads, one or two at a

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time, and carried down to the boat, where one of their number stowed them away. They were obliged to carry them on their heads, to keep them out of the water, and we observed that they had on thick woollen caps. "Look here, Bill, and see what you're coming to!" said one of our men to another who stood by the boat. "Well, d——," said the second mate to me, "this is what I call '*headwork*.'" To tell the truth it did not look very encouraging.

After they had got through the hides, they laid hold of the bags of tallow, (the bags are made of hides, and are about the size of a common sack,) and lifting each upon the shoulders of two men, one at each end, and walking off with them to the boat, they prepared to go aboard. Here, too, was something for us to learn. The man who steered shipped his oar and stooped up in the stern, and those that pulled the after oars sat upon their benches, with the oars shipped, ready to strike out as soon as she was afloat. The two men at the bows kept their places; and when at length a large sea came in and floated her, seized hold of the gunwale, and ran out with her till they were up to their armpits, and tumbled over the gunwale into the bows, dripping with water. The men at the oars struck out, but it wouldn't do; the sea swept them back and left them nearly high and dry. The two fellows jumped out again; and the

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next time they succeeded better, and with the help of a deal of outlandish hallooing and bawling, got her well off. We watched them till they were out of the breakers, and saw them steering for their vessel, which was now hidden in the darkness.

The sand of the beach began to be cold to our bare feet; the frogs set up their croaking in the marshes, and one solitary owl, from the end of the distant point, gave out its melancholy note, mellowed by the distance, and we began to think that it was high time for "the old man," as the captain is generally called, to come down. In a few minutes we heard something coming towards us. It was a man on horseback. He came up at full gallop, reined up near us, and receiving no answer, wheeled round and galloped off again. He was nearly as black as an Indian, with a large Spanish hat, blanket cloak or surreppa, and leather leggings, with a long knife stuck in them. "This is the seventh city that ever I was in, and no Christian one neither," said Bill Brown. "Stand by!" said Tom, "you haven't seen the worst of it." In the midst of this conversation the captain appeared; and we winded the boat round, shoved her down, and prepared to go off. The captain, who had been on the coast before, and "knew the ropes," took the steering oar, and we went off in the same way as the other boat. I

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being the youngest, had the pleasure of standing at the bow, and getting wet through. We went off well, though the seas were high. Some of them lifted us up, and sliding from under us, seemed to let us drop through the air, like a flat plank upon a body of water. In a few minutes we were in the low, regular, swell, and pulled for a light, which, as we came up, we found had been run up to our trysail gaff.

Coming aboard, we hoisted up all the boats, and diving down into the forecastle, changed our wet clothes and got our supper. After supper the sailors lighted their pipes (cigars, those of us who had them), and we had to tell all we had seen ashore, the length of the voyage, carrying hides, etc. etc., until eight bells, when all hands were called aft and the "anchor watch" set. We were to stand two in a watch, and as the nights were pretty long, two hours were to make a watch. The second mate was to keep the deck until eight o'clock, and all hands were to keep a bright look out, and to call the mate if it should come on to blow from the south-east. We had orders also to strike the bells every half-hour through the night as at sea. My watchmate was John, a Swedish sailor, and who stood from twelve till two; he walked the larboard side, and I the starboard. At daybreak all hands were called, and went through the usual process of wash-

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ing down, swabbing, etc., and got breakfast at eight o'clock. In the course of the forenoon a boat went aboard the Ayacucho and brought off a quarter of beef, which made us a bit of fresh dinner. This we were glad enough to have: and the mate told us that we should live upon fresh beef while we were on the coast, as it was cheaper here than the salt. While at dinner the cook called, "Sail ho!" and coming on deck we saw two sails coming round the point. One was a large ship under top-gallant sail, and the other a small hermaphrodite brig. They both backed their topsails and sent boats aboard of us. The ship's colours had puzzled us, and we found that she was from Genoa, with an assorted cargo, and was trading on the coast. She filled away again and stood out, being bound up the coast to San Francisco. The crew of the brig's boat were Sandwich Islanders, but one of them, who spoke a little English, told us that she was the Loriette, Captain Nye, from Oahu, and was engaged in this trade. She was a lump of a thing—what the sailors called a butter box. This vessel, as well as the Ayacucho, and others which we afterwards saw engaged in the same trade, have English or Americans for officers, and two or three before the mast to do the work upon the rigging, and to rely upon for seamanship, while the rest of the crew

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are Sandwich Islanders, who are active, and very useful in boating.

The three captains went ashore after dinner and came off again at night. When in port, every thing is attended to by the chief mate; the captain, unless he is also supercargo, has little to do, and is usually ashore much of his time. This we thought would be pleasanter for us, as the mate was a good-natured man and not very strict. So it was for a time, but we were worse off in the end; for whenever the captain is a severe, energetic man, and the mate is wanting in both these qualities, there will always be trouble. And trouble we had already begun to anticipate.

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CHAPTER X.

SLIPPING FOR SOUTH-EASTERS.

THIS night, after sundown, it looked black in the south-east, and we were told to keep a bright look out. Expecting to be called up, we turned in early. Waking up about midnight, I found a man who had just come down from his watch, striking a light. He said that it was beginning to puff up from the south-east, and that the sea was rolling in, and he had called the captain; and as he threw himself down on his chest with all his clothes on, I knew that he expected to be called. I felt the vessel pitching at her anchor, and the chain surging and snapping, and lay awake, expecting an instant summons. In a few minutes it came—three knocks on the scuttle, and "All hands ahoy! bear a hand up and make sail." We sprang up for our clothes, and we were about half way dressed, when the mate called out, down the scuttle, "Tumble up here, men! tumble up! before she drops her anchor." We were on deck in an instant. "Lay aloft and loose the topsails!" shouted the captain, as soon as the first man showed himself. Spring-

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ing into the rigging, I saw that the Ayacucho's topsails were loosed: and heard her crew singing out at the sheets as they were hauling them home. This had probably started our captain: as "old Wilson" (the captain of the Ayacucho) had been many years on the coast, and knew the signs of the weather. We soon had the topsails loosed: and one hand remained, as usual, in each top, to overhaul the rigging and the light sail out, the rest of us laid down to man the sheet. While sheeting home, we saw the Ayacucho standing athwart our bows, sharp upon the wind, cutting through the head sea, like a knife with her raking masts and sharp bows, running up like the head of a greyhound. It was a beautiful sight. She was like a bird that had been frightened and had spread her wings in flight. After the topsails had been sheeted home, the headyards braced aback, the fore topmast staysail hoisted, and the buoys hoisted, and all ready for slipping, we went aft and manned the slip rope, which came through the stern port with a turn round the timber heads. "All ready forward?" asked the captain. "Ay, ay, sir: all ready," answered the mate. "Let go." "All gone, sir," and the iron cable grated over the windlass and through the hawsehole, and the little vessel's head swinging off from the wind under the force of her backed head-sails, brought the strain upon the slip-rope. "Let go aft!" Instantly all

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was gone, and we were under weigh. As soon as she was well off from the wind, we filled away the head-yards, braced up all sharp, set the foresail and trysail, and left our anchorage well astern, giving the point a good berth. "Nye's off too," said the captain to the mate; and looking astern, we could just see the little hermaphrodite brig under sail standing after us.

It now began to blow fresh, the rain fell fast, and it grew very black; but the captain would not take in sail till we were well clear of the point. As soon as we left this on our quarter, and were standing out to sea, the order was given, and we sprang aloft, double reefed each topsail, furled the foresail, and double reefed each trysail, and were soon under easy sail. In these cases of slipping for south-easters, there is nothing to be done, after you have got clear of the coast, but to lie under easy sail, and wait for the gale to be over, which seldom lasts more than two days, and is often over in twelve hours; but the wind never comes back to the southward, until a good deal of rain has fallen. "Go below, the watch," said the mate; but here was a dispute which watch it should be, which the mate soon settled by sending his watch below, saying that we should have our turn the next time we got under weigh; we remained on deck till the expiration of the watch, the wind blowing very fresh, and the rain coming down in

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torrents. When the watch came up again, which was at four in the morning, it was very dark, and there was not much wind, but it was raining as I thought I had never seen it rain before. We had on oil-cloth suits and south-wester caps, and had nothing to do but stand bolt upright, and let it pour down upon us. There are no umbrellas, and no sheds to go under, at sea.

While we were standing about on deck, we saw the little brig drifting by us, hove to under her foretopsail, double-reefed, and she glided by us like a phantom. Not a word was spoken, and we saw no one on the deck but the man at the wheel. Toward morning, the captain put his head out of the companion-way, and told the second mate who commanded our watch, to look out for a change of wind, which usually followed a calm and heavy rain; and it was well that he did, for in a few minutes it fell dead calm, the vessel lost her steerage way, and the rain ceased. We hauled up the trysail and courses, squared the after-yards, and waited for the change, which came in a few minutes, with a vengeance, from the north-west, the opposite point of the compass. Owing to our precautions, we were not taken aback, but ran before the wind with square-yards. The captain coming on deck, we braced up a little, and stood back for an anchorage. With the change of wind came a change of weather, and in two hours the

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wind moderated into a light steady breeze, which blows down the coast the greater part of the year, and from its regularity might be called a trade-wind. The sun came up bright, and we set royals, skysails, and studding-sails, and were under fair way for Santa Barbara. The little Loriette was astern of us, nearly out of sight, but we saw nothing of the Ayacucho. In a short time she appeared, standing out for Santa Rosa Island, under the lee of which she had been hove to all night. Our captain was anxious to get in before her, for it would be a great credit to us, on the coast, to beat the Ayacucho, which had been called the best sailer in the North Pacific, in which she had been known as a trader for six years or more. We had an advantage over her in light winds, from our royals and skysails, which we carried both at the fore and main, and also in our studding-sails; for Captain Wilson carried nothing above top-gallant sail, and always unbent his studding-sails when on the coast. As the wind was light and fair, we held our own for some time, when we were both obliged to brace up and come upon a taut bowline, after rounding the point: and here he had us on a fair ground, and walked away from us, as you would haul in a line. He afterwards said that we sailed well enough with the wind free, but that give him a taut bow-

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line, and he would beat us, if we had all the canvas of the Royal George.

The Ayacucho got the anchoring ground about half an hour before us, and was furling her sails when we came up to it. The picking up your cables is a very nice piece of work. It requires some seamanship to do it, and come at your former moorings without letting go another anchor. Captain Wilson was remarkable among the sailors on the coast for his skill in doing this; and our captain never let go a second anchor all the time that I was with him. Coming a little to windward of our buoy, we clewed up the light sails, backed our main topsail, and lowered a boat, which pulled off, and made fast a spare hawser to the buoy on the end of our slip rope. We brought the other end to the capstan, and hove in upon it until we came to the slip rope, which we took to the windlass, and brought her up to the chain, the captain helping her by backing and filling the sails. The chain is then passed through the hawse hole and round the windlass and bitted, the slip rope taken round outside, and brought into the stern port, and she is safe in her old berth. After we had got through, the mate told us that this was a small touch of California, the like of which we must expect to have through the winter.

After we had furled the sails and got dinner,

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we saw the Loriette nearing, and she had her anchor before night. At sundown we went ashore again, and found the Loriette's boat waiting on the beach. The Sandwich Islander who could speak English told us he had been up to the town: that our agent, Mr. R——, and some other passengers were going to Monterey with us, and that we were to sail the same night. In a few minutes Captain T——, with two gentlemen and one female, came down and were ready to go off. They had a great deal of baggage, which we put into the bows of the boat, and then two of us took the *señora* in our arms, and waded with her through the water, and put her down safely in the stern. She appeared very much amused with the transaction, and her husband was perfectly satisfied, thinking any amusement good which saved his wetting his feet. I pulled the after oar, so that I heard the conversation, and learned that one of the men, who, as well as I could see in the darkness, was a young looking man, in the European dress, and covered up with a large cloak, was the agent of the firm to which our vessel belonged; and the other, who was dressed in the Spanish dress of the country, was a brother of our captain, who had been many years a trader on the coast, and had married the lady who was in the boat. She was a delicate, dark complexioned young woman, and of one of the best

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families in California. I also found that we were to sail the same night. As soon as we got on board, the boats were hoisted up, the sails loosened, the windlass manned, the slip ropes and gear cast off: and after about twenty minutes heaving at the windlass, making sail, and bracing yards, we were well under weigh, and going with a fair wind up the coast to Monterey. The Loriette got under weigh at the same time, and was also bound to Monterey. But as she took a different course, keeping the land aboard, while we went out to sea, we soon lost sight of her. We had a fair wind, which is something unusual when going up, as the prevailing wind is the north, which blows directly down the coast: whence the northern are called the windward, and the southern the leeward ports.

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CHAPTER XI.

A "MESS."

We got clear off the islands before sunrise the next morning, and by twelve o'clock were out of the canal, and off Point Concepcion, the place where we first made the land upon our arrival. This is the largest point on the coast, and is an uninhabited headland, stretching out into the Pacific, and has the reputation of being very windy. Any vessel does well which gets in without a gale, especially in the winter season. We were going along with studding sails set on both sides, when, as we came round the point, we had to haul our wind, and took in the lee-studding sails. As the brig came more upon the wind, she felt it more, and we doused the sky-sails, but kept the weather studding sails on her, bracing the yards forward, so that the swinging boom nearly touched the sprit sail yard. She now lay over to it, the wind was freshening, and the captain was evidently "dragging on to her." His brother and Mr. R——, looking a little squally, said something to him, but he only answered that he knew the

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vessel, and what she would carry. He was evidently showing off his vessel, and letting them know how she could carry sail. He stood up to windward, holding on by the back stays, and looking up at the sticks, to see how much they would bear, when a puff came which settled the matter. Then it was "haul down," and "clew up," royals, flying-jib, and studding sails all at once. This was what the sailors called a "mess," —everything let go, nothing hauled in, and everything flying. The poor Spanish woman came to the companion way, looking as pale as a ghost, and nearly frightened to death. The mate and some men forward were trying to haul in the lower studding sail, which had blown over the sprit-sail yard-arm, and round the guys, while the top mast studding sail boom, after buckling up and springing out again like a piece of whalebone, broke off at the boom iron. I sprang aloft to take in the main top-gallant studding sail, but before I got into the top the tack parted, and away went the sail swinging forward off the top-gallant sail, and tearing and shattering itself to pieces. The halliards were at this moment let go by the run, and such a piece of work I never had before in taking in a sail. After great exertions I got it, or the remains of it, into the top, and was making it up, when the captain looking up, called out to me, "Lay aloft there, D——, and furl that

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main-royal." Leaving the studding-sail, I went up to the cross trees, and here it looked rather squally. The foot of the top-gallant mast was working between the cross and trussle trees, and the royal mast lay over at a fearful angle with the mast below, while everything was working and cracking, strained to the utmost.

There's nothing for Jack to do but to obey orders, and I went upon the yard; and there was a worse mess if possible than I had left below. The braces had been let go, the yard was swinging about like a turnpike gate, and the whole sail having blown over to leeward, the lee leach was over the yard-arm, and the sky-sail was all adrift and flying over my head. I looked down, but it was in vain to attempt to make myself heard, for every one was busy below, and the wind roared, and the sails were flapping in every direction. Fortunately it was noon and broad daylight, and the man at the wheel, who had his eyes aloft, soon saw my difficulty, and after numberless signs and gestures, got some one to haul the necessary ropes taut. During this interval I took a look below. Everything was in confusion on deck; the little vessel was tearing through the water as if she were mad, the seas flying over her, and the masts leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees from the vertical. At the other royal mast head was S——, working away

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at the sail, which was blowing from him as fast as he could gather it in. The top-gallant sail below me was soon clewed up, which relieved the mast, and in a short time I got my sail furled and went below; but I lost overboard a new tarpaulin hat, which troubled me more than anything else. We worked for about half an hour might and main, and in an hour from the time the squall struck us, from having had all our flying kites aboard, we came down to double reefed topsails and storm sails.

The wind had hauled ahead during the squall, and we were standing in directly for the point. So soon as we got all snug, we wore round and stood off again, and had the pleasant prospect of beating up to Monterey, a distance of one hundred miles against a violent head wind. Before night it began to rain; and we had five days of rainy, stormy weather, under close sail all the time, and were blown several miles off the coast. In the midst of this, we discovered that our fore-top mast was sprung (which no doubt happened in the squall), and were obliged to send down the fore top-gallant mast, and carry as little sail as possible forward. Our four passengers were dreadfully sick, so that we saw little or nothing of them during the five days. On the sixth day it cleared off, and the sun came out bright, but the wind and sea were still very high. It was

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quite like being at sea again: no land for hundreds of miles, and the captain taking the sun every day at noon. Our passengers now made their appearance, and I had for the first time the opportunity of seeing what a miserable and forlorn creature a sea-sick passenger is. Since I had got over my own sickness, the first two days from Boston, I had seen nothing but hale, hearty men, with their sea legs on, and able to go anywhere (for we had no passengers), and I will own there was a pleasant feeling of superiority in being able to walk the deck, and eat, and go about, and comparing one's self with two poor miserable pale creatures, staggering and shuffling about decks, or holding on and looking up, to see us climbing the mast head, or sitting quietly at work on the ends of the lofty yards. A well man at sea has little sympathy with one who is sea-sick; he is too apt to be conscious of a comparison favourable to his own manhood.

After a few days we made the land of Point Pinos, which is the headland at the entrance of the Bay of Monterey. As we drew in, and ran down the shore, we could distinguish well the face of the country, and found it better wooded than that to the southward of Point Concepcion. In fact, as I afterwards discovered, Point Concepcion may be made the dividing line between two different faces of the country. As you go to the north-

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ward of the point, the country becomes more wooded, has a richer appearance, and is better supplied with water. This is the case with Monterey, and still more so with San Francisco; while to the southward of the point, as at Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and particularly San Diego, there is very little wood, and the country has a naked, level appearance, though it is still very fertile.

The Bay of Monterey is very wide at the entrance, being about twenty-four miles between the two points, Ana Nouovo at the north, and Pinos at the south, but narrows gradually as you approach the town, which is situated in a bend or large cove, at the south-eastern extremity, and about eighteen miles from the points, which makes the whole depth of the bay. The shores are extremely well wooded (the pine abounded upon them), and as it was now the rainy season, everything was as green as nature could make it—the grass, the leaves, and all; the birds were singing in the woods, and great numbers of wild fowl were flying over our heads. Here we could lay safe from south-easters. We came to anchor within two cables' lengths of the shore, and the town lay directly before us, making a very pretty appearance; its houses being plastered, which gives a much better effect than those of Santa Barbara, which are a dead colour. The red tiles,

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too, on the roofs, contrasted well with the white plastered sides, and with the extreme greenness of the lawn upon which the houses—about a hundred in number—were dotted about, here and there, irregularly. There are in this place, and in every other town which I saw in California, no streets or fences (except here and there a small patch was fenced in for a garden), so that the houses are placed at random upon the green, which, as they are of one storey and of the cottage form, gives them a pretty effect when seen from a distance.

It was a fine Saturday afternoon when we came to anchor, the sun about an hour high, and everything looking pleasantly. The Mexican flag was flying from the little square Presidio, and the drums and trumpets of the soldiers, who were out on parade, sounded over the water, and gave great life to the scene. Every one was delighted with the appearance of things. We felt as though we had got into a Christian (which, in the sailor's vocabulary, means civilised) country. The first impression which California had made upon us was very disagreeable,—the open roadstead of Santa Barbara; anchoring three miles from the shore; running out to sea before every south-easter; landing in high surf, with a little dark looking town, a mile from the beach, and not a sound to be heard, or anything to be seen, but

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Sandwich Islanders, hides, and tallow-bags. Add to this the gale off Point Concepcion, and no one can be at a loss to account for our agreeable disappointment at Monterey. Besides all this, we soon learned what was of no small importance to us, that there was little or no surf here, and this afternoon the beach was as smooth as a duck's pond.

We landed the agent and passengers, and found several persons waiting for them on the beach, among whom were some, who, though dressed in the costume of the country, spoke English; and who, we afterwards learned, were English and Americans who had married and settled in the country.

I also connected with our arrival here another circumstance, which more nearly concerns myself; viz., my first act of what the sailors will allow to be seamanship—sending down a royal-yard. I had seen it done once or twice at sea, and an old sailor, whose favour I had taken some pains to gain, had taught me carefully everything which was necessary to be done, and in its proper order, and advised me to take the first opportunity when we were in port, and try it. I told the second mate, with whom I had been pretty *thick* when he was before the mast, that I would do it, and got him to ask the mate to send me up the first time they were struck. Accordingly I was

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called upon and went up, repeating the operations over in my mind, taking care to get everything in its order, for the slightest mistake spoils the whole. Fortunately, I got through without any word from the officer, heard the "well done" of the mate, when the yard reached the deck, with as much satisfaction as I ever felt at Cambridge on seeing a "*bene*" at the foot of a Latin exercise.

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CHAPTER XII.

MONTEREY.

THE next day being Sunday, which is the liberty day among merchantmen, when it is usual to let a part of the crew go ashore, the sailors had depended upon a day on land, and were already disputing who should ask to go, when, upon being called in the morning, we were turned to upon the rigging, and found that the top-mast, which had been sprung, was to come down, and a new one to go up, and top-gallant and royal masts, and the rigging to be set up. This was too bad. If there is anything that irritates sailors and makes them feel hardly used, it is being deprived of their Sabbath. Not that they should always, or indeed generally, spend it religiously, but it is their only day of rest. Then, too, they are so often necessarily deprived of it by storms, and unavoidable duties of all kinds, that to take it from them when lying quietly and safely in port, without any urgent reason, bears the more hardly. The only reason, in this case was, that the captain had determined to have the custom-

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house officers on board on Monday, and wished to have his brig in order. Jack is a slave aboard ship; but still he has many opportunities of thwarting and baulking his master. When there is danger, or necessity, or when he is well used, no one can work faster than he; but the instant he feels that he is kept at work for nothing, no sloth could make less headway. He must not refuse his duty, or be in any way disobedient, but all the work an officer gets out of him he may be welcome to. Every man who has been three months at sea knows how to "work Tom Cox's traverse"—"three turns round the long boat, and a pull at the scuttle butt." This morning everything went on in this way; "*sogering*" was the order of the day. Send a man below to get a block, and he would capsize everything before finding it, then not bring it up till an officer had called twice, and take as much time to put things in order again. Marling spikes were not to be found; knives wanted a deal of sharpening, and generally three or four were waiting round the grindstone at a time. When a man got to the mast-head, he would come slowly down again to get something which he had forgotten; and after the tackles were got up, six men would pull less than one who pulled "with a will." When the mate was out of sight, nothing was done. It was all up-hill work; and at eight o'clock, when we

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went to breakfast, things were nearly where they were when we began.

During our short meal the matter was discussed. One proposed refusing to work; but this was mutiny, and of course was rejected at once. I remember, too, that one of the men quoted "Father Taylor," (as they called the seaman's preacher at Boston), who told them that if they were ordered to work on Sunday, they must not refuse their duty, and the blame would not come upon them. After breakfast, it leaked out, through the officers, that if we would go through the work soon, we might have a boat in the afternoon and go a fishing. This bait was well thrown, and took with several who were fond of fishing, and all began to find that as we had one thing to do, and were not to be kept at work for the day, the sooner we did it the better. Accordingly, things took a new aspect; and before two o'clock, this work, which was in a fair way to last two days, was done; and five of us went a fishing in the jolly boat, in the direction of Point Pinos: but leave to go ashore was refused. Here we saw the Loriotte, which sailed with us from Santa Barbara, coming slowly in with a light sea breeze, which set in towards afternoon, having been becalmed off the point all the first part of the day. We took several fish of various kinds, among which cod and perch abounded, and Foster, (the *ci devant* second

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mate), who was of our number, brought up with his hook a large and beautiful pearl oyster shell. We afterwards learned that this place was celebrated for shells, and that a small schooner had made a good voyage by carrying a cargo of them to the United States.

We returned at sundown, and found the Loriotte at anchor within a cable's length of the Pilgrim. The next day we were "turned to" early, and began taking off the hatches, overhauling the cargo, and getting everything ready for inspection. At eight, the officers of the customs, five in number, came on board, and began overhauling the cargo, manifest, etc. The Mexican revenue laws are very strict, and require the whole cargo to be landed, examined, and taken on board again; but our agent, Mr. R——, had succeeded in compounding with them for the two last vessels, and saving the trouble of taking the cargo ashore. The officers were dressed in the costume which we found prevailed through the country. A broad brimmed hat, usually of a black or dark-brown colour, with a gilt or figured band round the crown, and lined inside with silk; a short jacket of silk or figured calico (the European skirted body-coat is never worn), the shirt open to the neck; rich waistcoat, if any; pantaloons wide, straight, and long, usually of velvet, velveteen, or broad cloth; or else short breeches and white stockings. They wear the deer

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skin shoe, which is of a dark-brown colour, and (being made by Indians) usually a good deal ornamented. They have no *suspenders*, but always wear a sash round the waist, which is generally red, and varying in quality with the means of the wearer. Add to this the never failing cloak, and you have the dress of the Californian. This last garment, the cloak, is always a mark of the rank and wealth of the owner. The *gente du razon*, or aristocracy, wear cloaks of black or dark-blue broad cloth, with as much velvet and trimmings as may be; and from this they go down to the blanket of the Indian, the middle classes wearing something like a large table cloth, with a hole in the middle for the head to go through, this is often as coarse as a blanket, but being beautifully woven with various colours, is quite showy at a distance. Among the Spaniards there is no working class (the Indians being slaves and doing all the hard work); and every rich man looks like a grandee, and every poor scamp like a broken down gentleman. I have often seen a man with a fine figure, and courteous manners, dressed in broadcloth and velvet, with a noble horse completely covered with trappings: without a *real* in his pockets, and absolutely suffering for something to eat.

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CHAPTER XIII.

TRADING AT MONTEREY.

THE next day the cargo having been entered in due form, we began trading. The trade room was fitted up in the steerage, and furnished out with the lighter goods, and with specimens of the rest of the cargo; and M——, a young man who came out from Boston with us, before the mast, was taken out of the forecastle, and made supercargo's clerk. He was well qualified for the business, having been clerk in a counting-house in Boston. He had been troubled for some time with the rheumatism, which unfitted him for the wet and exposed duty of a sailor on the coast. For a week or ten days all was life on board. The people came off to look and to buy—men, women, and children; and we were continually going in the boats, carrying goods and passengers, —for they have no boats of their own. Everything must dress itself and come aboard and see the new vessel, if it were only to buy a paper of pins. The agent and his clerk managed the sales, while we were busy in the hold or in the boats.

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Our cargo was an assorted one; that is, it consisted of everything under the sun. We had spirits of all kinds (sold by the cask), teas, coffee, sugars, spices, raisins, molasses, hard-ware, crockery-ware, tin-ware, cutlery, clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes from Lynn, calicoes and cottons from Lowell, crapes, silks; also shawls, scarfs, necklaces, jewels, and combs for the ladies; furniture; and in fact everything that can be imagined, from Chinese fire-works to English cartwheels—of which we had a dozen pairs with us with their iron rims on.

But to return to Monterey. The houses here, as everywhere else in California, are of one storey, built of clay made into large bricks, about a foot and a half square, and three or four inches thick, and hardened in the sun. These are cemented together by mortar of the same material, and the whole are of a common dirt-colour.

The only vessel in port with us was the little Loriotte. I frequently went on board her, and became very well acquainted with her Sandwich Island crew. One of them could speak a little English, and from him I learned a good deal about them. They were well-formed and active, with black eyes, intelligent countenances, dark olive, or, I should rather say, copper complexions, and coarse black hair, but not woolly, like the negroes. They appeared to be talking continually. In the

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forecastle there was a complete Babel. Their language is extremely guttural, and not pleasant at first, but improves as you hear it more, and is said to have great capacity. They use a good deal of gesticulation, and are exceedingly animated, saying with all their might what their tongues find to say. They are complete water dogs, and therefore very good in boating. It is for this reason that there are so many of them on the coast of California—they being very good hands in the surf. They are also quick and active in the rigging, and good hands in warm weather: but those who have been with them round Cape Horn, and in high latitudes, say that they are useless in cold weather. In their dress they are precisely like our sailors. In addition to these Islanders, the vessels had two English sailors, who acted as boatswains over the Islanders, and took care of the rigging. One of them I shall always remember, as the best specimen of a thorough-bred English sailor I ever saw. He had been to sea from a boy, having served a regular apprenticeship of seven years, as all English sailors are obliged to do, and was then about four or five and twenty. He was tall; but you only perceived it when standing by the side of others, for the great breadth of his shoulders and chest made him appear but little above the middle height. His chest was as deep as it was wide; his arm like

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that of Hercules, and his hand, "the fist of tar—every hair like a rope-yarn." With all this, he had one of the pleasantest smiles I ever saw.

On his chest he had stamped, with Indian ink, "Parting moments;" a ship ready to sail—a boat on the beach—and a girl and her lover taking their farewell. Underneath were printed the initials of his own name, and two other letters, standing for some name which he knew better than I did. This was very well done, having been executed by a man who made it his business to print with Indian ink for sailors, at Havre. On one of his arms he had the "Crucifixion," and on the other, the sign of the "Foul Anchor."

He called himself Bill Jackson; and I know no one of all my accidental acquaintances to whom I would more gladly give a shake of the hand than to him. Whoever falls in with him will find a handsome, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate.

Sunday came again while we were at Monterey, but, as before, it brought us no holiday. The people on shore dressed themselves and came off in greater numbers than ever, and we were employed all day in boating and breaking our cargo, so that we had hardly time to eat. Our *ci-devant* second mate, who was determined to get liberty if it was to be had, dressed himself in a long coat and black hat, and polished his shoes, and went aft and asked to go ashore. He could not have

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done a more imprudent thing, for he knew that no liberty would be given; and besides, sailors, however sure they may be of having liberty granted them, always go aft in their working clothes, to appear as if they had no reason to expect anything, and then wash, dress and shave after they have got their liberty. But this poor fellow was always getting into hot water, and if there was a wrong way of doing a thing, was sure to hit upon it. We looked to see him go aft, knowing pretty well what his reception would be. The captain was walking the quarter deck, smoking his morning cigar, and Foster went as far as the break of the deck, and there waited for him to notice him. The captain took two or three turns, and then walked directly up to him, surveying him from head to foot, and lifting up his forefinger, said a word or two, in a tone too low for us to hear, but which had a magical effect upon poor Foster. He walked forward, sprang into the forecastle, and in a moment more made his appearance in his common clothes, and went quietly to work again. What the captain said to him we never could get him to tell, but it certainly changed him outwardly in a most surprising manner.

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CHAPTER XIV.

"HEAD WORK" AND HIDES.

AFTER a few days, finding the trade beginning to slacken, we hove our anchor up, set our top-sails, ran the stars and stripes up to the peak, fired a gun, which was returned from the Presidio, and left the little town astern, running out of the bay, and bearing down the coast again for Santa Barbara. As we were now going to leeward, we had a fair wind and plenty of it. After doubling Point Pinos, we bore up, set studding-sail below and aloft, and were walking off at the rate of eight or nine knots, promising to traverse in twenty-four hours the distance which we were nearly three weeks in traversing the passage up. We passed Point Concepcion at a flying rate, the wind blowing so that it would have seemed half a gale to us, if we had been going the other way and close hauled. As we drew near the Island of Santa Barbara it died away a little, but we came to our old anchoring ground in less than thirty hours from the time of leaving Monterey.

Here everything was pretty much as we left it

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—the large bay without a vessel in it; the surf roaring and rolling in upon the beach; the white Mission, the dark town, and the high treeless mountains. Here, too, we had our south-easter tacks aboard again,—slip ropes, buoy ropes, sails furled with reefs in them, and rope yarns for gaskets. We lay here about a fortnight, employed in landing and taking off hides, occasionally, when the surf was not high; but there did not appear to be one half the business doing here that there was at Monterey. In fact, so far as we were concerned, the town might almost as well have been in the middle of the Cordilleras. We lay at a distance of three miles from the beach, and the town was nearly a mile further, so that we saw little or nothing of it. Occasionally we landed a few goods, which were taken away by the Indians in large clumsy ox-carts, with a yoke on the ox's neck instead of under it, and with small solid wheels. A few hides were brought down, which we carried off in true California style. This we had got pretty well accustomed to, and hardened to also; for it does require a little hardening, even to the toughest.

The hides are all brought down dry, or they would not be received. When they are taken from the animal, they have holes cut at the ends, and are staked out, and thus dried in the sun without shrinking. They are then doubled once

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lengthwise, with the hair side usually in, and sent down upon mules or in carts, and piled above high water mark; and then we take them upon our heads, one at a time, or two if they are small, and wade out with them, and throw them into the boat, which, as there are no wharves, we usually kept anchored by a small kedge or keeny, just outside the surf. We all provided ourselves with thick caps, which would be soft to the head, and at the same time protect it; for we soon found that, however it might look or feel at first, the "head work" was the only system for California. For, beside that the seas, breaking high, often obliged us to carry the hides so, in order to keep them dry, we found that as they were very large and heavy, and nearly as stiff as boards, it was the only way to carry them with any convenience to ourselves. Some of the crew tried other expedients, saying that it looked too much like the West India negroes; but they came to it at last. The great art is on getting them on the head. We had to take them from the ground, and as they were often very heavy, and as wide as the arms could stretch, and easily taken by the wind, we used to have some trouble with them. I have often been laughed at myself, and joined in laughing at others, pitching themselves down in the sand, trying to swing a large hide upon their heads, or nearly blown over with one in a little

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gust of wind. The captain made it harder for us, by telling us that it was "California fashion" to carry two on the head at a time; and as he insisted upon it, and we did not wish to be out-done by other vessels, we carried two for the first few months; but after falling in with a few other hide droghers, and finding that they only carried one at a time, we "knocked off" the extra one, and thus made our duty somewhat easier.

After we had got our heads used to the weight, and had learned the true California style of tossing a hide, we would carry off two or three hundred in a short time, without much trouble; but it was always wet work, and if the beach was stony, hard for our feet; for we of course, went barefooted on this duty, as no shoes could stand such constant wetting with salt water. Then, too, we had a long pull of three miles, with a loaded boat, which often took a couple of hours.

We had now got well settled down into our harbour duties, which, as they were a good deal different from those at sea, it may be well enough to describe. In the first place, all hands are called at daylight, or rather—especially if the days are short—before daylight, as soon as the first grey of the morning. The cook makes his fire in the galley; the steward goes about his work in the cabin; and the crew rig the head pump, and wash down the decks. The chief mate

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is always on deck, but takes no active part, all the duty coming on the second mate, who has to roll up his trousers and paddle about the decks barefooted, like the rest of the crew. The washing, swabbing, squilgeeing, etc., lasts, or is made to last until eight o'clock, when breakfast is ordered, fore and aft. After breakfast, for which half-an-hour is allowed, the boats are lowered down and made fast astern, or out to the swinging booms, by ges-warps, and the crew are turned to upon their day's work. This is various, and its character depends upon circumstances. There is always more or less boating, in small boats; and if heavy goods are to be taken ashore, or hides to be brought down to the beach for us, then all hands are sent ashore, with an officer, in the long boat. Then there is always a good deal to be done in the hold; goods to be taken out, and cargo to be shifted, to make room for hides, or to keep the trim of the vessel. In addition to this, the usual work upon the rigging must be going on. There is a good deal of the latter kind of work which can only be done when the vessel is in port: and then everything must be kept taut and in good order; spun yarn made; chafing gear repaired; and all the other ordinary work. The great difference between sea and harbour duty is in the division of time. Instead of having a watch below, as at sea, all hands are at work to-

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gether, except at meal times, from daylight till dark; and at night an anchor watch is kept, which consists of only two at a time, the whole crew taking turns. An hour is allowed for dinner; and at dark the decks are cleared up, the boats hoisted, supper ordered; and at eight the lights put out, except the binnacle, where the glass stands, and the anchor watch is set. Thus, when at anchor, the crew have more time at night, (standing watch only two hours), but have no time to themselves in the day; so that reading, mending clothes, etc, has to be put off until Sunday, which is usually given. Some religious captains give their crews Saturday afternoons to do their washings and mendings in, so that they may have their Sundays free. This is a good arrangement, and does much towards creating the preference sailors show for religious vessels. We were well satisfied if we got Sunday for ourselves, for if any hides came down on that day, as was often the case when they were sent from a distance, we were obliged to bring them off, which usually took half-a-day; and as we now lived on fresh beef, and had one bullock a-week, the animal was almost always brought down on Sunday, and we had to go ashore, kill it, dress it, and bring it aboard, which was another interruption. Then, too, our common day's work was protracted and more fatiguing by hides coming down late in the

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afternoon, which sometimes kept us at work by starlight, with the prospect of pulling on board and stowing all away before supper.

But all these little vexations and labours would have been nothing—they would have been passed by as common evils of a sea life, which every sailor, who is a man, will go through without complaint—were it not for the uncertainty, or worse than uncertainty, which hung over the nature and length of our voyage. Here we are, in a little vessel, with a small crew, on a half civilised coast, at the end of the earth, and with the prospect of remaining an indefinite period; two or three years at least. When we left Boston we supposed it was to be a voyage of eighteen months, or two years at most; but upon arriving on the coast, we learned something more of trade, and found that in the scarcity of hides, which was yearly greater and greater, it would take us a year, at least, to collect our own cargo, besides the passage out and home; and that we were also to collect a cargo for a large ship belonging to the same firm, which was soon to come on the coast, and to which we were soon to act as tender. We had heard rumours of such a ship to follow us, which had leaked out from the captain and mate, but we passed them by as mere "yarns," till our arrival, when they were confirmed by the letters which we brought from the owners to the

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agent. The ship California, belonging to the same firm, had been nearly two years on the coast, and collected a good cargo, and was now at San Diego, from which port she was expected to sail in a few weeks for Boston: and we were to collect all the hides we could, and deposit them at San Diego, where the new ship, which would carry forty thousand, was to be filled and sent home, and then we were to begin anew and collect our own cargo. Here was a gloomy prospect before us, indeed. The California had been twenty months on the coast, and the Lagoda, a smaller ship, carrying only thirty-one or thirty-two thousand, had been two years getting her cargo; and we were to collect a cargo of forty thousand besides our own, which would be twelve or fifteen thousand: and hides were said to be growing scarcer. Then, too, this ship, which had been to us a worse phantom than any Flying Dutchman, was no phantom, or ideal thing, had been reduced to a certainty; so much so, that a name was given her, and it was said that she was to be the Alert, a well-known Indiaman, which was expected in Boston in a few months when we sailed. There could be no doubt that all looked black enough. Hints were thrown out about three and four years; the older sailors said they should never see Boston again, but should leave their bones in California; and a cloud seemed to hang

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over the whole voyage. Besides, we were not provided for such a long voyage, and clothes and all sailor's necessaries, were excessively dear—three or four hundred per cent advance upon the Boston prices. This was bad enough for them; but still worse was it for me, who did not mean to be a sailor for life—having intended to be gone eighteen months or two years. Three or four years would make me a sailor in every respect, mind and habits, as well as body—*nolens volens;* and would put all my companions so far ahead of me, that college and a profession would be in vain to think of. And I made up my mind that, feel as I might, a sailor I must be; and to be master of a vessel must be the height of my ambition.

Besides the length of the voyage, and the hard and exposed life, we were at the ends of the earth: on a coast almost solitary, in a country where there is neither law nor gospel, and where sailors are at their captain's mercy, there being no American consul, or any one to whom a complaint could be made. We lost all interest in the voyage; cared nothing about the cargo, which we were only collecting for others, began to patch our clothes, and felt as though we were fixed beyond all hope of change.

In addition to, and perhaps partly as a consequence of this state of things, there was trouble brewing on board the vessel. Our *mate* (as the

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first mate is always called *par excellence*), was a worthy man; a more honest, upright, and kind-hearted man I never saw; but he was too good for the mate of a merchantman! He was not the man to call a sailor a "son of a b—h," and knock him down with a handspike. He wanted the energy and spirit for such a voyage as ours, and for such a captain. Captain T—— was a vigorous, energetic fellow; as sailors say, "he hadn't a lazy bone in him." He was made of steel and whale-bone. He was a man to "toe the mark," and make every one else step to it. During all the time that I was with him, I never saw him sit down on deck. He was always active and doing; severe in his discipline, and expected the same in his officers. The mate not being enough of a *driver* for him, and being perhaps too easy for the crew, he was dissatisfied with him, became suspicious that discipline was getting relaxed, and began to interfere in everything. He drew the reins tauter, and as, in all quarrels between officers, the sailors side with the one who treats them best, he became suspicious of the crew. He saw that everything went wrong—that nothing was done "with a will;" and in his attempt to remedy the difficulty by severity, he made everything worse. We were, in every respect, unfortunately situated. Captain, officers, and crew, entirely unfitted for one another; and every circumstance and event

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was like a two-edged sword, and cut both ways. The length of the voyage, which made us dissatisfied, made the captain, at the same time, feel the necessity of strict discipline; and the nature of the country, which caused us to feel that we had nowhere to go for redress, but were entirely at the mercy of a hard master, made the captain feel, on the other hand, that he must depend entirely on his own resources. Severity created discontent, and signs of discontent provoked severity. Then, too, ill-treatment and dissatisfaction are no *linimenta laborum*; and many a time have I heard the sailors say, that they should not mind the length of the voyage, and the hardships, if they were only kindly treated, if they could feel that something was done to make things lighter and easier. We felt as though our situation was a call upon our superiors to give us occasional relaxations, and to make our yoke easier. But the contrary policy was pursued. We were kept at work all day when in port, which, together with a watch at night, made us glad to turn in as soon as we got below. Thus we got no time for reading, or what was of more importance to us, for washing and mending our clothes. And then, when we were at sea, sailing from port to port, instead of giving us "watch and watch," as was the custom on board every other vessel on the coast, we were kept on deck and at work, rain or

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shine, making spun yarn and rope, and at other work in good weather, and picking oakum when it was too wet to do anything else. All hands were called to "come up and see it rain," and kept on deck an hour in a drenching rain, standing round the deck so far apart as to prevent our talking to one another, with our tarpaulins and oil-cloth jackets on, picking old rope to pieces, or laying up gaskets and robands. This was often done, too, when we were lying in port with two anchors down, and no necessity for more than one man on deck as a look-out. This is what is called "hazing a crew," and "working their old iron up."

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CHAPTER XV.

PORT OF SAN PEDRO.

WHILE laying at Santa Barbara, we encountered another south-easter; and, like the first, it came on in the night—the great black clouds coming round from the southward, covering the mountain, and hanging down over the town, appearing almost to rest upon the roofs of the houses. We made sail, and slipped our cable, cleared the point, and beat about for four days in the offing, under close sail, with continual rain and high seas and winds. No wonder, thought we, they have no rain in the other seasons, for enough seemed to have fallen in those four days to last through a common summer. On the fifth day it cleared up, after a few hours, as is usual, of rain coming down like a four hours' shower bath, and we found ourselves drifted nearly ten leagues from our anchorage; and having light head winds, we did not return until the sixth day. Having recovered our anchor, we made preparations for getting under weigh to go down to leeward. We had hoped to go directly to San Diego, and thus fall in with the California before she

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sailed for Boston; but our orders were to stop at an intermediate port called San Pedro, and, as we were to lie there a week or two, and the California was to sail in a few days, we lost the opportunity. Just before sailing, the captain took on board a red-haired, round-shouldered, vulgar-looking fellow, who had lost one eye, and squinted with the other, and introducing him as Mr. Russell, told us he was an officer on board. This was too bad. We had lost overboard, on the passage, one of the best of our number, another had been taken from us and appointed clerk; and thus weakened and reduced instead of shipping some hands to make our work easier, he had put another officer over us, to watch and drive us. We had now four officers, and only six in the forecastle. This was bringing her too much down by the stern for our comfort.

Leaving Santa Barbara, we coasted along down, the country appearing level, or immoderately uneven, and, for the first part, sandy and treeless, until, doubling a high, sandy point, we let go our anchor at a distance of three or three and a-half miles from shore. It was like a vessel, bound to Halifax, coming to anchor on the Grand Banks; for the shore being low, appeared to be a greater distance than it actually was, and we thought we might as well have staid at Santa Barbara, and sent our boat down for the hides. The land was of a clayey consistency, and as far as the eye could

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reach, entirely bare of trees, and even shrubs: and there was no sign of a town—not even a house to be seen. What brought us into such a place we could not conceive. No sooner had we come to anchor, than the slip rope, and the other preparations for south-easters, were got ready: and there was reason enough for it, for we lay exposed to every wind that could blow, except the north-west, and that came over a flat country, with a range of more than a league of water. As soon as everything was snug on board, the boat was lowered, and we pulled on shore our new officer, who had been several times in the port before, taking the place of steersman. As we drew in, we found the tide low, and the rocks and stones covered with kelp and sea-weed, lying bare for the distance of nearly an eighth of a mile. Picking our way barefooted over these, we came to what is called the landing place, at high water mark. The soil was, as it appeared at first, loose and clayey, and except the stalks of the mustard plant, there was no vegetation.—Just in front of the landing, and immediately over it, was a small hill, which, from its being not more than thirty or forty feet high, we did not perceive from our anchorage. Over this hill we saw three men coming down, partly dressed like sailors, and partly like Californians; one of them having on a pair of untanned leather trousers, and a red baize shirt. When they came

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down to us, we found that they were Englishmen, and they told us that they had belonged to a small Mexican brig, which had been driven ashore here in a south-easter, and now lived in a small house just over the hill. Going up this hill with them, we saw just behind it a small, low building, with one room, containing a fireplace, cooking apparatus, etc., and the rest of it unfinished, and used to store hides and goods. This, they told us, was built by some traders in the Pueblo (a town about thirty miles in the interior, to which this was the port), and used by them as a storehouse, and also as a lodging place, when they came down to trade with the vessels.

These three men were employed by them to keep the house in order, and to look out for the things stored in it. They said they had been there nearly a year; had nothing to do most of the time, living upon beef, and hard bread, and frijoles (a particular kind of bean, very abundant in California). The nearest house, they told us, was a rancho, or cattle farm, about three miles off; and one of them went up, at the request of our officer, to order a horse to be sent down, with which the agent, who was on board, might be sent up to the Pueblo. From one of them, who was an intelligent English sailor, I learned a good deal, in a few minutes' conversation, about the place, its trade, and the news from the southern

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ports. San Diego, he said, was about eighty miles to the leeward of San Pedro; that they had heard from there by a Spaniard who came up on horseback, that the California had sailed for Boston, and that the Lagoda, which had been in San Pedro only a few weeks before, was taking in her cargo for Boston. The Ayacucho was also there loading for Callao, and the little Loriotte, which had run down directly from Monterey, where we left her. San Diego, he told me, was a small, snug place, having very little trade, but decidedly the best harbour on the coast, being completely land-locked, and the waters as smooth as a duck's-pond. This was the depot for all the vessels engaged in the trade, each one having a large house there, built of rough boards, in which they stowed their hides, as fast as they collected them in their trips up and down the coast, and when they had procured a full cargo, spent a few weeks there taking it in, smoking ship, supplying wood and water, and making other preparations for the voyage home. The Lagoda was now about this business. When we should be about it was more than I could tell; two years at least, thought I to myself.

Having made our arrangements for a horse to take the agent to the Pueblo the next day, we picked our way again over the green slippery rocks, and pulled aboard. By the time we reached the vessel, which was so far off that we could hardly

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see her in the increasing darkness, the boats were hoisted up, and the crew at supper. Going down in the forecastle, eating our supper, and lighting our cigars and pipes, we had, as usual, to tell what we had seen or heard ashore. We all agreed that it was the worst place that we had yet seen, especially for getting off hides, and our lying off at so great a distance looked as though it was bad for south-easters. After a few disputes as to whether we should have to carry our goods up the hill or not, we talked of San Diego, the probability of seeing the Lagoda before she sailed, etc.

The next day we pulled the agent ashore, and he went up to visit the Pueblo and the neighbouring Missions; and in a few days, as the result of his labours, large ox carts and droves of mules loaded with hides, were seen coming over the flat country. We loaded our long boat with goods of all kinds, light and heavy, and pulled ashore. After landing and rolling them over the stones upon the beach, we stopped, waiting for the carts to come down the hill and take them; but the captain soon settled the matter by ordering us to carry them all up to the top, saying that that was "California fashion." So what the oxen would not do, we were obliged to do. The hill was low, but steep, and the earth being clayed and wet with the recent rains, was but bad holding ground for our feet. The heavy barrels and casks we rolled up

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with some difficulty, getting behind and putting our shoulders to them; now and then our feet slipping, added to the danger of the casks rolling back upon us. But the greatest trouble was with the large boxes of sugar. These we had to place upon oars, and lifting them up, rest the oars upon our shoulders, and creep slowly up the hill with the gait of a funeral procession. After an hour or two of hard work, we got them all up, and found the carts standing full of hides, which we had to unload, and also to load again with our own goods, the lazy Indians who came down with them squatting down upon their hams, looking on, doing nothing, and when we asked them to help us, only shaking their heads, or drawling out "No quiero."

Having loaded the carts, we started up the Indians, who went off, one to each side of the oxen, with long sticks, sharpened at the end, to punch them with. This is one of the means of saving labour at California—two Indians to two oxen. Now the hides were to be got down, and for this purpose we brought the boat round to a place where the hill was steeper, and threw them down, letting them slide over the slope. Many of them lodged, and we had to let ourselves down, and set them going again, and in this way got covered with dust, and our clothes torn. After we had got them all down, we were obliged to take them on our heads, and walk over the stones and through the

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water to the boat. The water and stones would wear out a pair of shoes a day, and as shoes were very dear, we were compelled to go barefooted. At night we went on board, having had the hardest and most disagreeable day's work that we had yet experienced. For several days we were employed in this manner, until we had landed forty or fifty tons of goods, and brought on board about two thousand hides, when the trade began to slacken, and we were kept at work on board during the latter part of the week, either in the hold, or upon the rigging.

On Thursday night there was a violent blow from the northward, but as this was off shore, we had only to let go our other anchor and hold on. We were called up at night to send down the royal yards. It was as dark as a pocket, and the vessel pitching at her anchors. I went up to the fore, and my friend S—— to the main, and we soon had them down "ship-shape and Bristol fashion;" for, as we had now got used to our duty aloft, everything above the cross-trees was left to us, who were the youngest of the crew, except one boy

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CHAPTER XVI.

A FLOGGING SCENE.

FOR several days the captain seemed very much out of humour. Nothing went right or fast enough for him. He quarrelled with the cook, and threatened to flog him for throwing wood on deck; and had a dispute with the mate about reefing a Spanish burton, the mate saying that he was right, and had been taught how to do it by a man who *was a sailor*. This the captain took in dudgeon, and they were at sword's point at once. But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavy-moulded fellow from the middle States, who was called Sam. This man hesitated in his speech, and was rather slow in his motions, but was a pretty good sailor, and always seemed to do his best; but the captain took a dislike to him, thought he was surly and lazy; and, "if you once give a dog a bad name," as the sailors' phrase is, "he may as well jump overboard." The captain found fault with everything this man did, and hazed him for dropping a marlinspike from the main-yard, where he was at

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work. This, of course was an accident, but it was set down against him. The captain was on board all day Friday, and everything went on hard and disagreeably. "The more you drive a man the less he will do," was as true with us as with any other people. We worked late on Friday night, and were turned to early on Saturday morning. About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, who by this time had become thoroughly disliked by all the crew, to get the gig ready to take him ashore. John, the Swede, was sitting ready in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, waiting for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the crew were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody, whether it was with the mate or one of the crew I could not tell; and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear.—

"You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your *jaw?*" No answer: and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him. "You may as well keep still, for I have gotten you," said the captain. Then came the

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question, "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?"

"I never gave you any, sir," replied Sam; for it was his voice that I heard, though low and half-choked.

"That's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?"

"I have never been, sir," said Sam.

"Answer my question, or I'll make a spread eagle of you! I'll flog you, by G—d."

"I'm no negro slave," said Sam.

"Then I'll make you one," said the captain, and he came to the hatchway, and sprang on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate—"Seize that man up, Mr. R——! Seize him up! Make a spread eagle of him. I'll teach you all who is master aboard."

The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

"What are you going to flog that man for, sir?" said John, the Swede, to the captain.

Upon hearing this the captain turned upon him, but knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

"Let me alone," said John, "I'm willing to

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be put in irons. You need not use any force;" and putting out his hands the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter-deck. Sam, by this time was "seized up," as it is called —that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the bight of a thick strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist. All this preparation made me feel sick, and almost faint, angry, and excited as I was. A man—a human being, made in God's likeness—fastened up and flogged like a beast. A man, too, whom I had lived with and eaten with for months, and knew almost as well as a brother. The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done? The time for it had gone by. The two best men were fast, and there were only two besides myself, and a small boy of ten or twelve years of age. And there were (besides the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk. But besides the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; if they succeed, and take the vessel it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come; and if they do not yield, they are pirates for life.

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If a sailor resists his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission are his only alternatives. But as it was, it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body, so as to give it the full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice—six times. "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear. This brought as many more as the man could stand, when the captain ordered him to be cut down and to go forward.

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John, and taking his irons off. As soon as he was loose he ran forward to the forecastle. "Bring that man aft," shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been a shipmate of John's, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprang forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John, but he soon threw him from him. At this moment I would have given worlds for power to help the poor fellow; but it was in vain. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bareheaded, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers, "Drag him aft!—Lay hold of him. I'll

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sweeten him," etc. etc. The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft; and he, seeing resistance in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him, said he would go aft of himself—that they should not drag him—and went up to the gangway and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he began to resist, but the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up. When he was made fast he turned to the captain, who stood turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for—"Have I ever refused my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not know my work?"

"No," said the captain, "it is not that that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference—for asking questions."

"Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?"

"No," shouted the captain, "nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel but myself;" and began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow to give it full effect. As he went on his passion increased, and he danced about the deck, calling out as he swung the rope, "If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you, it's because I like to do it!—because I like to do it? It suits me! That's what I do it for?"

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The man writhed under the pain, until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common among foreigners than with us, "Oh, Jesus Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!"

"Don't call on Jesus Christ!" shouted the captain, "he can't help you. Call on captain T——, he's the man! he can help you. Jesus Christ can't help you now!"

At these words, which I shall never forget, my blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water. A few rapid thoughts on my situation, and of the prospects of future revenge, crossed my mind; but the falling of the blows, and the cries of the man called me back at once. At length they ceased, and, turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cut him down. Almost doubled up with pain, the man walked slowly forward, and went down into the forecastle. Everyone else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage, and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, and at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us, "You see your condition! You see where I've got you all, and you know what to expect! You've been mistaken in me—you didn't know what I was! now you see what I am! I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll

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flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy up! You've got a negro driver over you! Yes, a *negro driver—a slave driver!* I'll see who'll tell me he is not a negro slave!" With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, then he went below.

Soon after John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and wales in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve, or balsam, to put on it. "No," said the captain, who heard him from below, "tell him to put his shirt on—that's the best thing for him—and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay up on board this vessel." He then called on Mr. Russell to take these two men and two others in the boat, and pull him ashore. I went for one. The two men could hardly bend their backs, and the captain called to them to "give way, give way!" but finding they did their best he let them alone. The agent was in the stern-sheets, but during the whole pull—a league or more—not a word was spoken. We landed—the captain, agent, and officer, went up to the house, and left us with the boat. I, and the boy with me, stayed near the boat, while John and Sam walked slowly away, and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting

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alone. I had some fears of John. He was a foreigner, and violently tempered, and under suffering; and he had his knife with him; and the captain was to come down alone to the boat. But nothing happened, and he went quietly on board. The captain was probably armed, and if either of them had lifted a hand against him they would have had nothing before them but flight and starvation in the woods of California, or captured by the soldiers and Indian bloodhounds, whom the offer of twenty dollars would have set upon them.

After the day's work was done, we went down into the forecastle, and ate our plain supper; but not a word was spoken. It was Saturday night, but there was no song — no "sweethearts and wives." A gloom was over everything. The two men lay in their berths, groaning with pain, and we all turned in—but for myself, not to sleep. A sound coming now and then from the berths of the two men, showing that they were awake, as awake they must have been, for they could hardly lie in one posture a moment; the dim, swinging light of the forecastle shed its light over the dark hole in which we lived; and many and various reflections and purposes coursed through my mind. I thought of our situation, living under tyranny—of the character of the country we were in—of the length of the voyage, and of the uncertainty attending our

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return to America; and then, if we should return, of the prospect of obtaining justice and satisfaction for these poor men; and vowed that, if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievance and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings of whom I was then one.

The next day was Sunday. We worked as usual, washing decks, etc., until breakfast-time. After breakfast we pulled the captain ashore, and finding some hides there which had been brought down the night before, he ordered me to stay ashore and watch them, saying that the boat would come again before night. They left me, and I spent a quiet day on the hill, eating dinner with the three men at the little house. Unfortunately they had no books; and, after talking with them, and walking about, I began to grow tired of doing nothing.

I looked anxiously for a boat during the latter part of the afternoon; but none came, until toward sundown, when I saw a speck on the water, and as it drew near, I found it was the gig, with the captain. The hides, then, were not to go off. The captain came up the hill, with a man bringing my monkey-jacket and a blanket. He looked pretty black, but inquired whether I had enough to eat; told me to make a house out of the hides, and keep myself warm, as I should have to sleep there among them, and to keep a good watch over

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them. I got a moment to speak to the man who brought my jacket.

"How do things go aboard?" said I.

"Bad enough," said he; "hard work, and not a kind word spoken."

"What," said I, "have you been at work all day?"

"Yes! no more Sundays for us. Everything has been moved in the hold, from stem to stern, and from the water-ways to the keelson."

I went up to the house to supper. We had frijoles, coffee made of burnt wheat, and hard bread. After our meal, the three men sat down by the light of a tallow candle, with a pack of greasy Spanish cards, to the favourite game of "triento uno," a sort of Spanish "everlasting." I left them, and went to take up my bivouac among the hides. It was now dark, the vessel was hidden from sight, and except the three men in the house, there was not a living soul within a league. The coati (a wild animal of a nature and appearance between that of the fox and the wolf) set up their sharp, quick bark; and two owls, at the end of two distant points running out into the bay, on different sides of the hill where I lay, kept up their alternate dismal notes. I had heard the sound before at night, but did not know what it was, until one of the men, who came to look at my quarters, told me it was the owl. Mellowed by

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the distance, and heard alone at night, I thought it was the most melancholy, boding sound I had ever heard. Through nearly all the night they kept it up, answering one another slowly, at regular intervals. This was relieved by the noisy coati, some of which came quite near to my quarters, and were not very pleasant neighbours. The next morning, before sunrise, the long boat came ashore, and the hides were taken off.

We lay at San Pedro about a week, engaged in taking off hides, and in other labours, which had now become our regular duties. I spent one more day on the hill, watching a quantity of hides and goods, and this time succeeded in finding part of a volume of Scott's Pirate, in a corner of the house, but it failed me at the most interesting moment: and I betook myself to my acquaintance on shore, and from them learned a good deal about the customs of the country, the harbours, etc.

On board the Pilgrim, everything went on regularly, each one trying to get along as smoothly as possible; but the comforts of the voyage were evidently at an end. "Every dog must have his day, and mine will come by and by,"—and the like proverbs, were occasionally quoted; but no one spoke of any probable end of the voyage, or of Boston, or anything of the kind; or, if he did, it was only to draw out the perpetual surly reply from his shipmate—"Boston, is it? you may

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thank your stars if ever you see that place. You had better have your back sheathed, and your head coppered, and your feet shod, and make out your log for California for life" or else something of this kind—"Before you get to Boston, the hides will wear all the hair off your head, and you'll take up your wages in clothes, and won't have enough to buy a wig with!"

The flogging was seldom, if ever, alluded to by us in the forecastle. If any one was inclined to talk about it, the others, with a delicacy which I hardly expected to find among them, always stopped him, or turned the subject. But the behaviour of the two men who were flogged, towards each other, showed a delicacy and a sense of honour which would have been worthy of admiration in the highest walk of life. Sam knew that the other suffered solely on his account; and in all his complaints, he said that if he alone had been flogged, it would have been nothing; but that he never could see that man without thinking what had been the means of bringing that disgrace upon him; and John never, by word or deed, let anything escape him to remind the other that it was interfering to save his shipmate that he had suffered.

Having got all our spare room filled with hides, we hove up our anchor and made sail for San Diego. In no operation can the disposition of a

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crew be discovered better than in getting under weigh. Where things are "done with a will," every man is like a cat aloft; sails are loosed in an instant; each one lays out his strength on his handspike, and the windlass goes briskly round to the loud cry of "Yo, heave ho! Heave and pawl. Heave hearty, ho!" But with us, at this time, it was all dragging work. No man went aloft beyond his ordinary gait, and the chain came slowly in over the windlass. The mate, between the knight heads, exhausted his official rhetoric in calls of "Heave with a will!"—"Heave hearty, men!—Heave hearty!"—"Heave and raise the dead!"—"Heave and away!" etc.; but it would not do. Nobody broke his back or his handspike by his efforts. And when the cat tackle fall was strung along, and all hands—cook, steward, and all—laid hold to cat the anchor, instead of the lively song of "Cheerily, men!" in which all hands join in the chorus, we pulled a long, heavy silent pull, and—as sailors say a song is as good as ten men—the anchor came to the cat head pretty slowly. "Give us 'Cheerily!'" said the mate; but there was no "cheerily" for us, and we did without it. The captain walked the quarter deck, and said not a word. He must have seen the change, but there was nothing that he could notice officially.

We sailed leisurely down the coast before a light

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fair wind, keeping the land well aboard, and saw two other Missions, looking like blocks of white plaster, shining in the distance: one of which, situated on the top of a high hill, was San Juan Campestrano, under which vessels sometimes come to anchor in the summer season, and take off hides. The most distant one was St. Luis Rey, which the third mate said was only fifteen miles from San Diego. At sunset on the second day, we had a large and well-wooded headland directly before us, behind which lay the little harbour of San Diego. We were becalmed off this point all night; but the next morning, which was Saturday, the fourteenth of March, having a breeze, we stood round the point, and hauling our wind, brought the little harbour, which is rather an outlet of a small river, right before us. Every one was anxious to get a view of the new place. A chain of high hills, beginning at the point (which was on our larboard head coming in), protected the harbour on our north and west, and ran off into the interior, as far as the eye could reach. On the other sides the land was low and green, but without trees. The entrance is so narrow as to admit but one vessel at a time, the current swift, and the channel runs so near to a low stony point, that the ship's sides appeared almost to touch it. There was no town in sight; but on the smooth sand beach abreast, and within a cable's length of which three vessels lay

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moored, were four large houses, built of rough boards, and looking like the great barns in which ice is stored on the borders of the large ponds near Boston; with piles of hides standing round them, and men in red shirts and large straw hats walking in and out of the doors. These were the hide houses. Of the vessels, one, a short, clumsy, little hermaphrodite brig, we recognised as our acquaintance the Loriotte; another, with sharp bows and raking masts, newly painted and tarred, and glittering in the morning sun, with the blood red banner and cross of St. George at her peak, was the handsome Ayacucho. The third was a large ship, with top gallant masts housed, and sails unbent, and looking as rusty and worn as two years' "hide droghing" could make her. This was the Lagoda.

As we drew near, carried rapidly along by the current, we overhauled our chain, and clewed up the topsails. "Let go the anchor!" said the captain; but either there was not chain enough forward of the windlass, or the anchor went down foul, or we had too much headway on, for it did not bring us up. "Pay out chain!" shouted the captain, and we gave it her; but it would not do. Before the other anchor could be let go, we drifted down, broadside on, and went smash into the Lagoda. Her crew were at breakfast in the forecastle, and the cook seeing us coming, rushed out of his galley, and called the officers and men.

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Fortunately no great harm was done. Her jib boom ran between our fore and main masts, carrying away some of our rigging, and breaking down the rail. She lost her martingale. This brought us up; and as they paid our chain, we slung clear of them and let go the other anchor; but this had as bad luck as the first, for, before any other perceived it, we were drifting on to the Loriotte. The captain now gave out his orders rapidly and fiercely, sheeting home the topsails, and backing and filling the sails in hopes of starting or clearing the anchors; but it was all in vain; and he sat down on the rail, taking it very leisurely, and calling out to Captain Nye, that he was coming to pay him a visit. We drifted fairly into the Loriotte, her larboard bow into our starboard quarter railing, and breaking off her larboard bumpkin, and one or two stanchions above the deck. We saw our handsome sailor, Jackson, on the forcastle, with the Sandwich Islanders, working away to get us clear. After paying out again, we swung clear, but our anchors were no doubt foul of hers. We manned the windlass, and hove and hove away, but to no purpose. Sometimes we got a little upon the cable, but a good surge would take it all back again. We now began to drift down toward the Ayacucho, when her boat put off and brought her commander, Captain Wilson, on board. He was a short, active, well-built man, between fifty and sixty years of age;

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and being nearly thirty years older than our captain, and a thorough seaman, he did not hesitate to give his advice, and from giving advice, he gradually came to taking the command; ordering us when to heave and when to pause, and backing and filling the topsails, setting and taking in jib and trysail, whenever he thought best. Our captain gave a few orders; but as Wilson generally countermanded them, saying, in an easy fatherly kind of way, "Oh no! Captain T——, you don't want the jib on her," or "it isn't time to heave!" he soon gave it up. We had no objection to this state of things; for Wilson was a kind old man, and had an encouraging way of speaking to us, which made everything go easily. After two or three hours of constant labour at the windlass, heaving and "Yo hoing!" with all our might, we brought up an anchor, with the Loriotte's small bower fast to it. Having cleared this and let it go, and cleared our hawse, we soon got our other anchor, which had dragged half over the harbour. "Now," said Wilson, "I'll get you a good berth;" and setting both the topsails, he carried us down, and brought us up to anchor in grand style, directly abreast the hide-house which we were to use. Having done this, he took his leave, while we furled the sails, and got our breakfast, which was welcome to us, for we had worked hard, and it was nearly twelve o'clock. After breakfast, and until night, we were em-

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ployed in getting out the boats and mooring the ship.

After supper, two of us took the captain on board the Lagoda. As he came alongside he gave his name; and the mate, in the gangway, called out to the captain down the companion-way—"Captain T—— has come aboard, sir!" "Has he brought his brig with him?" said a rough old fellow, in a tone which made itself heard fore and aft. This mortified our captain a little, and it became a standing joke with us for the rest of the voyage. The captain went down into the cabin, and we walked forward and put our heads down the forecastle, where we found the men at supper, "Come down, shipmates! come down!" said they, as soon as they saw us; and we went down, and found a large high forecastle, well lighted and a crew of twelve or fourteen men, eating out of their kids and pans, and drinking tea, and talking and laughing, all as independent and easy as so many "woodsawyer's clerks." This looked like comfort and enjoyment, compared with the dark little forecastle, and scanty discontented crew of the brig. It was Saturday night; they had got through their work for the week—and being snugly moored, had nothing to do until Monday again. After two years' hard service, they had seen the worst, and all of California;—had got their cargo nearly stowed, and expected to sail in

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a week or two for Boston. We spent an hour or more talking over California matters, until the word was passed—"Pilgrims away!"—and we went back with our captain. They were a hardy but intelligent crew: a little roughened, and their clothes patched and old, from California wear: all able seamen, and between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. They inquired about our vessel, the usages, etc., and were not a little surprised at the story of the flogging. They said there were often difficulties in vessels on the coast, and sometimes knock downs and fightings, but they had never heard before of a regular seizing up and flogging. "Spread eagles" were a new kind of bird in California.

Sunday, they said was always given in San Diego both at the hide-houses and on board the vessel, a large number usually going up to the town on liberty. We learned a good deal from them about curing and stowing of hides, etc., and they were anxious to have the latest news, (seven months old) from Boston. One of their first inquiries was for Father Taylor, the seamen's preacher in Boston. Then followed the usual strain of conversation, inquiries, stories, and jokes, which one must always hear in a ship's forecastle, but which are perhaps, after all, no worse, nor indeed, more gross, than that of many well-dressed gentlemen at their clubs.

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CHAPTER XVII.

"THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY."

THE next day being Sunday, after washing and clearing decks, and getting breakfast, the mate came forward with leave for one watch to go ashore, on liberty. We drew lots, and it fell to the larboard, which I was in. Instantly all was preparation. Buckets of fresh water (which we were allowed in port) and soap, were put in use: go-ashore jackets and trousers got out and brushed: pumps, neckerchiefs, and hats overhauled; one lending to another, so that among the whole each one got a good fit out. A boat was called to pull the "liberty men" ashore, and we sat down in the stern sheets, "as big as pay passengers," and jumping ashore, set out on our walk to the town, which was nearly three miles off.

I shall never forget the delightful sensations of being in the open air, with the birds singing around me, and escaped from the confinement, labour, and strict rule of a vessel—of being once more in my life, though only for a day, my own master. A sailor's liberty is but for a day; yet

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while it lasts it is perfect. He is under no one's eyes, and can do whatever, and go wherever he pleases. This day for the first time, I may truly say, in my whole life, I felt the meaning of a term which I had often heard—"the sweets of liberty." My friend S—— was with me; and turning our backs upon the vessels, we walked slowly along talking of the pleasure of being our own masters of the time past, when we were free and in the midst of our friends in America, and of the prospect of our return, and planning where we would go, and what we would do, when we reached home. It was wonderful how the prospect brightened, and how short and tolerable the voyage appeared, when viewed in this new light. Things looked different from what they did when we talked them over in the little dark forecastle, the night after the flogging at San Pedro. It is not the least of the advantages of allowing sailors occasionally a day of liberty, that it gives them a spring, and makes them feel cheerful and independent, and leads them insensibly to look on the bright side of everything for some time after.

S—— and myself determined to keep as much together as possible, though we knew that it would not do to cut our shipmates; for knowing our birth and education, they were a little suspicious that we would try to put on the gentleman when we got ashore, and would be ashamed of their

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company; and this won't do with Jack. When the voyage is at an end, you may do as you please, but so long as you belong to the same vessel, you must be a shipmate to him on shore, or he will not be a shipmate to you on board. Being forewarned of this before I went to sea, I took no "long togs" with me, and being dressed like the rest, in white duck trowsers, blue jacket and straw hat, which would prevent my going into better company, and showing no disposition to avoid them, I set all suspicion at rest. Our crew fell in with some who belonged to the other vessels, and, sailor-like, steered for the first grog-shop. This was a small mud building, of only one room, in which were liquors, dry and West India goods, shoes, bread, fruits, and everything which is vendible in California. It was kept by a Yankee, a one-eyed man, who belonged formerly to Fall River, came out to the Pacific in a whale-ship, left her at the Sandwich Islands, and came to California, and set up a "pulperia." S—— and I followed in our shipmates' wake, knowing that to refuse to drink with them would be the highest affront, but determining to slip away at the first opportunity. It is the universal custom with sailors for each one, in his turn, to treat the whole, calling for a glass all round, and obliging every one who is present, even to the keeper of the shop, to take a glass with him. When we first came in, there was some dispute between our crew

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and the others, whether the new comers or the old California rangers should treat first; but it being settled in favour of the latter, each of the crew of the other vessels treated all round in their turn, and as there were a good many present (including some "loafers" who had popped in, knowing what was going on, to take advantage of Jack's hospitality), and the liquor was a *real* (12½ cents) a glass, it made somewhat of a hole in their lockers. It was now our ship's turn, and S—— and I, anxious to get away, stepped up to call for glasses; but we soon found that we must go in order—the oldest first, for the old sailors did not like to be preceded by a couple of youngsters; and *bon-gre* and *mal-gre*, we had to wait our turn, with the two-fold apprehension of being too late for our horses, and of getting *corned*—for drink you must every time: for drink with one and not with another, it is always taken as an insult.

Having at length gone through our turns, and acquitted ourselves of all obligations, we slipped out, and went about among the houses, endeavouring to get horses for the day, so that we might ride round and see the country. At first we had but little success; all that we could get out of the lazy fellows, in reply to questions, being the eternal drawling, *quien sabe?* ("who knows?") which is an answer to all questions. After several efforts we at length fell in with a little Sandwich Island boy

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who belonged to the Ayacucho, and well acquainted with the place; and he knowing where to go soon procured us two horses, ready saddled and bridled, each with a lasso coiled over the pummel. These we were to have all day, with the privilege of riding them down to the beach at night, for a dollar, which we had to pay in advance. Mounted on our horses, which were spirited animals—and, which, by the way, in this country, are always steered by pressing the contrary rein against the neck, and not by pulling on the bit—we started off on a fine run over the country. The first place we went to was the old ruinous presidio, which stands on a rising ground near the village which it overlooks. It is built in the form of an open square, like all the other presidios, and was in a most ruinous state, with the exception of one side, in which the commandant lived with his family. There were only two guns, one of which was spiked, and the other had no carriage. Twelve half-clothed and half-starved looking fellows composed the garrison; and they, it was said, had not a musket a-piece. The small settlement lay directly below the fort, composed of about forty dark brown looking huts, or houses, and two larger ones, plastered, which belonged to one of the *gente de razon*. This town is not more than half as large as Monterey, or Santa Barbara, and has little or no business. From the presidio, we rode off in the

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direction of the Mission, which we were told was three miles distant. The country was rather sandy, and there was nothing for miles which could be called a tree; but the grass grew green and rank, and there were many bushes and thickets, and the soil is said to be good. After a pleasant ride of a couple of miles, we saw the white walls of the Mission, and fording a small river, we came directly before it. The Mission is built of mud, or rather of unburnt bricks of the country, and plastered. There was something decidedly striking in its appearance; a number of irregular buildings, connected with one another, and disposed in the form of a hollow square, with a church at one end, rising above the rest, with a tower containing ten belfries, in each of which hung a large bell, and with an immense rusty iron cross at the top. Just outside of the buildings, and under the walls, stood twenty or thirty small huts, built of straw, and of the branches of trees, grouped together, in which a few Indians lived, under the protection, and in the service of the Mission.

Entering a gateway, we rode into an open square, in which the stillness of death reigned. On one side was the church; on another, a range of high buildings with grated windows; a third was a range of smaller buildings or offices; and the fourth seemed to be little more than a high

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connecting wall. Not a living creature could we see. We rode twice round the square, in the hope of waking up some one; and in one circuit, saw a tall monk, with shaven head, sandals, and the dress of the Grey Friars, pass rapidly through a gallery, but he disappeared without noticing us. After two circuits we stopped our horses, and saw, at last, a man show himself in front of one of the small buildings. We rode up to him, and found him dressed in the common dress of the country, with a silver chain round his neck, supporting a large bunch of keys. From this we took him to be the steward of the Mission, and addressing him as "Mayordomo," received a low bow and an invitation to walk into his room. Making our horses fast, we went in. It was a plain sitting-room, containing a table, three or four chairs, a small picture or two of some saint, or miracle, or martyrdom, and a few dishes and glasses. "Hay algunas cosas a comer?" said I, "Si Senor!" said he. "Que gusta usted?" Mentioning frijoles, which I knew they must have if they had nothing else, and beef and bread, and a pint of wine, if they had any, he went off to another building, across the court, and returned in a few moments with a couple of Indian boys, bearing dishes and a decanter of wine. The dishes contained baked meats, frijoles, stewed with pepper and onions, boiled eggs, and California flour baked into a kind of maccaroni. These, together

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with the wine, made the most sumptuous meal we had eaten since we left Boston; and, compared with the fare we had lived upon for seven months, it was a regal banquet. After despatching our meal, we took out some money and asked him how much we were to pay. He shook his head, and crossed himself, saying that it was charity; that the Lord gave it to us. Knowing the amount of this to be that he did not sell, but was willing to receive a present, so we gave him ten or twelve reals, which he pocketed with admirable nonchalance, saying, "Dios se lo pagne." Taking leave of him we rode out to the Indians' huts. The little children were running about among the huts, stark naked, and the men were not much better; but the women had generally coarse gowns of a sort of tow cloth. The men were employed most of the time attending the cattle of the Mission, and in working in the garden, which is a very large one, including several acres, and filled, it is said, with the best fruits of the climate.

Here, among the huts, we saw the oldest man that I had ever seen; and, indeed, I never supposed that a person could retain life and exhibit such marks of age. He was sitting out in the sun, leaning against the side of a hut; and his legs and arms, which were bare, were of a dark red colour, the skin withered and shrunk up like burnt leather, and the limbs not larger round than those

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of a boy of five years. He had a few grey hairs, which were tied together at the back of his head; and he was so feeble, that when we came up to him, he raised his hands slowly to his face, and taking hold of his eye-lids with his fingers, lifted them up to look at us, and being satisfied let them drop again. All command over the lids seemed to have gone. I asked his age, but could get no answer but "Quien sabe?" and they probably did not know his age.

Leaving the Mission, we returned to the village, going nearly all the way on a full run. The Californian horses have no medium gait, which is pleasant, between walking and running; for as there are no streets and parades, they have no need of the genteel trot, and their riders generally keep them at the top of their speed until they are tired, and then let them rest themselves by walking. The fine air of the afternoon, the rate of the animals, which seemed almost to fly over the ground, and the excitement and novelty of the motion to us, who had so long been confined on shipboard, were exhilarating beyond expression, and we felt willing to ride all day long. Coming into the village we found things looking very lively. The Indians, who always have a holiday on Sundays, were engaged at playing a kind of running game at balls, on a level piece of ground, near the houses. The old ones sat down in a ring,

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looking on, while the young ones—men, boys, and girls—were chasing the ball, and throwing it with all their might. Some of the girls ran like greyhounds. At every accident or remarkable feat, the old people set up a deafening screaming and clapping of hands. Several blue jackets were rolling about the houses, which showed that the pulperias had been very well patronised.

One or two of the sailors had got on horseback, but being rather indifferent horsemen, and the Spaniards having given them vicious horses, they were soon thrown, much to the amusement of the people. A half-dozen Sandwich Islanders from the hide-houses and the two brigs, who are bold riders, were dashing about at the full gallop, hallooing and laughing like so many wild men.

It was now nearly sundown, and S—— and myself went into a house and sat quietly down to rest ourselves before going down to the beach. Several persons soon collected to see "los Inglos marineros," and one of them—a young woman—took a great fancy to my pocket handkerchief, which was a large silk one that I had before going to sea, and a handsomer one than they had been in the habit of seeing. Of course I gave it to her, which brought us into high favour; and we had a present of some pears and other fruits, which we took down to the beach with us.

When we came to leave the house, we found

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that our horses, which we left tied at the door, were both gone. We had paid for them to ride down to the beach, but they were not to be found. We went to the man of whom we hired them, but he only shrugged his shoulders, and to our question, "Where are the horses?" only answered —"Quien sabe?" but he was very easy, and made no inquiries for the saddles; we saw that he knew very well where they were. After a little trouble, determined not to walk down—a distance of three miles—we procured two, at three reals apiece, with Indian boys to run on behind and bring them back. Determined to have "the go" out of the horses, for our trouble, we went down at full speed, and were on the beach in fifteen minutes. Wishing to make our liberty last as long as possible, we rode up and down among the hide houses, amusing ourselves with seeing the men as they came down (it was now dusk), some on horseback, others on foot. The Sandwich Islanders rode down, and were in high snuff. We inquired for our shipmates, and were told that two of them had started on horseback, and had been thrown or had fallen off, and were seen heading for the beach, but steering pretty wild, and by the look of things, would not be down much before midnight.

The Indian boys having arrived, we gave them our horses, and having set them safely off, hailed

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for a boat and went aboard. Thus ended our first liberty day on shore. We were well tired, but had had a good time, and were more willing to go back to our old duties. About midnight, we were awaked by our two watchmates, who had come aboard in high dispute. It seems they had started to come down on the same horse, double backed, and each was accusing the other of being the cause of their fall. They soon, however, turned in and fell asleep, and probably forgot all about it, for the next morning the dispute was not renewed.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A SOJER.

THE next sound that we heard was "All hands ahoy!" and looking up the scuttle, saw that it was just daylight. Our liberty had now truly taken flight, and with it we laid away our pumps, blue jackets, neckerchiefs, and other go-ashore paraphernalia, and putting on old duck trousers, red shirts, and Scotch caps, began taking out and landing our hides. For three days we were hard at work, from the grey of the morning until starlight, with the exception of a short time allowed for meals, in this duty. For landing and taking on board hides San Diego is decidedly the best place in California. The harbour is small and land-locked; there is no surf; the vessels lie within a cable's length of the beach; and the beach itself is smooth hard sand, without rocks or stones. For these reasons it is used by all the vessels in the trade as a depôt, and indeed it would be impossible, when loading with the cured hides for the passage home, to take them on board at any of the open ports without getting them wet in surf, which would spoil them. We

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took possession of one of the hide-houses which belonged to our firm, and had been used by the Californians. It was built to hold thirty thousand hides, and we had the pleasing prospect of filling it before we could leave the coast; and towards this our thirty-five hundred which we brought down with us would do but little. There was not a man on board who did not go a dozen times into the house, and look round, and make some calculations of the time it would require.

The hides, as they come rough and uncured from the vessels, are piled up outside of the houses, whence they are taken and carried through a regular process of pickling, drying, cleaning, etc., and stowed away in the house, ready to be put on board. This process is necessary in order that they may keep during a long voyage, and in warm latitudes. For the purpose of curing and taking care of these hides an officer and a part of the crew of each vessel are usually left ashore; and it was for this business we found that our new officer had joined us. As soon as the hides were landed he took charge of the house, and the captain intended to leave two or three of us with him, hiring Sandwich Islanders to take our places on board; but he could not get any Sandwich Islanders to go, though he offered them fifteen dollars a-month, for the report of the flogging had got among them, and he was called "aole makai" (no good), and that was

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an end of the business. They were, however, willing to work on shore, and four of them were hired and put with Mr. Russell to cure the hides.

After landing our hides, we next sent ashore all our spare spars and rigging; all the stores which we did not want to use in the course of one trip to windward; and, in fact, everything that we could spare, so as to make room for hides, among other things, the pig stye, and with it "old Bess." This was an old sow that we had brought from Boston, and which had lived to get round Cape Horn, where all the other pigs died from cold and wet. Report said that she had been a Canton voyage before. She had been the pet of the cook during the whole passage, and he had fed her with the best of everything, and taught her to know his voice, and to do a number of strange tricks for his amusement. Tom Cringle says that no man can fathom a negro's affection for a pig; and I believe he is right, for it almost broke our poor darky's heart when he heard that Bess was to be taken ashore, and that he was to have the care of her no more during the whole voyage. He had depended upon her as a solace during the long trips up and down the coast. "Obey orders, if you break owners!" said he. "Break hearts," he meant to have said; and lent a hand to get her over the side, trying to make it as easy for her as possible. We got a whip up on the mainyard, and

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hooking it to a strap round her body, swayed away, and giving a wink to one another, ran her chock up to the yard. "'Vast there! 'vast!" said the mate; "none of your skylarking! Lower away!" But he evidently enjoyed the joke. The pig squeaked like "crack of doom," and tears stood in the poor darky's eyes, and he muttered something about having no pity on a dumb beast. "*Dumb* beast!" said Jack, "if she's what you call a dumb beast, then my eyes a'nt mates." This produced a laugh from all but the cook. He was too intent upon seeing her safe in the boat. He watched her all the way ashore, where, upon her landing, she was received by a whole troop of her kind, which had been sent ashore from the other vessels, and had multiplied and formed a large commonwealth. From the door of his galley the cook used to watch them in their manœuvres, setting up a shout, and clapping his hands, whenever Bess came off victorious in the struggles for pieces of raw hide and half-picked bones which were lying about the beach. During the day he saved all the nice things, and made a bucket-full of swill, and asked us to take it ashore in the gig, and looked quite disconcerted when the mate told him that he would pitch the swill overboard, and him after it, if he saw any of it go into the boats. We told him that he thought more about his pig than he did about his wife, who lived down in

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Robinson's alley; and, indeed, he could hardly have been more attentive, for he actually, on several nights after dark, when he thought he would not be seen, sculled himself ashore in a boat with a bucket of nice swill, and returned like Leander from crossing the Hellespont.

The next Sunday the other half of our crew went ashore on liberty, and left us on board to enjoy the first quiet Sunday which we had had upon the coast. Here we had no hides to come off, and no south-easters to fear. We washed and mended our clothes in the morning, and spent the rest of the day in reading and writing. Several of us wrote letters to send home by the Lagoda. At twelve o'clock the Ayacucho dropped her fore top-sail, which was a signal for her sailing. She unmoored and warped down into the bight from which she got under weigh. During this operation her crew were a long time heaving at the windlass, and I listened for nearly an hour to the musical notes of a Sandwich Islander, called Mahanah, who "sang out" for them. Sailors, when heaving at a windlass, in order that they may heave together, always have one to sing out, which is done in a peculiar high and long-drawn note, varying with the motion of the windlass. This requires a high voice, strong lungs, and much practice, to be done well. This fellow had a very peculiar wild sort of note, breaking occasionally in-

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to a falsetto. The sailors thought that it was too high, and had not enough of the boatswain's hoarseness about it, but to me it had a great charm. The harbour was perfectly still, and his voice rang among the hills as though it could have been heard for miles. Towards sundown, a good breeze having sprung up, she got under weigh, and with her long sharp head cut elegantly through the water on a taught bowline, she stood directly out of the harbour, and bore away to the southward. She was bound to Callao, and thence to the Sandwich Islands, and expected to be on the coast again in eight or ten months.

At the close of the week we were ready to sail, but were delayed a day or two by the running away of Foster, the man who had been our second mate, and was turned forward. From the time that he was "broken" he had had a dog's berth on board the vessel, and determined to run away at the first opportunity. Having shipped for an officer when he was not half a seaman, he found little pity with the crew, and was not man enough to hold his ground among them. The captain called him a "sojer" (the worst term of reproach that can be applied to a sailor), and promised to "ride him down as he would the main-tack!" and when officers are once determined to "ride a man down" it is a gone case with him. He had had several difficulties with the captain, and asked leave to go

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home in the Lagoda, but this was refused him. One night he was insolent to an officer on the beach, and refused to come on board in the boat. He was reported to the captain; and, as he came aboard—it being past the proper hour—he was called aft and told he was to have a flogging. Immediately he fell down on the deck, calling out, "Don't flog me, Captain T——, don't flog me!" and the captain, angry with him, and disgusted with his cowardice, gave him a few blows over the back with a rope's end, and sent him forward. He was not much hurt, but a good deal frightened, and made up his mind to run away that very night. This was managed better than anything he ever did in his life, and seemed really to show some spirit and forethought. He gave his bedding and mattress to one of the Lagoda's crew, who took it aboard his vessel as something which he had bought, and promised to keep it for him. He then unpacked his chest, putting all his valuable clothes into a large canvas bag, and told one of us, who had the watch, to call him at midnight. Coming on deck at midnight, and finding no officer there, and all still aft, he lowered his bag into a boat, got softly down into it, cast off the painter, and let it drop down silently with the tide until he was out of hearing, when he skulled ashore.

The next morning, when all hands were mustered, there was a great stir to find Foster. Of

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course we would tell nothing; and all they could discover was, that he had left an empty chest behind him, and that he went off in a boat, for they saw it lying up high and dry on the beach. After breakfasting the captain went up to the town, and offered a reward of twenty dollars for him, and for a couple of days the soldiers, Indians, and all others who had nothing to do, were scouring the country for him on horseback, but without effect, for he was safely concealed all the time within fifty rods of the hide-houses. As soon as he had landed he went directly to the Lagoda's hide-house, and a part of her crew, who were living there on shore, promised to conceal him and his *traps* until the Pilgrim should sail, and then to intercede with Captain Bradshaw to take him on board the ship. Just behind the hide-houses, among the thickets and underwood, was a small cave, the entrance to which was known only to two men on the beach, and which was so well concealed that though, when I afterwards came to live on shore, it was shown to me two or three times, I was never able to find it alone. To this cave he was carried before daybreak in the morning, and supplied with bread and water, and there remained until he saw us under weigh, and well round the point.

Friday, March 27th.—The captain having given up all hope of finding Foster, and being unwilling to delay any longer, gave orders for unmooring

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the ship and we made sail, dropping slowly down with the tide and light wind. We left letters with Captain Bradshaw to take to Boston, and had the satisfaction of hearing him say that he should be back again before we left the coast. The wind, which was very light, died away soon after we doubled the point, and we lay becalmed for two days, not moving three miles the whole time, and a part of the second day were almost in sight of the vessels. On the third day, about noon, a cool sea breeze came rippling and darkening the surface of the water, and by sundown we were off to San Juan's, which is about forty miles from San Diego, and is called half way to San Pedro, where we were now bound. Our crew was now considerably weakened. One man lost overboard; another had been taken aft as a clerk; and a third had run away, so that besides S—— and myself, there were only three able seamen and one boy of twelve years of age. With this diminished and discontented crew, and in a small vessel, we were now to battle the watch through a couple of years of hard service; yet there was not one that was not glad that Foster had escaped; for, shiftless and good for nothing as he was, no one could wish to see him dragging on a miserable life, cowed and disheartened; and we were all rejoiced to hear, upon our return to San Diego, two months afterwards, that he had been im-

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mediately taken on board the Lagoda, and went home in her, on regular seaman's wages.

After a slow passage of five days, we arrived, on Wednesday the 1st of April, at our old anchoring ground at San Pedro. The bay was deserted, and looked as dreary as before, and formed no pleasing contrast with the security and snugness of San Diego, and the activity and interest which the loading and unloading of four vessels gave to that scene. In a few days the hides began to come slowly down, and we got into the old business of rolling goods up the hill, pitching hides down, and pulling our long league off and on. Nothing of note occurred while we were lying here, except that an attempt was made to repair the small Mexican brig, which had been cast away in a south-easter, and which now lay up, high and dry, over one reef of rocks and two sand banks. Our carpenter surveyed her, and pronounced her capable of refitting, and in a few days the owners came down from the Pueblo, and waiting for the high spring tides, with the help of our cables, kedges, and crew, got her off and afloat, after several trials. The three men at the house on shore, who had formerly been a part of her crew, now joined her, and seemed glad enough at the prospect of getting off the coast.

On board our own vessel, things went on in the same monotonous way. The excitement which

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immediately followed the flogging scene had passed off, but the effect of it upon the crew, and especially upon the two men themselves, remained. The different manner in which these men were affected, corresponding to their different characters, was not a little remarkable. John was a foreigner and high tempered, and though mortified, as any one would be at having had the worst of an encounter, yet his chief feeling seemed to be anger; and he talked much of satisfaction and revenge, if he ever got back to Boston. But with the other it was very different. He was an American, and had some education; and this thing coming upon him, seemed completely to break him down. He had a feeling of the degradation that had been inflicted upon him, which the other man was incapable of. Before that he had a great deal of fun, and amused us often with queer negro stories (he was from a slave state;) but afterwards he seldom smiled, seemed to lose all life and elasticity, and appeared to have but one wish, and that was for the voyage to be at an end. I have often known him to draw a long sigh when he was alone, and he took but little part or interest in John's plans of satisfaction and retaliation.

After a stay of about a fortnight, during which we slipped from one south-easter, and were at sea two days, we got under weigh for Santa Barbara.

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It was now the middle of April, the south-eastern season was now nearly over; and the light, regular trade winds, which blow down the coast, began to set steadily in during the latter part of each day. Against these we beat slowly up to Santa Barbara, a distance of about ninety miles, in three days. There we found, lying at anchor, the large Genoese ship which we found in the same place on the first day of our coming upon the coast. She had been up to San Francisco, or, as it is called, "chock up to windward," had stopped at Monterey on her way down, and was shortly to proceed to San Pedro and San Diego, and thence, taking in her cargo, to sail to Valparaiso and Cadiz. She was a large clumsy ship, and with her topmast stayed forward, and high poop deck, looked like an old woman with a crippled back. It was now the close of Lent, and on Good Friday she had all her yards a cock bill, which is customary among Catholic vessels. Some also have an effigy of Judas, which the crew amuse themselves with keel hauling and hanging by the neck from the yard-arms.

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CHAPTER XIX.

AT SAN PEDRO.

THE next Sunday was Easter Sunday, and as there had been no liberty at San Pedro, it was our turn to go ashore and mis-spend another Sabbath. Soon after breakfast a large boat, filled with men in scarlet caps, blue jackets, and various coloured under-clothes, bound ashore on liberty, left the Italian ship, and passed under our stern, the men singing beautiful Italian boat songs on the way, in fine, full chorus. Among the songs I recognised the favourite. "O Pescator dell' onda." It brought back to my mind pianofortes, drawing-rooms, young ladies singing, and a thousand other things, which as little benefited me, in my situation, to be thinking upon. Supposing that the whole day would be too long a time to spend ashore, as there was no place to which we could take a ride, we remained quietly on board until after dinner. We were then pulled ashore in the stern of the boat, and with orders to be on the beach at sundown, we took our way to the town. There every thing wore the appearance of a holiday. The people

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were dressed in their best; the men riding about on horseback among the houses, and the women sitting on carpets before the doors. Under the piazza of a "pulperia," two men were seated, decked out with knots of ribbon and bouquets, and playing the violin and the Spanish guitar. These are the only instruments, with the exception of the drums and trumpets at Monterey, that I ever heard at California; and I suspect they play upon no others, for at a great *fandango* at which I was afterwards present, and where they mustered all the music they could find, there were three violins and two guitars, and no other instruments. As it was now too near the middle of the day to see any dancing, and hearing that a bull was expected down from the country, to be baited in the presidio square, in the course of an hour or two, we took a stroll among the houses. Inquiring for an American, who we had been told, had been married in the place, and kept a shop, we were directed to a long, low building, at the end of which was a door, with a sign over it in Spanish. Entering the shop, we found no one in it, and the whole had an empty deserted appearance. In a few minutes the man made his appearance, and apologised for having nothing to entertain us with, saying that he had had a fandango at his house the night before, and the people had eaten and drank up everything.

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"O yes!" said I, "Easter holidays!"

"No!" said he with a singular expression in his face; "I had a little daughter died the other day, and that's the custom of the country."

Here I felt a little strangely, not knowing what to say, or whether to offer consolation or no, and was beginning to retire, when he opened a side door and told us to walk in. Here I was no less astonished, for I found a large room filled with young girls, from three to four years of age up to fifteen and sixteen, dressed all in white, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, and bouquets in their hands. Following our conductor through all these girls who were playing about in high spirits, we came to a table at the end of the room, covered with a white cloth, on which lay a coffin, about three feet long, with the body of his child. The coffin was lined on the outside with white cloth, and on the inside with white satin, and was strewed with flowers. Through an open door we saw, in another room, a few elderly people in common dresses; while the benches and tables thrown up in a corner, and the stained walls, gave evident signs of the last night's "high go." Feeling like Garrick, between a tragedy and comedy, an uncertainty of purpose, and a like awkwardness, I asked the landlord when the funeral would take place, and being told that it

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would go towards the Mission in about an hour, took my leave.

To pass away the time we took horses and rode down to the beach, and there found three or four Italian sailors, mounted and riding up and down on the hard sand at a furious rate. We joined them and found it fine sport. The beach gave us a stretch of a mile or more, and the horses flew over the smooth, hard sand, apparently invigorated and excited by the sea breeze, and by the continual roar and dashing of the breakers. From the beach we returned to the town, and finding that the funeral procession had moved, rode on and overtook it about half way to the Mission. Here was as peculiar a sight as we had seen before in the house, the one looking as much like a funeral procession as the other did like a house of mourning. The little coffin was borne by eight girls, who were continually relieved by others, running forward from the procession, and taking their places. Behind it came a straggling company of girls, dressed, as before, in white and flowers, and including, I should suppose, by their numbers, nearly all the girls between five and fifteen in the place. They played along on the way, frequently stopping and running all together to talk to some one, or to pick up a flower, and then running on again to overtake the coffin. There were a few elderly women in common

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colours; and a herd of young men and boys, some on foot, and some mounted, followed them or walked, or rode by their side, frequently interrupting them by jokes or questions. But the most singular thing of all was, that two men walked, one on each side of the coffin, carrying muskets in their hands, which they continually loaded and fired in the air. Whether this was to keep off the evil spirits or not, I do not know. It was the only interpretation that I could put upon it

As we drew near the Mission we saw the great gate thrown open, and the padre standing on the steps, with a crucifix in his hand. The Mission is a large and deserted-looking place, the outbuildings going to ruin, and everything giving one the impressions of decayed grandeur. A large stone fountain threw out pure water from four mouths into a basin before the church door; and we were on the point of riding up to let our horses drink, when it occurred to us that it might be consecrated, and we forebore. Just at that moment the bells set up their harsh discordant clang, and the procession moved into the court. I was anxious to follow and see the ceremony, but the horse of one of my companions had become frightened and was tearing off towards the town; and having thrown his rider, and got one of his feet caught in the saddle, which had slipped, was fast dragging and ripping it to pieces. Knowing

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that my shipmate could not speak a word of Spanish, and fearing he would get into difficulty, I was obliged to leave the ceremony and ride after him. I soon overtook him trudging along, swearing at the horse, carrying the remains of the saddle, which he picked up on the road. Going to the owner of the horse, he made a settlement with him, and found him surprising liberal. All parts of the saddle were brought back, and being capable of repair, he was satisfied with six reals. We thought it would be a few dollars. We pointed to the horse, which was now half way up one of the mountains; but he shook his head, saying, "No importa!" and giving us to understand that he had plenty more.

This matter having been settled, we heard some talk about "*cobollas*" and "*carrera*," and seeing the people all streaming off in one direction, we followed, and came upon a level piece of ground just out of the town, which was used as a race-course. Here, the crowd soon became thick again; the ground was marked off, the judges stationed, and the horses led to one end. Two fine-looking old gentlemen—Don Carlos and Don Domingo, so called, held the stakes, and all was now ready. We waited for some time, during which we could just see the horses twisting round and turning, until at length, there was a shout along the lines, and on they

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came—heads stretched out, and eyes starting—working all over, both man and beast. The steeds came by us like a couple of chainshot—neck and neck: now we could see nothing but their backs, and their hind hoofs, flying in the air. As fast as the horses passed, the crowd broke up behind them, and ran to the goal. When we got there, we found the horses returning on a slow walk, having run far beyond the mark, and heard that the long bony one had come in neck and shoulders before the other. The riders were light built men, with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, and bare armed and bare legged. The horses were noble looking beasts, not so sleek and combed as our Boston stable horses, with fine limbs and spirited eyes. After this had been settled, and fully talked over, the crowd scattered again, and flocked back to the town.

Returning to the large pulperia, we found the violin and guitar screamed and twingled away under the piazza, where they had been all day. As it was now sundown, there began to be some dancing. The Italian sailors danced, and one of our crew exhibited himself in a sort of West India shuffle, much to the amusement of the bystanders, who cried out Bravo!" "Otra vez!" and "Vivan los marinos!" but the dancing did not become general, as the women and the

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"gente de razon," had not yet made their appearance. We wished very much to wait and see the style of dancing, but although we had our own way during the day, yet we were after all but "foremast Jacks," and having been ordered to be on the beach by sundown, did not venture to be more than an hour behind the time, so we took our way down. We found the boat just pulling ashore through the breakers, which were running high, there having been a heavy fog outside, which from some cause or other always brings on and precedes a heavy sea. Liberty men are privileged from the time they leave the vessel until they step on board again, so we took our places in the stern sheets, and were congratulating ourselves upon getting off dry, when a great comber broke fore and aft the boat, and wet us through and through, filling the boat half full of water. Having lost her buoyancy by the weight of the water, she dropped heavily into the sea that struck her, and by the time we had pulled out of the surf into deep water, she was just afloat and we were up to our knees. By the help of a small bucket and our hats, we baled her out, got on board, hoisted the boat, ate our supper, changed our clothes, gave, as is usual, the whole history of our day's adventures to those who stopped on board, and having taken a night's smoke, turned in. Thus ended the second day's liberty on shore.

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On Monday morning, as an offset to our day's sport, we were all set to work tarring down the rigging. Some got girt lines up for riding down the stays and back stays, and others tarred the shrouds, lifts, etc., laying out the yards, and combing down the rigging. We overhauled our bags, and took out our old tarry trousers and frocks, which we used when we tarred down before, and were all at work in the rigging by sunrise. After breakfast we had the satisfaction of seeing the Italian's boat go ashore, gaily dressed as the day before, and singing their barcarollas. The Easter holidays are kept upon shore during three days, and being a Catholic vessel, the crew had the advantage of them. For two successive days, while perching up in the rigging, covered with tar, and engaged in our disagreeable work, we saw these fellows going ashore in the morning, and coming off again at night, in the highest spirits. So much for being Protestants. There's no danger of Catholicism spreading in New England; Yankees can't afford the time to be Catholics. American shipmasters get nearly three weeks more out of their crews in the course of the year than the masters of vessels from Catholic countries. Yankees don't keep Christmas, and shipmasters at sea never know when thanksgiving comes, so Jack has no festival at all.

About noon a man aloft called "Sail ho!" and

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looking round we saw the head sails of a vessel coming round the point. As she drew round, she showed the broadside of a full rigged brig, with the Yankee ensign at her peak. We ran up our stars and stripes, and knowing there was no American flag on the coast but ourselves, we expected to have news from home. She rounded to, and let go her anchor; but the dark faces on her yards when they furled the sails, and the Babel on deck, soon made known that she was from the islands. Immediately afterwards a boat's crew came aboard, bringing her skipper, and from them we learned she was from Oahu, and was engaged in the same trade with the Ayacucho, the Loriotte, etc., between the coast, the Sandwich Islands, and the leeward coast of Peru and Chili. Her captain and officers were Americans, and also a part of her crew: the rest were Islanders. She was called the Catalina, and like all other vessels in the trade, except the Ayacucho, her papers were from Uncle Sam. They of course, brought us no news, and we were doubly disappointed.

After lying here about a fortnight, and collecting all the hides the place afforded, we set sail again for San Pedro. There we found the brig which we had assisted in getting off, lying at anchor, with a mixed crew of Americans, English, Sandwich Islanders, Spaniards, and Spanish Indians; and though much smaller than we, yet

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she had three times the number of men; and she needed them, for her officers were Spanish. No vessels in the world go so poorly manned as the Americans and the English, and none do so well. A Yankee brig of that size would have had a crew of four men, and would have worked round and round her. The Italian ship had a crew of thirty men, nearly three times as many as the Alert, which was afterwards on the coast, and was of the same size, yet the Alert would get under weigh and come to in half the time, and get two anchors, while they were all talking at once, jabbering like a parcel of "Yahoos," and running about decks to find their cat block.

There was only one point in which they had the advantage over us, and that was in lightening their labours in the boats with their songs. The Americans are a time and money saving people, but have not yet, as a nation, learned that music "may be turned to account." We pulled the long distances to and from the shore with the loaded boats without a word spoken, and with discontented looks, while they not only lightened the labour of rowing, but actually made it pleasant and cheerful, by their music. So true is it that—

> "For the tired slave, song lifts the languid oar,
> And bids it aptly fall, with chime
> That beautifies the fairest shore,
> And mitigates the hardest clime."

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We lay about a week in San Pedro, and got under weigh for San Diego, intending to stop at San Juan, as the south-eastern season was nearly over, and there was little or no danger.

This being the spring season, San Pedro, as well as all the other open ports, was filled with whales that had come in to take their annual visit upon sounding. For the first few days that we were here and at Santa Barbara, we watched them with great interest, calling out, "There she blows!" every time we saw the spout of one breaking the surface of the water; but they soon became so common that we took no notice of them.

During the months of March, April, and May, these whales appear in great numbers in the open ports of Santa Barbara, San Pedro, etc., and hover off the coast, while a few find their way into the close harbours of San Diego and Monterey. They are all off again before midsummer, and make their appearance on the "off shore" ground. We saw some fine shoals of sperm whales, which are easily distinguished by their spout, blowing away, a few miles to windward, on our passage to San Juan.

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CHAPTER XX.

SAN JUAN.

COASTING along the quiet shore of the Pacific, we came to anchor in twenty fathoms water, almost out at sea, as it were, and directly abreast of a steep hill which overhung the water, and was twice as high as our royal mast head. We had heard much of this place from the Lagoda's crew, who said that it was the worst place in California.

The shore is rocky, and directly exposed to the south-east, so that vessels are obliged to slip and run for their lives on the first sign of a gale; and late as it was in the season, we got up our slip rope and gear, though we meant to stay only twenty-four hours. We pulled the agent on shore, and were ordered to wait for him while he took a circuitous way round the hill to the Mission, which was hidden behind it. We were glad of the opportunity to examine this singular place, and hauling the boat up, and making her well fast, took different directions up and down the beach to explore it.

San Juan is the only romantic place in Cali-

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fornia. The country here for several miles is high table land, running boldly to the shore, and breaking off in a steep hill, at the foot of which the waters of the Pacific are constantly dashing. For several miles the water washes the very base of the hill, or breaks upon ledges and fragments of rocks which run into the sea. Just where we landed was a small cove, or bight, which gave us at high tide a few square feet of sand beach between the sea and the bottom of the hill. This was the only landing-place. Directly above us rose the perpendicular height of four or five hundred feet. How we were to get hides down, or goods up, upon the tableland upon which the Missions were situated, was more than we could tell. The agent had taken a long circuit, and yet had frequently to jump over breaks, and climb up steep places in the ascent. No animal but a man or a monkey could get up. That was not our look-out, however; and knowing that the agent would be gone an hour or more, we strolled about, picking up shells and following the sea where it tumbled in, roaring and spouting among the crevices of the great rocks. I separated myself from the rest, and sat down on a rock just where the sea ran in and formed a spouting horn. Compared with the plain, dull, sand beach of the rest of the coast, this grandeur was as refreshing as "a great rock in a weary land." It was almost the first

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time that I had been positively alone, free from the sense that human beings were at my elbow, if not talking with me—since I left home. My better nature returned strong upon me. Everything was in accordance with my state of feeling, and I experienced a glow of pleasure at finding, that what of poetry and romance I ever had in me had not been entirely deadened by the laborious and fretting life I had led. Nearly an hour did I sit, almost lost in the luxury of this entire new scene of the play in which I had been so long acting, when I was aroused by the distant shouts of my companions, and saw that they were collecting together, as the agent had made his appearance on his way back to our boat.

We pulled aboard and found the long-boat hoisted out, and nearly laden with goods; and after dinner we all went on shore in the quarter-boat, with the long boat in tow. As we drew in, we found an ox cart and a couple of men standing directly on the brow of the hill; and having landed, the captain took his way round the hill, ordering me and another to follow him. We followed, picking our way out, and jumping and scrambling up, walking over briars and prickly pears until we came to the top. Here the country stretched out for miles, as far as the eye could reach, on a level table surface; and the only habitation in sight was the small white Mission of

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San Juan Campestrano, with a few Indian huts about it, standing in a hollow about a mile from where we were. Reaching the brow of the hill where the cart stood, we found several piles of hides, and Indians sitting round them. One or two other carts were coming slowly on from the Mission, and the captain told us to begin and throw the hides down. This, then, was the way they were to be got down: thrown down, one at a time, a distance of four hundred feet! This was doing the business on a great scale. Standing on the edge of a hill and looking down the perpendicular height, the sailors

> "That walked upon the beach
> Appear'd like mice; and our tall anchored bark
> Diminished to her cock; her cock a buoy
> Almost too small for sight."

Down this height we pitched the hides, throwing them out as far into the air as we could; and as they were all large, stiff, and doubled, like the cover of a book, the wind took them, and they swayed and eddied about, plunging and rising in the air, like a kite when it has broken its string. As it was now low tide, there was no danger of their falling into the water, and as fast as they came to the ground, the men picked them up, and taking them on their heads, walked off with them to the boat. It was really a picturesque sight; the great height; the scaling of the hides; and

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the continued walking two and fro of the men, who looked like mites on the beach! This was the romance of hide-droghing!

Some of the hides lodged in cavities which were under the bank and out of sight, being directly under us; but by sending others down in the same direction, we succeeded in dislodging them. Had they remained there, the captain said he should have sent on board for a couple of pair of long halyards, and got some one to have gone down for them. It was said that one of the crew of an English brig went down in the same way a few years before. We looked over, and thought it would not be a welcome task, especially for a few paltry hides, but no one knows what he can do until he is called upon; for, six months afterwards, I went down the same place by a pair of top-gallant studding-sail halyards, to save half-a-dozen hides which had been lodged there.

Having thrown them all down, we took our way again, and found the boat loaded and ready to start. We pulled off, took the hides all aboard, hoisted in the boats, hove up our anchor, made sail, and before sundown were on our way to San Diego.

Friday, May 8th, 1835.—Arrived at San Diego. Here we found the little harbour deserted. The Lagoda, Ayacucho, Loriotte, and all, had left the coast, and we were nearly alone. All the hide-

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houses on the beach but ours were shut up; and the Sandwich Islanders, a dozen or twenty in number, who had worked for the other vessels and been paid off when they sailed, were living on the beach, keeping up a grand carnival. A Russian discovery ship, which had been in this port a few years before, had built a large oven for baking bread, and went away leaving it standing. This the Sandwich Islanders took possession of, and had kept ever since undisturbed. It was big enough to hold six or eight men—that is, it was as large as a ship's forecastle, and a door at the side, and a vent-hole at the top. They covered it with Oahu mats for a carpet, stopped up the vent-hole in bad weather, and made it their head-quarters. It was now inhabited by as many as a dozen or twenty men, who lived there in complete idleness—drinking, playing at cards, and carousing every way. They bought a bullock once a-week, which kept them in meat, and one of them went up to the town every day to get fruit, liquor, and provisions. Besides this, they had bought a cask of ship bread, and a barrel of flour from the Lagoda, before she sailed. There they lived, having a grand time, and cared for nobody. Captain T—— was anxious to get three or four of them to come on board the Pilgrim, as we were so much diminished in numbers, and went up to the oven, and spent an hour or two trying to

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negotiate with them. One of them, a fine-built, active, strong, intelligent fellow, who was a sort of king among them, acted as spokesman. He was called Mannini—or rather out of compliment to his known importance and influence, *Mr.* Mannini —and was known all over California. Through him the captain offered them fifteen dollars a-month, and one month's pay in advance: but it was like throwing pearls before swine, or carrying coals to Newcastle. So long as they had money, they would not work for fifty dollars a-month; and when their money was gone they would work for ten.

"What do you do here, Mr. Mannini?" said the captain.

"Oh, we play cards, get drunk, smoke—do any thing we'ar a mind to."

"Don't you want to come aboard and work?"

"*Aole, aole make make makou i ka hawa.* No, got plenty of money; no good work!—*Mamule* —money *pau*—all gone. Ah! very good work! —*naki hana hono nui.*"

"But you'll spend your money in this way," said the captain.

"Ay, me know that. By-em-by money *pau*— all gone: then Kanaka work plenty."

This was a hopeless case, and the captain left them, to wait patiently until their money was gone. We discharged our hides and tallow, and

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in about a week were ready to sail again for the windward. We unmoored and got everything ready, the captain making another attempt upon the oven. This time he had more regard to the "mollia tempora fandi," and succeeded very well. He got Mr. Mannini in his interest, and as the shot was growing low in the locker, prevailed upon him and three others to come on board with their chests and baggage, and sent a hasty summons to me and the boy to come ashore with our things, and join the gang at the hide-house. This was to me unexpected, but anything in the way of variety I liked; so we got ready, and pulled ashore. I stood on the beach while the brig got under weigh, and watched her until she rounded the point, and then went up to the hide-house to take up my quarters for a few months.

Here was a change in my life as complete as it had been sudden. In the twinkling of an eye I was transformed from a sailor into a "beach-comber" and hide-curer; yet the novelty and the comparative independence of the life were not unpleasant. Our hide-house was a large building made of rough boards, and intended to hold forty thousand hides. In one corner of it a small room was parted off, in which four berths were made, where we were to live, with mother earth for our floor. It contained a table, a small locker for pots, spoons, plates, etc., and a small hole cut to let in

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the light. Here we put our chests, threw our bedding into our berths, and took up our quarters. Over our head was another small room, in which Mr. Russell lived, who had charge of the hide-house: the same man who was for a time an officer in the Pilgrim. There he lived in solitary grandeur; eating and sleeping alone (and these were his principal occupations), and communing with his own dignity. The boy was to act as cook; while myself, a giant of a Frenchman, named Nicholas, and four Sandwich Islanders, were to cure hides. Sam, the Frenchman, and myself lived together in a room, and the four Sandwich Islanders worked and ate with us, but generally slept at the oven. My new messmate, Nicholas, was the most immense man that I had ever seen in my life. He came on the coast in a vessel which was afterwards wrecked, and now let himself out to the different houses to cure hides. He was considerably over six feet, and of a frame so large that he might have been shown for a curiosity. But the most remarkable thing about him was his feet. They were so large that he could not find a pair of shoes in California to fit him, and was obliged to send to Oahu for a pair; and when he got them, he was compelled to wear them down at the heel. He told me once, himself, that he was wrecked in an American brig on the Goodwin Sands, and was sent up to London

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to the charge of the American consul, without clothing to his back or shoes to his feet, and was obliged to go about London streets in his stocking-feet three or four days in the month of January, until the consul could have a pair of shoes made for him. His strength was in proportion to his size, and his ignorance to his strength—"strong as an ox, and ignorant as strong." He neither knew how to read nor write. He had been to sea from a boy, and had seen all kinds of service, and been in every kind of vessel—merchant-men, men-of war, privateers, and slavers; and from what I could gather from his accounts of himself, and from what he once told me in confidence, after we had become better acquainted, he had even been in worse business than slave-trading. He was once tried for his life in Charlestown, South Carolina, and though acquitted, yet he was so frightened that he never would show himself in the United States again; and I could not persuade him that he could never be tried a second time for the offence. He said he had got safe off from the breakers, and was too good a sailor to risk his timbers again.

Though I knew what his life had been, yet I never had the slightest fear of him. We always got along very well together, and though so much stronger and larger than I, he showed a respect for my education, and for what he had heard of my

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situation before coming to sea. "I'll be good friends with you," he used to say, "for by-and-by you'll come out here captain, and then you'll haze me well!" By holding well together we kept the officer in good order, for he was evidently afraid of Nicholas, and never ordered us, except when employed upon the hides. My other companions, the Sandwich Islanders, deserve particular notice.

A considerable trade had been carried on for several years between California and the Sandwich Islands; as most of the vessels are manned with Islanders, they leave whenever they choose, and let themselves out to cure hides, at San Diego, and to supply the places of the men of the American vessels while on the coast. In this way quite a colony of them had become settled at San Diego, as their head-quarters. Some of them had recently gone off in the Ayacucho and Loriotte, and the Pilgrim had taken Mr. Mannini and three others, so that there were not more than twenty left. Of these four were on pay at the Ayacucho's house, four more working with us, and the rest were living at the oven in a quiet way; for their money was nearly all gone, and they must make it last until some other vessel came down to employ them.

During the four months that I lived here, I got well acquainted with all of them, and took the greatest pains to become familiar with their

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language, habits, and characters. Their language I could only learn orally, for they had not any books among them, though many of them had been taught to read and write by the missionaries at home. They spoke a little English; and a sort of compromise, a mixed-up language was used on the beach which could be understood by all. The long name of Sandwich Islanders is dropped, and they are called by the whites all over the Pacific Ocean, "Kanakas," from a word in their own language, which they apply to themselves and to all South Sea Islanders, in distinction from whites, whom they call "Haole." This name "Kanaka," they answer to, both collectively and individually. Their proper names, in their own language, being difficult to pronounce and remember, they are called by any names which the captains or crews may choose to give them. Of the four who worked at our house, one was named "Mr. Bingham," after the missionary at Oahu; another Hope, after a vessel that he had been in; the third Tom Davis, the name of the first captain; and the fourth Pelican, from his fancied resemblance to that bird. Then there was Lagoda Jack, California Bill, etc. etc. But by whatever names they might be called, they were the most interesting, intelligent, and kind-hearted people I ever fell in with. I felt a positive attachment for almost all of them, and

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many of them I have, to this time, a feeling for, which would lead me to a great way for the mere pleasure of seeing them, and which will always make me feel a strong interest in the mere name of a Sandwich Islander.

My favourite among all of them, and one who was liked both by officers and men, and by whoever he had anything to do with, was Hope. He was an intelligent kind-hearted little fellow, and I never saw him angry, though I knew him for more than a year, and have seen him imposed upon by white people, and abused by insolent officers of vessels. He was always civil, and always ready, and never forgot a benefit. I once took care of him when he was ill, getting medicines from the ships' chests, when no captain or officer would do anything for him, and he never forgot it. Every Kanaka has one particular friend, whom he considers himself bound to do everything for, and with whom he has a sort of contract, an alliance offensive and defensive—and for whom he will often make the greatest sacrifices. This friend they call *aikane;* and for such did Hope adopt me. I do not believe I could have wanted anything which he had that he would not have given me. In return for this, I was always his friend among the Americans, and used to teach him letters and numbers, for he had left home before he learned to read. He was very curious

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about Boston (as they called the United States): asked many questions about the houses, people, etc., and always wished to have the pictures in books explained to him. They were all astonishingly quick in catching at explanations, and many things which I had thought it utterly impossible to make them understand, they often seized in an instant, and asked questions which showed that they knew enough to make them wish to go farther. The pictures of steamboats and railroad cars, in the columns of some newspapers which I had, gave me great difficulty to explain. The grading of the road, the rails, the construction of the carriages, they could easily understand; but the motion produced by steam was a little too refined for them. I attempted to show it to them once by an experiment upon the cook's coppers, but failed, probably as much from my own ignorance, as from their want of apprehension; and, I have no doubt, left them with about as clear an idea of the principle as I had myself. This difficulty, of couse, existed in the same force as to the steamboats, and all I could do was to give them some account of the results, in the shape of speed; for failing in the reason, I had to fall back upon the fact. In my account of the speed I was supported by Tom, who had been to Nantucket, and seen a little steamboat which ran over to New Bedford.

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A map of the world, which I once showed them, kept their attention for hours; those who knew how to read, pointing out the places, and referring to me for the distances. I remember being much amused with some questions which Hope asked me. Pointing to the large irregular place which is always left blank, round the poles, to denote that it is undiscovered, he looked up and asked—"*Pau?*" (Done? ended?)

The system of naming the streets and numbering the houses they easily understood, and the utility of it. They had a great desire to see America, but were afraid of doubling Cape Horn, for they suffer much in cold weather, and had heard dreadful accounts of the cape from those of their number who had been round it.

They smoke a great deal, though not much at a time, using pipes with large bowls and very short stems, or no stems at all. These they light, and putting them to their mouths, take a long draught, getting their mouths as full as they can hold, and their cheeks distended, and then let it slowly out through their mouth and nostrils. The pipe is then passed to others, who draw it in the same manner—one pipeful serving for half-a-dozen. They never take short continuous draughts like Europeans; but one of these "Oahu puffs," as the sailors call them, serves for an hour or two, until some one else lights his pipe, and it is passed

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round in the same manner. Each Kanaka on the beach had a pipe, flint, steel, tinder, a handful of tobacco, and a jack-knife, which he always carried about with him.

That which strikes a stranger more particularly is their style of singing. They run on in a low, guttural, monotonous sort of chant, their lips and tongues seeming hardly to move, and the sound apparently modulated solely in the throat. There is very little tune to it, and the words, so far as I could learn, are extempore. They sing about persons and things which are around them, and adopt this method when they do not wish to be understood by any but themselves; and it is most effectual: for with the most careful attention I never could detect a word that I knew. I have often heard Mr. Mannini, who was the most noted *improvisatore* among them, sing for an hour together, when at work in the midst of Americans and Englishmen; and, by the occasional shouts and laughter of the Kanakas, who were at a distance, it was evident he was singing about the different men he was at work with. They have great powers of ridicule, and are excellent mimics; many of them discovering and imitating the peculiarities of our people we had seen ourselves.

These were the people with whom I had to spend a few months; and who, with the exception of the officer, Nicholas the Frenchman, and

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the boy, made the whole population of the beach. I ought not, perhaps, to except the dogs, for they were an important part of the settlement. Some of the first vessels brought out dogs with them, which, for convenience, were left ashore, and there multiplied, until they came to be a great people. While I was on the beach the average number was about forty; and probably an equal or greater number are drowned or killed in some way every year. They are very useful in guarding the beach, the Indians being afraid to come down at night; for it was impossible for any one to get within half-a-mile of the hide-houses without a general alarm. The father of the colony, old Sachem as he is called, from the ship in which he was brought out, died while I was there, full of years, and was honourably buried. Pigs and a few chickens were the rest of the animal tribe, and formed, like the dogs, a common company, though they were all known and marked, and usually fed at the houses to which they belonged.

I had been but a few hours on the beach, and the Pilgrim was barely out of sight, when the cry of "Sail ho!" was raised, and a small hermaphrodite brig rounded the point, bore up into the harbour, and came to anchor. It was the Mexican brig Fazio, which we left at San Pedro, and which had come down to land her tallow, dry it all over, and make new bags, and then take in, and leave

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the coast. They moored the ship, erected their dry-works on shore, put up a small tent in which they all lived, and commenced operations. They made an addition to our society, and we spent many evenings in their tent, where, amid the Babel of English, Spanish, French, Indian, and Kanaka, we found some words that we could understand in common.

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CHAPTER XXI.

DUTIES AT THE HIDE-HOUSE.

THE morning after my landing I began the duties of hide-curing. In order to understand these, it will be necessary to give the whole history of a hide, from the time it is taken from a bullock, until it is put on board the vessel to be carried to Boston. When the hide is taken from the bullock holes are cut round it, near the edge, by which it is staked out to dry. In this manner it dries without shrinking. After they are thus dried in the sun they are received by the vessels, and brought down to the depot. The vessels land them and leave them in large piles near the houses. Then begins the hide-curer's duty. The first thing is to put them in soak. This is done by carrying them down at low tide, and making them fast, in small piles, by ropes, and letting the tide come up and cover them. Every day we put in soak about twenty-five for each man, which with us made a hundred and fifty. There they lie for forty-eight hours, when they are taken out and rolled up in wheel-barrows, and thrown into

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the vats. These vats contained brine made very strong; being sea-water with great quantities of salt thrown in. This pickles the hides, and in this they lie forty-eight hours; the use of the sea-water into which they are first put being merely to soften and clean them. From these vats they are taken, and lie on a platform twenty-four hours, and then are spread upon the ground, and carefully stretched and staked out, so that they may dry smooth. After they were staked, and while wet and soft, we used to go upon them with our knives and carefully cut off all the bad parts —the pieces of meat and fat which would corrupt and infect the whole if stowed away in a vessel for many months, the flippers, the ears, and all other parts which would prevent close stowage. This was the most difficult part of our duty, as it required much skill to take every necessary part off, and not to cut or injure the hide. It was also a long process, as six of us had to clean a hundred and fifty, most of which required a great deal to be done to them, as the Spaniards are very careless in skinning their cattle. Then, too, as we cleaned them while they were staked out, we were obliged to kneel down upon them, which always gives beginners the headache. The first day I was so slow and awkward that I cleaned only eight, but at the end of a few days I doubled the number; and in a fortnight or three weeks

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could keep up with the rest, and clean my proportion—twenty-five.

This cleaning must be got through with before noon; for by that time they get too dry. After the sun has been upon them a few hours, they are carefully gone over with the scrapers, to get off all the grease that the sun brings out. This being done, the stakes are pulled up, and the hides carefully doubled, with the hair side out, and left to dry. About the middle of the afternoon they are turned upon the other side, and at sundown piled up and covered over. The next day they are spread out open again, and at night, if fully dry, are thrown upon a long horizontal pole, five at a time, and beat with flails. This takes all the dust from them. Then, being salted, scraped, cleaned, dried, and beaten, they are stowed away in the house. Here ends their history, except that they are taken out again when the vessel is ready to go home, beaten, stowed away on board, carried to Boston, tanned, made into shoes and other articles for which leather is used; and many of them very probably, in the end, brought back again to California in the shape of shoes, and worn out in pursuit of other bullocks, or in the curing of other hides.

We "turned out" every morning at daylight, and allowing a short time, about eight o'clock, for breakfast, generally got through our labour between

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one and two o'clock, when we dined, and had the rest of our time to ourselves, until just before sundown, when we beat the dry hides, and put them in the house, and covered over all the others. By this means we had about three hours to ourselves every afternoon, and at sundown we had our supper, and our work was done for the day. There was no watch to stand, and no topsails to reef. The evenings we generally spent at one another's houses; and I often went up and spent an hour or so at the oven, which was called the "Kanaka Hotel," and the "Oahu Coffee-house." Immediately after dinner we usually took a short *siesta* to make up for our early rising, and spent the rest of the afternoon according to our own fancies. I generally read, wrote, and made or mended clothes; for necessity, the mother of invention, had taught me these two latter arts.

There was, however, one exception to the time's being our own, which was, that on two afternoons of every week we were obliged to go off and get wood for the cook to use in the galley. Wood is very scarce in the vicinity of San Diego, there being no trees of any size for miles. In the town the inhabitants burn the small wood, which grows in thickets, and for which they send out Indians, in large numbers, every few days. Fortunately, the climate is fine, they have no need of a fire in their houses, and only use it for

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cooking. With us the getting of wood was a great trouble; for all that in the vicinity of the houses had been cut down, and we were obliged to go off a mile or two, and carry it some distance on our backs, as we could not get the hand-cart up the hills and over the uneven places. Two afternoons in the week, generally Monday and Thursday, as soon as we had got through dinner, we started off for the bush, each of us furnished with a hatchet and a long piece of rope, and drawing the hand-cart behind us, and followed by the whole colony of dogs, who were always ready for the bush, and were half-mad whenever they saw our preparations.

We went with the hand-cart as far as we could conveniently drag it, and leaving it in an open, conspicuous place, separated ourselves, each taking his own course, and looking about for some good place to begin upon. Frequently we had to go nearly a mile from the hand-cart before we could find any fit place. Having lighted upon a good thicket, the next thing was to clear away the under bush, and have fair play at the trees. These trees are seldom more than five or six feet high, and the highest that I ever saw in these expeditions could not have been more than twelve; so that, with lopping off the branches and clearing away the underwood, we had a good deal of cutting to do for a very little wood. Having cut

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enough for a "back-load," the next thing was to make it well fast with a rope, and heaving the bundle upon our backs, and taking the hatchet in hand, to walk off, up hill and down dale, to the hand-cart. Two good back loads a-piece filled the hand-cart; and that was each one's proportion. When each had brought down his second load we filled the hand-cart, and took our way again slowly back to the beach. It was generally sundown when we got back, and unloading, covered the hides for the night, and getting our supper, finished the day's work.

These wooding excursions had always a mixture of something rather pleasant in them. Roaming about in the woods with hatchet in hand, like a backwoodsman, followed by a troop of dogs; starting up of birds, snakes, hares, and foxes, and examining the various kinds of trees, flowers, and bird's nests, were at least a change from the monotonous drag and pull on shipboard. Frequently, too, we had some amusement and adventure. The coati, of which I have before spoken—a sort of mixture of the wolf and fox breeds—fierce little animals, with bushy tails and large heads, and a quick sharp bark, abound here as in all other parts of California. These the dogs were very watchful for, and when they saw them, started off in full run after them. We had many fine chases; yet although our dogs ran

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finely, the rascals generally escaped. They are a match for the dog, but as the dogs generally run in squads, they had seldom a fair fight. A smaller dog belonging to us, once attacked a coati single, and got a good deal worsted, and might perhaps have been killed, had we not come to his assistance. We had, however, one dog, that gave them a great deal of trouble, and many hard runs. He was a fine tall fellow, and united strength and agility better than any dog that I have ever seen. He was born at the islands; his father being an English mastiff, and his mother a greyhound. He had the high head, long legs, narrow body, and the springing gait of the latter, and the heavy jaw, thick jowls, and strong fore-quarters of the mastiff.

When he was brought to San Diego, an English sailor said that he looked about the face precisely like the Duke of Wellington, whom he had seen at the Tower; and, indeed, there was something about him which resembled the portraits of the Duke. From this time he was christened "Welly," and became the favourite and bully of the beach. He always led the dogs by several yards in the chase, and had killed two coatis at different times in single combat. We had often fine sport with these fellows. A quick sharp bark from a coati, and in an instant every dog was at the height of his speed. A few moments made up for the

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unfair start, and gave each dog his relative place. Welly at the head, seemed almost to skim over the bushes; and after him came Fanny, Bravo, Childers, and the other fleet ones—the spaniels and terriers; and then behind followed the heavy corps, bull-dogs, etc.; for we had every breed. Pursuit by us was in vain, and in about half-an-hour a few of them would come panting and straggling back.

Besides the coati, the dogs sometimes made prizes of rabbits and hares, which are plentiful here, and a great number of which we shot for our dinners. There was another animal that I was not so much disposed to find amusement from, and that was the rattlesnake. These are very abundant here, especially during the spring of the year. The latter part of the time that I was on shore, I did not meet with so many; but for the first two months we seldom went into the "bush" without one of our number starting some of them.

The first that I ever saw I remember perfectly well. I had left my companions, and was beginning to clear away a fine clump of trees, when, just in the middle of the thicket, but not more than eight yards from me, one of those fellows set up his hiss. It is a sharp, continuous sound, and resembles very much the letting off the steam from a small pipe of a steamboat, except that it is on a smaller scale. I knew, by the sound of an axe,

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that one of my companions was near, and called out to him, to let him know what I had fallen upon. He took it very lightly; and as he seemed inclined to laugh at me for being afraid, I determined to keep my place. I knew that so long as I could hear the rattle, I was safe, for these snakes never make a noise when they are in motion. Accordingly I kept at my work, and the noise that I made with cutting and breaking the trees kept him in alarm, so that I had the rattle to show me his whereabouts. Once or twice the noise stopped for a short time, which gave me a little uneasiness, and retreating a few steps, I threw something into the bush, at which he would set his rattle agoing; and finding that he had not moved from his first place, I was easy again. In this way I continued at my work till I cut a full load, never suffering him to be quiet for a moment. Having cut my load, I strapped it together, and got everything ready for starting. I felt that I could now call the others without the imputation of being afraid, and went in search of them. In a few minutes we were all collected, and began an attack on the bush. The big Frenchman, who was the one that I had called to at first, I found as little inclined to approach the snake as I had been. The dogs, too, seemed afraid of the rattle, and kept up a barking at a safe distance; but the Kanakas showed no fear,

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and, getting long sticks, went into the bush, and keeping a bright look-out, stood within a few feet of him. One or two blows struck near him, and a few stones thrown, started him, and we lost his track, and had the pleasant consciousness that he might be directly under our feet. By throwing stones and chips in different directions we made him spring his rattle again, and began another attack. This time we drove him into the clear ground, and saw him gliding off, with head and tail erect, when a stone, well aimed, knocked him over the bank, down a declivity of fifteen or twenty feet, and stretched him at his length. Having made sure of him by a few stones, we went down, and one of the Kanakas cut off his rattle. The rattles vary in number, it is said, according to the age of the snake; though the Indians think they indicate the number of creatures they have killed. We always preserved them as a trophy, and at the end of summer had quite a number. None of our people were ever bitten by them; but one of our dogs died of a bite, though it was said that the Indians of the country had, and the Kanakas professed to have, an herb which would cure it; but it was fortunately never brought to the test.

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CHAPTER XXII.

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

AFTER we had been a few weeks on shore, and had begun to feel the regularity of our life, its monotony was broken into by the arrival of two vessels from windward. We were sitting at dinner in our little room, when we heard the cry of "Sail ho!" This we had learned did not always signify a vessel, but was raised whenever a woman was seen coming down from the town, or a squaw, or an ox-cart, or anything unusual hove in sight upon the road; so we took no notice of it. But it soon became so loud from different parts of the beach that we were led to go to the door; and there, sure enough, were two sails coming round the point, and leaning over from the strong north-west wind which blows down the coast every afternoon. The headmost was a ship, and the other a brig. Everybody was alive on the beach, and all manner of conjectures were abroad. Some said it was the Pilgrim, and the ship with her stump top-gallant masts and rusty sides could not be a dandy Boston Indiaman. As they drew nearer we soon

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discovered the high poop and top-gallant forecastle and other marks of the Italian ship Rosa; and the brig proved to be the Catalina which we saw at Santa Barbara, just arrived from Valparaiso. They came to an anchor, moored ship, and commenced discharging hides and tallow. The Rosa had purchased the house occupied by the Lagoda, and the Catalina took the other spare ones between ours and the Ayacucho's, so that now each house was occupied, and the beach for several days was all alive. The Catalina had several Kanakas on board, who were immediately besieged by the others and carried up to the oven, where they had a long pow-wow and a smoke. The Frenchmen who belonged to the Rosa's crew came in every evening to see Nicholas, and from them we learned that the Pilgrim was at San Pedro, and was the only other vessel now on the coast.

The night before the vessels were ready to sail all the Europeans united and had an entertainment at the Rosa's hide-house, and we had songs of every nation and tongue. A German gave us "Och! mein lieber Augustin;" the three Frenchmen roared through the "Marseillaise Hymn;" the English and Scotchmen gave us "Rule Britannia," and "Wha'll be king but Charlie?" the Italians and Spaniards screamed through some national affairs, for which I was none the wiser; and we three Yankees made an attempt at the "Star-

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spangled Banner." And then followed a *melange* which might have been expected.

The next day the two vessels got under weigh for the windward, and left us in quiet possession of the beach. Our numbers were somewhat enlarged by the opening of the new houses, and the *society* of the beach a little changed. In charge of the Catalina's house was an old Scotchman, who, like most of his countrymen, had a pretty good education, and, like many of them, was rather pragmatical, and had a ludicrous solemn conceit. He employed his time in taking care of pigs, chickens, turkeys, dogs, etc., and in smoking his long pipe. Everything was as neat as a pin in the house, and he was as regular in his hours as a chronometer; but as he kept very much by himself was not a great addition to our society.

Wednesday, July 13th, brought us the brig Pilgrim from windward. As she came in we found she was a good deal altered in her appearance. Her short top-gallant masts were up; her bowlines all unrove (except to the courses); the quarter-boom irons off her lower yards; her jack crosstree sent down; several blocks got rid of; running rigging rove in new places; and numberless other changes of the same character. Then, too, there was a new voice giving orders, and a new face on the quarter-deck—a short dark-complexioned man in a green jacket and a high leather cap. These

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changes, of course, set the whole beach on the *qui vive*, and we were all waiting for the boat to come ashore, that we might have things explained. At length, after the sails were furled, and the anchor carried out, the boat pulled ashore, and the news soon flew that the ship Alert had arrived at Santa Barbara, and that Captain T—— had taken command of her, and her captain, Faucon, had taken the Pilgrim, and was the green-jacketed man on the quarter-deck. The boat put off directly again without giving us time to ask any more questions, and we were obliged to wait till night, when we took a little skiff that lay upon the beach and paddled off. When I stepped aboard the second mate called me aft, and gave me a large bundle directed to me, and marked "Ship Alert." This was what I longed for, yet I refrained from opening it until I went ashore. Diving down into the forecastle I found the same old crew, and was really glad to see them again. Numerous inquiries passed as to the new ship, the latest news from Boston, etc. etc. S—— had received letters from home, and nothing remarkable had happened.

Having got all the news we could, we pulled ashore; and as soon as we reached the house, I, as might be supposed, proceeded directly to open my bundle, and found a reasonable supply of duck, flannel shirts, shoes, etc., and, what was still more valuable, a packet of eleven letters. These I sat

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up nearly all night to read, and put them carefully away, to read and re-read, again and again at my leisure. Then came half-a-dozen newspapers, the last of which gave notice of "Thanksgiving," and of the clearance of "Ship Alert, Edward E. Faucon, master, for Callao and California, by Bryant, Sturgis, and Co." No one has ever been on distant voyages, and after a long absence received a newspaper from home, who cannot understand the delight that they give one. I read every part of them—the houses to let; things lost and stolen; auction sales and all. Nothing carries you so entirely to a place and makes you feel so perfectly at home, as a newspaper. The very name of "Boston Daily Advertiser" sounded hospitably upon the ears.

The Pilgrim discharged her hides, which set us at work again, and in a few days we were in the old routine of dry hides—wet hides, cleaning, boating, etc. Captain Faucon came quietly up to me as I was at work with my knife, cutting the meat from a dirty hide, asked me how I liked California, and repeated—"Tytyre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi." "Very apropos," thought I, "and at the same time serves to show that you understand Latin." However, a kind word from a captain is a thing not to be slighted, so I answered him civilly, and made the most of it.

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Saturday, July 24th.—The Pilgrim set sail for the windward, and left us to go on in our old way. And the duck I received from home I soon made up into trousers and frock; and displayed every Sunday a complete suit of my own make, from head to foot, having formed the remnants of the duck into a cap. Reading, mending, sleeping, with occasional excursions into the bush with the dogs in search of coati, hares, and rabbits, or to encounter a rattlesnake, and now and then a visit to the presidio, filled up our spare time when hide-curing was over for the day.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

EXCHANGE OF SHIPS.

Saturday, July 28th.—THIS day sailed the Mexican hermaphrodite brig Fazio, for San Blas and Mazatlan. This was the brig which was driven ashore at San Diego, to repair and take in her cargo. The owner of her had had a good deal of difficulty with the government about the duties, etc., and her sailing had been delayed for several weeks; but everything having been arranged, she got under weigh with a light breeze, and was floating out of the harbour, when two horsemen came dashing down the beach at full speed, and tried to find a boat to put off after her, but there being none on the beach, they offered a handful of silver to any Kanaka who would swim off and take a letter on board. One of the Kanakas, a fine, active, well-made young fellow, instantly threw off everything but his duck trousers, and putting the letter into his hat, swam off after the vessel. Fortunately the wind was very light, and the vessel was going slowly, so that, although she was nearly a mile off when he started, he gained

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on her rapidly. He went through the water, leaving a wave like a small steamboat. I certainly never saw such swimming before. They saw him from the deck, but did not heave to, suspecting the nature of his errand; yet, the wind continuing light, he swam alongside, and got on board, and delivered his letter. The captain read the letter, told the Kanaka there was no answer, and giving him a glass of brandy, left him to jump overboard, and find the best of his way to the shore. The Kanaka swam in for the nearest point of land, and, in about an hour made his appearance at the hide-house. He did not seem at all fatigued, had made three or four dollars, got a glass of brandy, and was in fine spirits. The brig kept on her course, and the government officers, who had come down to forbid her sailing, went back, each with something like a flea in his ear, having depended on extorting a little more money from the owner.

It was now nearly three months since the Alert arrived at Santa Barbara, and we began to expect her daily. About half-a-mile behind the hide-house was a high hill; and every afternoon, as soon as we had done our work, some of us walked up to see if there were any sail in sight, coming down upon the regular trades, which blow every afternoon. Each day, after the latter part of July, we went up the hill, and came back disappointed. I was anxious for her arrival; for I had been told

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by letter that the owners in Boston, at the request of my friends, had written to Captain T——, to take me on board the Alert, in case she returned to the United States before the Pilgrim: and I, of course, wished to know whether the order had been received, and what was the destination. One year more or less might be of small consequence to others, but it was everything to me. It was now just a year since we sailed from Boston, and at the shortest, no vessel could get away under eight or nine months, which would make our absence two years in all. This would be pretty long, but it would settle the matter.

I should be a sailor for life, and although I had made up my mind to it, before I had my letters from home, and was, as I thought, quite satisfied, yet as soon as an opportunity was held out to me of returning, and the prospect of another kind of life was opened to me, my anxiety to return, and, at least to have the chance of deciding upon my course for myself, was beyond measure. Besides that, I wished to be "equal to either fortune," and to qualify myself for an officer's berth; and a hide-house was no place to learn seamanship in.

Tuesday, August 25th. — This morning the officer in charge of our house went beyond the point a fishing, in a small canoe, with two Kanakas, and we were sitting quietly in our room at the hide-house, when just before noon we heard a

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complete yell of "Sail ho!" breaking out from all parts of the beach at once, from the Kanakas' oven to the Rosa's house. In an instant every one was out of his house, and there was a fine, tall ship, with royals and sky-sails set, bending over before the strong afternoon breeze—and coming rapidly round the point. Her yards were braced sharp up, every sail was set, and drew well; the Yankee ensign was flying from her mizen peak, and having the tide in her favour, she came up like a race-horse. This was the ship *Alert*, and as it was nearly six months since a new vessel had entered San Diego, everyone was on the *qui vive*. Her light sails were taken in as she passed the low, sandy tongue of land, and clewing up her headsails, she rounded handsomely to under her mizen topsail, and let go the anchor at about a cable's length from the shore. In a few minutes the topsail-yards were manned, and all three of the topsails furled at once. From the fore top-gallant yard the men slid down the stay to furl the jib, and from the mizen top-gallant yard, by the stay into the main top, and thence to the yard; and the men on the topsail yards came down the lifts to the yard-arms of the courses. The sails were furled with great care, and the jibs stowed away in cloth. The royal yards were then struck, tackles got upon the yard-arms and the stay, the long boat hoisted

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out, a large anchor carried astern, and the ship moored. Then the captain's gig was lowered away from the quarter, and a boat's crew of fine lads, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, pulled the captain ashore. The gig was a light whale boat, handsomely painted, and fitted up with cushions, etc., in the stern sheets. We immediately attacked the boat's crew, and got very *thick* with them in a few minutes. We had much to ask about Boston, their passage out, etc., and they were curious to know about the life we were leading upon the beach. One of them offered to exchange with me, which was just what I wanted, and we had only to get the permission of the captain.

After dinner the crew began to discharge their hides, and as we had nothing to do at the hide-house, we were ordered aboard to help them. I had now the first opportunity of seeing the ship which I hoped was to be my home for the next year. She looked as well on board as she did without. Her decks were wide and roomy (there being no poop or house on deck, which disfigures the after part of most of our vessels), flush fore and aft, and as white as snow, which the crew told us was from the constant use of holy-stones.

This ship lay about a week longer in port, when, having discharged her cargo and taken in ballast, she prepared to get under weigh. I now

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made my application to the captain to go on board. He told me that I could go home in the ship when she sailed (which I knew before); and finding that I wished to be on board, while she was on the coast, said he had no objection, if I could find any one of my age to exchange with me for the time. This I easily accomplished, for they were glad to change the scene by a few months on shore, and moreover, escape the winter and south-easters; and I went on board the next day with my chest and hammock, and found myself once more afloat.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

ONCE MORE AFLOAT.

Tuesday, September 8th.—THIS was my first day's duty on board the Alert; and though a sailor's life is a sailor's life wherever it may be, yet I found everything here very different from the customs of the brig Pilgrim. All hands were called at daybreak, three minutes and a half were allowed for every man to dress and come on deck, and if any were longer than that, they were sure to be overhauled by the mate, who was always on deck, and making himself heard all over the ship. The head pump was then rigged, and the decks washed down by the second and third mates; the chief mate walked the quarter-deck, and keeping a general supervision, but not deigning to touch a bucket or a brush. Inside and out, fore and aft, upper decks and between decks, steerage and forecastle, rails, bulwarks, and waterways were washed, scrubbed and scraped with brooms and canvas, and the decks were wet and sanded all over, and then holy-stoned. The holy-stone is a large, soft stone, smooth on the bottom,

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with ropes attached to each end, by which the crew kept it sliding fore and aft, over the wet sanded decks. Smaller handstones, which the sailors call "prayer-books," are used to scrub in between the crevices and narrow places where the large holy-stone will not go. An hour or two we were kept at this work, when the head pump was manned, and all the sand washed off the decks and sides. Then came swabs and squiligees; and after the decks were dry, each went to his particular morning's job. There were five boats belonging to the ship—launch, pinnace, jolly-boat, larboard quarter-boat, and gig—each of which had a coxswain, who had charge of it, and was answerable for the order and cleanness of it. The rest of the cleaning was divided among the crew; one having the brass composition works round the capstan, another the bell, which was of brass, and kept as bright as a gilt button; a third the harness-cask; another, the main rope stanchions; others, the steps of the forecastle and hatchways, which were hauled up and holy-stoned. Each of these jobs must be finished by breakfast; and, in the meantime, the crew filled the scuttle-butt, and the cook scraped his kids (wooden tubs out of which sailors eat), and polished the hoops, and placed them before the galley to wait inspection.

When the decks were dry, the lord paramount

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made his appearance on the quarter-deck, and took a few turns, when eight bells struck, and all hands went to breakfast. When all hands were called again, the kids, pots, bread-bags, etc., stowed away; and this morning preparations were made for getting under weigh. We paid out into the chain by which we sprung; hove in on the other; catted the anchor; and hove short on the first. This work was done in shorter time than usual on board the brig; for though everything was twice as large and heavy, the cat-block being as much as a man could lift, and the chain as large as three of the Pilgrim's, yet there was plenty of room to move about in, more discipline and system, more men, and more good will. Every one seemed ambitious to do his best; officers and men knew their duty, and all went well. As soon as she was hove short, the mate, on the forecastle, gave the order to loose the sails, and in an instant everyone sprung into the rigging, up the shrouds, and on the yards, scrambling up one after another—the first up the best fellow—cast off the yard-arm gaskets, and bunt-gaskets, and one man remained on each yard, holding to the bunt-jigger by a turn round the toe, all ready to let go, while the rest laid down to man the sheets and halyards. The mate then hailed the yards,—"All ready forward—all ready the cross jack-yards!" etc. "Ay;" and "Ay, ay, sir!" being returned from each, the word was

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given to let go; and in the twinkling of an eye, the ship, which had shown nothing but bare yards, was covered with loose canvas, from the royal mast heads to the decks. Everyone then laid down, except one man in each top, to overhaul the rigging, and the topsails were hoisted and sheeted home; all three yards going to the mast-heads at once; the larboard watch hoisting the fore, the starboard watch the main, and five light hands, of which I was one, picked from the two watches, the mizen. The yards were then trimmed, the anchor weighed, the cat-block hooked on, the fall stretched out, manned by "all hands and the cook," and the anchor brought up to the head with "cheerily, men!" in full chorus. The ship being now under weigh, the light sails were set, one after another, and she was under full sail before she had passed the sandy point. The fore-royal, which fell to my lot (being in the mate's watch), was more than twice as large as that of the Pilgrim, and though I could handle the brig's easily, I found my hands full with this, especially as there were no jacks to the ship; everything being for neatness, and nothing left for Jack to hold on by but his eyelids.

As soon as we were beyond the point, and all sail set, the order was given, "Go below the watch!" and the crew said that ever since they had been on the coast they had "watch and

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watch," while going from port to port; and, in fact, everything showed that, though strict discipline was kept, and the utmost was required of every man in the way of his duty, yet, on the whole, there was very good usage on board. Each one knew that he must be a man, and show himself smart when at his duty; yet everyone was satisfied with the usage; and a contented crew, agreeing with one another, and finding no fault, was a contrast indeed with the small, hard-used, dissatisfied, grumbling, desponding crew of the Pilgrim.

It being the turn of our watch to go below, the men went to work, mending their clothes, and doing other little things for themselves; and I, having got my wardrobe in complete order at San Diego, had nothing to do but to read. I accordingly overhauled the chests of the crew, but found nothing that suited me exactly, until one of the men said he had a book "which told all about a great highwayman," at the bottom of his chest, and producing it, I found, to my surprise and joy, that it was nothing else than Bulwer's "Paul Clifford." This I seized immediately, and going to my hammock, lay there, swinging and reading, until the watch was out. The between decks were clear, the hatchways open, and a cool breeze was blowing through them, the ship under easy way, and everything comfortable. I had just got

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well into the story, when eight bells were struck, and we were all ordered to dinner. After dinner came our watch on deck for four hours, and, at four o'clock, I went below again, turned to my hammock, and read until dog-watch. Having light winds and calms, we were three days on the passage; and each watch below, during the day time, I spent in this manner until I had finished my book. I shall never forget the enjoyment I derived from it. To come across anything with the slightest claim to merit was so unusual, that this was a perfect feast to me.

While on deck, the regular work of the ship went on. The sailmaker and carpenter worked between decks, and the crew had their work to do upon the rigging, drawing yarns, making spun yarn, etc., as usual in merchantmen. The night watches were much more pleasant than on board the Pilgrim. There there were so few in the watch, that, one being at the wheel, and another on the look-out, there was no one to talk with; but here we had seven in the watch, so that we had yarns in abundance. After two or three night watches, I became well acquainted with all the larboard watch. The sailmaker was the head man of the watch, and generally considered the most experienced seaman on board. He was a thorough-bred old man-of-war's-man, had been to sea twenty-two years in all kinds of vessels,—

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men-of-war, privateers, slavers, and merchantmen: everything except whalers, which a thorough sailor despises, and will always steer clear of if he can. He had of course been in all parts of the world, and was remarkable for drawing a long bow. His yarns frequently stretched through a watch, and kept all hands awake. They were always amusing from their improbability, and indeed, he never expected to be believed, but spun them merely for amusement; and as he had some humour, and a good supply of man-of-war slang and sailors' salt phrases, he always made fun.

Next to him in age and experience, and of course in standing in the watch, was an Englishman named Harris. Then came two or three Americans, who had been the common run of European and South American voyages, and one who had been in a "spouter," and, of course, had all the whaling stories to himself. Last of all was a broad-backed, thick-headed boy from Cape Cod, who had been in mackerel schooners, and was making his first voyage in a square-rigged vessel. He was born in Hingham, and, of course, was called "Bucket-maker." The other watch was composed of about the same number. A tall, fine-looking Frenchman, with coal-black whiskers and curly hair, a first-rate seaman, and named John (one name is enough for a sailor), was the head man of the watch. Then came two Americans

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(one of whom had been a dissipated young man of property and family, and was reduced to duck trousers and monthly wages), a German, an English lad named Ben, who belonged to the mizen-topsail yards with me, and was a good sailor for his years, and two Boston boys just from the public schools. The carpenter sometimes mustered in the starboard watch, and was an old sea-dog, a Swede by birth, and accounted the best helmsman in the ship. This was our ship's company, besides cook and steward, who were blacks, three mates, and the captain.

The second day out the wind drew ahead, and we had to beat up the coast; so that in tacking the ship I could see the regulations of the vessel. Instead of going wherever was most convenient, and running from place to place, wherever work was to be done, each man had his station. A regular tacking and wearing bill was made out. The chief mate commanded on the forecastle, and had charge of the head sails and the forward part of the ship. Two of the best men of the ship—the sailmaker from our watch, and John the Frenchman from the other—worked the forecastle. The third mate commanded in the waist, and, with the carpenter and one man, worked the main-tack and bowline; the cook, *ex officio*, the fore-sheet, and the steward the main. The second mate had charge of the after-yards, and let go the lee-fore

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and main braces. I was stationed at the weather cross-jack braces; three other light hands at the lee; one boy at the spanker sheet and guy; a man and boy at the topsail, top-gallant, and royal braces; and all the rest of the crew—men and boys—tallied on to the main brace. Everyone here knew his station, and must be there when all hands were called to put the ship about, and was answerable for every rope committed to his charge. Each man's rope must be let go and hauled in at the order, properly made fast, and coiled up when the ship was about.

As soon as all hands are at their stations the captain, who stands on the weather-side of the quarter-deck, makes a sign to the man at the wheel to put it down, and calls out "Helm's a-lee!" "Helm's a-lee!" answers the mate on the forecastle, and the head sheets are let go. "Raise tacks and sheet!" says the captain; "tacks and sheets" is passed forward, and the fore tack and main sheet are let go. The next thing is to haul taut for a swing. The weather cross-jack braces and the lee main-braces are each belayed together upon two pins, and ready to be let go, and then opposite braces hauled taut. "Main topsail haul!" shouts the captain; the braces are let go, and if he has taken his time well the yards swing round like a top, but if he is too late or too soon it is like drawing teeth. The after-yards are then braced

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up and belayed, the main sheet hauled aft, the spanker eased over to leeward, and the men from the braces stand by the head yards. "Let go and haul!" says the captain, the second mate lets go the weather fore-braces, and the men haul in to leeward. The mate, on the forecastle, looks out for head yards. "Well the fore-topsail! Top-gallant yards well!" "Royal yards too much! Haul in to windward! So! well that!" "Well all!" Then the starboard watch board the main tack, and the larboard watch lay forward and board the fore tack, and haul down the jib-sheet, clapping a tackle upon it if it blows very fresh. The after-yards are then trimmed, the captain generally looking out for them himself. "Well the cross-jack yard!" "Small pull the main top-gallant yard!" "Well that!" "Well the mizen-topsail yard!" "Cross-jack yards all well!" "Well all aft!" "Haul taut to windward!" Everything being now trimmed and in order, each man coils up the rigging at his own station, and the order is given, "Go below the watch!"

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CHAPTER XXV.

THREE WEEKS AT SAN PEDRO.

Friday, September 11th.—THIS morning, at four o'clock, went below, San Pedro Point being about two leagues ahead, and the ship going on under studding sails. In an hour we were awaked up by the hauling of the chain about decks, and in a few minutes "All hands ahoy!" was called; and we were all at work, hauling in and making up the studding sails, overhauling the chain forward, and getting the anchors ready. "The Pilgrim is here at anchor," said some one, as we were running about deck, and taking a moment's look over the rail, I saw my old friend, deeply laden, lying at anchor inside the kelp. In coming to anchor, as well as in tacking, each one had his station and duty. The light sails were clewed up and furled, the courses hauled up, and the jib-booms down, then came the topsails and the buntlines, and the anchor let go. As soon as she was well at anchor all hands lay aloft to furl the topsails; and this, I soon found, was a great matter on board this ship, for every sailor knows that a vessel is judged

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of a good deal by the furl of her sails. The third mate, sailmaker, and the larboard watch, went upon the fore-topsail yard, the second mate, carpenter, and the starboard watch upon the main; and myself, and the English lad, and the two Boston boys, and the young Cape Cod man, furled the mizen-topsail. This sail belonged to us altogether, to reef and to furl, and not a man was allowed to come upon our yard. The mate took us under his especial care, frequently making us furl the sail over three or four times, until we got the bunt into a perfect cone, and the whole sail without a wrinkle. As soon as each sail was hauled up and bunt made, the jigger was bent up to the slack of the buntlines, and the bunt triced up on deck. The mate then took his place between the knight heads to "twig the fore," on the windlass to "twig the main," and at the foot of the main mast for the mizen; and if anything was wrong —too much bunt on one side, clues too taut or too slack, or any sail abaft the yard—the whole must be dropped again.

From the moment of letting go the anchor, when the captain ceases his care of things, the chief mate is the great man. With a voice like a young lion, he was hallooing and bawling in every direction, making everything fly, and by the same directions, everything well. He was quite a contrast to the worthy, quiet, unobtrusive

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mate of the Pilgrim; not so estimable a man, perhaps, but a far better mate of a vessel; and the entire change in Captain T——'s conduct, since he took the command of the ship, was owing, no doubt, in a great measure to this fact. If the chief officer wants force, discipline slackens, everything gets out of joint, the captain interferes continually; that makes a difficulty between them, which encourages the crew, and the whole ends in a three-sided quarrel. But Mr. Brown (the mate of the Alert) wanted no help from anybody; took everything into his own hands; and was more likely to encroach upon the authority of the master, than to need any spurring. Captain T—— gave his directions to the mate in private, and except in coming to anchor, getting under weigh, tacking, reefing topsails, and other "all hands work," seldom appeared in person. This is the proper state of things; and while this lasts, and there is a good understanding aft, everything will go on well.

After breakfast the hatches were taken off, and all got ready to receive hides from the Pilgrim. All day boats were passing and re passing, until we had taken her hides from her, and left her in ballast trim. These hides made but little show in our hold, though they had loaded the Pilgrim down to the water's edge. This changing of the hides settled the question

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of the destination of the two vessels, which had been one of some speculation to us. We were to remain in the leeward ports, while the Pilgrim was to start the next morning for San Francisco. After we had knocked off work and cleared up decks for the night, my friend S—— came on board, and spent an hour with me in our berth between decks. The Pilgrim's crew envied me my place on board the ship, and seemed to think I had got a little to windward of them; especially in the matter of going home first. S—— was determined to go home in the Alert, by begging or buying; if Captain T—— would not let him come on other terms, he would purchase an exchange with some one of the crew. The prospect of another year after the Alert should sail was "rather too much of the monkey." About seven o'clock, the mate came down into the steerage, in fine trim for fun, roused the boys out of the berth, turned up the carpenter with his fiddle, sent the steward with lights to put in the between decks, and set all hands to dancing. The between-decks were high enough to allow of jumping, and being clear and white from holy-stoning, made a fine dancing-hall. Some of the Pilgrim's crew were in the forecastle, and we all turned to and had a regular sailor's shuffle till eight bells. The Cape Cod boy could dance the true fisherman's jig barefooted, knocking with his

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heels, and slapping the deck with his bare feet, in tune with the music. This was a favourite amusement of the mate's, who always stood at the steerage-door, looking on, and if the boys would not dance, he hazed them round with a rope's end, much to the amusement of the men.

The next morning, according to the orders of the agent, the Pilgrim set sail for the windward, to be gone three or four months. She got under weigh with very little fuss, and came so near as to throw a letter on board, Captain Faucon standing at the tiller himself, and steering her as he would a mackerel smack. When Captain T—— was in command of the Pilgrim, there was as much preparation and ceremony as there would be in getting a seventy-four under weigh. Captain Faucon was a sailor every inch of him; he knew what a ship was, and was as much at home as a cobbler in his stall. I wanted no better proof of this than the opinion of the ship's crew, for they had been six months under his command, and knew what he was; and if sailors allow their captain to be a good seaman, you may be sure he is one, for that is a thing they are not always ready to say.

After the Pilgrim left us, we lay three weeks at San Pedro, from the 11th of September until the 2d of October, engaged in the usual port duties of landing cargo, taking off hides, etc. etc.

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These duties were much easier, and went on more agreeably, than on board the Pilgrim. Give me a big ship. There is more room, more hands, better outfit, better regulation, more life, and more company. Another thing was better arranged here; we had a regular gig's crew. A light whale boat, handsomely painted, and fitted out with stern seats, yoke, tiller-ropes, etc., hung on the starboard quarter, and was used as the gig. The youngest lad in the ship, a Boston boy about thirteen years old, was coxswain over this boat, and had the entire charge of her, to keep her clean, and have her in readiness to go and come at any hour. Four light hands of about the same size and age, of whom I was one, formed the crew. Each had his oar and seat numbered, and we were obliged to be in our places, have our oars scraped white, our thole pins in, and the fenders over the side. The bow-man had charge of the boat-hook, and the coxswain of the rudder, yoke, and stern-sheets. Our duty was to carry the captain and agent about, and passengers off and on; which last was no trifling duty, as the people on shore have no boats, and every purchaser, from the boy who buys his shoes, to the trader who buys his casks and bales, were to be taken off and on in our boat. Some days, when the people were coming and going fast, we were in the boat, pulling off and on, all day long, with hardly time

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for our meals making, as we lay nearly three miles from the shore, from forty to fifty miles rowing in a day. Still, we thought it the best berth in the ship; for when the gig was employed, we had nothing to do with the cargo, except small bundles which the passengers carried with them, and no hides to carry, besides the opportunity of seeing everybody, making acquaintances, hearing the news, etc. Unless the captain or agent was in the boat, we had no officer with us, and often had fine times with the passengers, who were always willing to talk and joke with us. Frequently, too, we were obliged to wait several hours on shore; and we would haul the boat up on the beach, and leave one to watch her, go up to the nearest house, or spend the time in strolling about the beach, picking up shells, or playing hop-scotch and other games on the hard sand. The rest of the crew never left the ship, except for bringing heavy goods and taking off hides; and though we were always in the water, the surf hardly leaving us a dry thread from morning till night, yet we were young, and the climate was good, and we thought it much better than the quiet hum-drum, drag and pull on board ship. We made the acquaintance of nearly half California; for, besides carrying everybody in our boat,—men, women, and children,—all the messages, letters, and light packages, went by us.

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and being known by our dress, we found a ready reception everywhere.

The brig Catalina came in from San Diego, and being bound to windward, we both got under weigh at the same time, for a trial of speed to Santa Barbara, a distance of about eighty miles. We hove up and got under sail about eleven o'clock at night, with a light land-breeze, which died away in the morning, leaving us becalmed only a few miles from our anchoring-place. The Catalina, being a small vessel of less than half our size, put out sweeps, and got a boat ahead, and pulled out to sea, during the night, so that she had the sea-breeze earlier and stronger than we had, and we had the mortification of seeing her standing up the coast with a fine breeze, the sea all ruffled about her, while we were becalmed on shore. When the sea-breeze died away, she was nearly out of sight; and towards the latter part of the afternoon, the regular north-west wind set in fresh; we braced sharp upon it, took a pull at every sheet, tack, and halyard, and stood after her in fine style, our ship being very good upon a tautened bowline. We had nearly five hours of fine sailing, beating up to windward, by long stretches in and off shore, and evidently gaining upon the Catalina at every tack. When this breeze left us, we were so near as to count the ports on her side. Fortunately the wind died

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when we were on our inward tack, and she on her outward, so we were in shore, and caught the land-breeze first, which came off upon our quarter, about the middle of the first watch. All hands were turned up, and we set all sail, to the sky-sails and the royal studding-sails: and with these we glided quietly through the water, leaving the Catalina, which could not spread so much canvas as we, gradually astern, and, by daylight, were off San Buenaventura, and our antagonist nearly out of sight. The sea-breeze, however, favoured her again; while we were becalmed under the head-land, and labouring slowly along, she was abreast of us by noon. Thus we continued, ahead, astern, and abreast of one another, alternately; now, far out at sea, and again close in under shore. On the third morning we came into the great bay of Santa Barbara, two hours behind the brig, and thus lost the bet; though had the race been to the point we should have beaten her five or six hours. This, however, settled the relative sailing of the vessels; for it was admitted that although she, being small and light, could gain upon us in very light winds, yet whenever there was a breeze enough to set us agoing, we walked away from her like hauling in a line; and in beating to windward, which is the best trial of a vessel, we had much the advantage of her.

Sunday, October 14th.—This day was the day

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of our arrival: and somehow or other, our captain always managed not only to sail but come in port on a Sunday. The main reason for sailing on a Sabbath is not, as many people suppose, because Sunday is thought a lucky day, but because it is a leisure day.

Santa Barbara looked very much as it did when I left it five months before: the long sand beach, with the heavy rollers breaking upon it in a continual roar, and the little town, imbedded on a plain, girt by its amphitheatre of mountains. We had a few visitors, and collected a hundred hides; and every night at sundown the gig was sent on shore to wait for the captain, who spent his evenings in the town. Sometimes earlier and sometimes later the captain came down; when, after a good drenching in the surf, we went aboard, changing out clothes, and turned in for the night—yet not for all night, for there was the anchor watch to stand.

This leaves me to speak of my watch-mate for nine months—and, taking him all in all, the most remarkable man I had ever seen—Tom Harris. An hour every night, while lying in port, Harris and myself had the deck to ourselves, and walking fore and aft, night after night for months, I learned his whole character and history, and more about foreign nations, and habits of different people, and especially the secret of sailors' lives

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and hardships, and also of practical seamanship (in which he was abundantly capable of instructing me), than I could ever have learned elsewhere.

He was an Englishman by birth, a native of Ilfracomb, in Devonshire. His father was a skipper of a small coaster from Bristol, and dying, left him when quite young to the care of his mother, by whose exertions he received a common school education, passing his winters at school, and the summers in the coasting trade, until his seventeenth year, when he left home to go on foreign voyages. Of his mother he often spoke with the greatest respect, and said that she was a strong-minded woman, and had the best system of education he had ever known—a system which had made respectable men of his three brothers, and failed only in him, from his indomitable obstinacy. One thing he often mentioned, in which he said his mother differed from all other mothers that he had ever seen, disciplining their children; that was that when he was out of humour and refused to eat, instead of putting his plate away, as some mothers would, and saying that his hunger would bring him to it in time, she would stand over him and oblige him to eat it—every mouthful of it. It was no fault of hers that he was what I saw him; and so great was his sense of gratitude for her efforts, though unsuccessful, that he determined, at the close of the voyage, to embark for home with all

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the wages he should get, to spend with and for his mother, if perchance he should find her alive.

After leaving home he had spent nearly twenty years, sailing upon all sorts of voyages, generally out of the ports of New York and Boston. Twenty years of vice! Every sin that a sailor knows, he had gone to the bottom of. Several times he had been hauled up to the hospitals, and as often the great strength of his constitution had brought him out again in health. Several times too, from his own capacity, he had been promoted to the office of chief mate, and as often his conduct when in port, especially his drunkenness, which neither fear nor ambition could induce him to abandon, put him back into the forecastle. One night, when giving me an account of his life, and lamenting the years of manhood he had thrown away, he said that there, in the forecastle, at the foot of the steps—a chest of old clothes—was the result of twenty-two years' hard labour and exposure —worked like a horse and treated like a dog. As he grew older he began to feel the necessity of some provision for his later years, and came gradually to the conviction that rum had been his worst enemy. One night in Havannah, a young shipmate of his was brought aboard drunk, with a dangerous gash in his head, and his money and new clothes stripped from him. Harris had seen and been in hundreds of such scenes as these,

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but in his then state of mind it fixed his determination, and he resolved never to taste another drop of strong drink of any kind. He signed no pledge and made no vow, but relied on his own strength of purpose. The first thing with him was a reason and then a resolution, and the thing was done. The date of his resolution he knew, of course, to the very hour. It was three years before I knew him, and during all that time nothing stronger than cider or coffee had passed his lips. The sailors never thought of enticing Tom to take a glass, any more than they would of talking to the ship's compass. He was now a temperate man for life, and capable of filling any berth in a ship, and many a high station there is on shore which is held by a meaner man.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

SUDDEN GALES, AND HOW TO MEET THEM.

Sunday, October 11th.—SET sail this morning for the leeward, passed within sight of San Pedro, and, to our great joy, did not come to anchor, but kept directly on to San Diego, where we arrived and moored ship on

Thursday, October 15th.—Found here the Italian ship La Rosa, from the windward, which reported the brig Pilgrim at San Francisco—all well. Everything was quiet here as usual. We discharged our hides, horns, and tallow, and were ready to sail again on the Sunday following. I went ashore to my old quarters, and found the gang at the hide-house going on in the even tenor of their way, and spent an hour or two after dark at the oven, taking a whiff with my old Kanaka friends, who really seemed glad to see me again, and saluted me as the Aikane of the Kanakas.

Sunday was again, as usual, our sailing day; and we got under weigh with a stiff breeze, which reminded us that it was the latter part of the autumn, and time to expect south-easters once

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more. We beat up against a strong head wind under reefed topsails, as far as San Juan, where we came to anchor nearly three miles from the shore, with slip-ropes on our cable, in the old south-easter style of last winter.

Here we were again in this romantic spot, a perpendicular hill twice the height of the ship's mast-head, with a single circuitous path to the top, and a long sand beach at its base, with the swell of the whole Pacific breaking high upon it, and our hides ranged in piles on the overhanging summit. The captain sent me, who was the only one of the crew who had ever been there before, to the top to count the hides and pitch them down.

While we were carrying the hides to the boat, I perceived what I had been too busy to observe before, that heavy black clouds were rolling up from seaward, a strong swell heaving in, and every sign of a south-easter. The captain hurried everything. The hides were pitched into the boats; and with some difficulty, and by wading nearly up to our armpits, we got the boats through the surf, and began pulling aboard. Our gig's crew towed the pinnace astern of the gig, and the launch was towed by six men in the jolly boat. She was lying three miles off, pitching at her anchor, and the harder we pulled the heavier grew the swell. Our boat stood nearly up and down several times;

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the pinnace parted her tow-line, and we expected every moment to see the launch swamped. We at length got alongside, our boat half full of water; and now came the greatest difficulty of all—unloading the boats in a heavy sea, which pitched them about so that it was almost impossible to stand in them; raising them sometimes even with the rail, and dropping them below the bands. With great difficulty we got all the hides aboard, and stowed under hatches, the yard and stay tackles hooked on, and the launch and pinnace hoisted, chocked, and griped. The quarter-boats were then hoisted up, and we began heaving in on the chain. Getting the anchor was no easy work in such a sea, but as we were not coming back to this port the captain determined not to slip. The ship's head pitched into the sea, and the water rushed through the hawse-holes, and the chain surged so as almost to unship the barrel of the windlass. "Hove short, sir!" said the mate. "Ay, ay! Weather-bit your chain and loose the topsails! Make sail on her, men—with a will!" A few moments served to loose the topsails, which were furled with reefs, to sheet them home, and hoist them up. "Bear a hand!" was the order of the day; and every one saw the necessity of it, for the gale was already upon us The ship broke out her own anchor, which we catted and fished, after a fashion, and stood off

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from the lee-shore against a heavy sea, under reefed topsails, fore-topmast staysail, and spanker. The fore-course was given to her, which helped her a little; but as she hardly held on against the sea which was setting her to leeward—"Board the main tack!" shouted the captain; when the tack was carried forward and taken to the windlass, and all hands called to the handspikes. The great sail bellied out horizontally, as though it would lift up the mainstay; the blocks rattled and flew about, but the force of machinery was too much for her. "Heave ho! Heave and pawl! Yo, heave, hearty, ho!" and in time with the song, by the force of twenty strong arms, the windlass came slowly round, pawl and pawl, and the weather-clew of the sail was brought down to the water-ways. The starboard watch hauled aft the sheet, and the ship tore through the water like a mad horse, quivering and shaking at every joint, and dashing from its head the foam, which flew off at every blow yards and yards to leeward. A half-hour of such sailing served our turn, when the clews of the sail were hauled up, the sail furled, and the ship, eased of her press, went more quietly on her way. Soon after the foresail was reefed, and we mizen-top men were sent up to take another reef in the mizen-topsail. This was the first time I had taken a weather-earing, and I felt not a little proud to sit astride upon the weather

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yard-arm, passing the earing, and sing out, "Haul out to leeward!"

Having cleared the point, and got well out to sea, we squared away the yards, made more sail, and stood on, nearly before the wind, for San Pedro.

Thursday, October 22d—It blew strong, with some rain nearly all night, but fell calm towards morning, and the gale having gone over, we came to at San Pedro, in the old south easter berth, a league from shore, with a slip-rope on the cable, reefs in the topsails, and rope-yarns for gaskets, Here we lay ten days, with the usual boating. hide-carrying, rolling of cargo up the steep hill, walking bare-footed over stones, and getting drenched in salt water.

Sunday, November 1st.—Sailed this day (Sunday again), for Santa Barbara, where we arrived on the 5th. Coming round San Buenaventura, and nearing the anchorage, we saw two vessels in port, a large full-rigged, and a small hermaphrodite brig.

Tuesday, November 10th.—Going ashore, as usual, in the gig, just before sundown, to bring off the captain, we found, upon taking in the captain and pulling off again, that our ship, which lay the farthest out, had run up her ensign. This meant "Sail ho!" of course, but as we were within the point we could see nothing. "Give way, boys! Give way! Lay out on your oars,

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and long stroke!" said the captain, and stretching to the whole length of our arms, bending back again, so that our backs touched the thwarts, we sent her through the water like a rocket. A few minutes of such pulling opened the islands, one after another, in range of the point, and gave us a view of the canal, where was a ship under top-gallant sails, standing in, with a little breeze, for the anchorage. Putting the boat's head in the direction of the ship, the captain told us to lay out again, and we needed no spurring, for the prospect of boarding a new ship, perhaps from home, hearing the news, and having something to tell of when we got back, was excitement enough for us, and we gave way with a will. Captain Nye of the Loriotte, who had been an old whale-man, was in the stern-sheets, and fell mightily into the spirit of it. "Bend your backs, and break your oars!" said he; "Lay me on board Captain Bunker!" "There she flies!" and other exclamations peculiar to whalemen. In the meantime it fell flat calm, and being within a couple of miles of the ship, we expected to board her in a few moments, when a sudden breeze sprung up, dead ahead from the ship, she braced up and stood off towards the islands, sharp on the larboard tack, making good way through the water. This, of course, brought us up, and we had only to "ease larboard oars, pull round starboard!" and go

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aboard the Alert, with something like a flea in the ear. There was a light land breeze all night, and the ship did not come to anchor till the next morning.

As soon as her anchor was down we went aboard, and found her to be the whale-ship Wilmington and Liverpool Packet, of New Bedford, last from the "off-shore ground," with nineteen hundred barrels of oil. "A spouter" we knew her to be as soon as we saw her, by her cranes and boats, and by her stump top-gallant masts, and a certain slovenly look to the sails, rigging, spars, and hull; and when we got on board we found everything to correspond—spouter fashion.

We found they had been at sea six or eight months, and had no news to tell us, so we left them, and promised to get liberty to come on board in the evening for some curiosities, etc. Accordingly, as soon as we were knocked off in the evening, and had got supper, we obtained leave, took a boat, and went aboard and spent an hour or two. They gave us a piece of whalebone, and the teeth and other parts of curious sea animals, and we exchanged books with them—a practice very common among ships in foreign ports, by which you get rid of the books you have read and re-read, and a supply of new ones in their stead, and Jack is not very nice as to their comparative value.

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Saturday, November 11th.—This day we got under weigh, with the agent and several Spaniards of note, as passengers bound to Monterey. We went ashore in the gig to bring them off with their baggage, and found them waiting on the beach, and a little afraid about going off, as the surf was running very high. This was "nuts" to us, for we liked to have a Spaniard wet with salt water; and then the agent was very much disliked by the crew, one and all; and we hoped, as there was no officer in the boat, to have a chance to duck them, for we knew that they were such "marines" that they would not know whether it was our fault or not. Accordingly, we kept the boat so far from shore, as to oblige them to wet their feet in getting into her; and then waited for a good high comber, and letting the head slue a little round, sent the whole force of the sea into the stern sheets, drenching them from head to foot. The Spaniards sprang out of the boat, swore, and shook themselves, and protested against trying it again; and it was with the greatest difficulty that the agent could prevail upon them to make another attempt. The next time we took care, and went off easily enough, and pulled aboard. The crew came to the side to hoist in their baggage, and we gave them the wink, and they heartily enjoyed the half drowned looks of the company.

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Everything being now ready, and the passengers aboard, we ran up the ensign and broad pennant (for there was no man-of-war, and we were the largest vessel on the coast,) and the other vessels ran up their ensigns. Having hove short, cast off the gasket, and made the bunt of each sail fast by the jigger with a man on each yard; at the word the whole canvas of the ship was loosed, and with the greatest rapidity possible, everything was sheeted home and hoisted up, anchor tripped and cat-headed, and the ship under headway. Before we doubled the point we were going at a dashing rate, and leaving the shipping far astern. We had a fine breeze to take us through the canal, as they call this bay of forty miles long by ten wide. The breeze died away at night, and we were becalmed all day on Sunday, about half way between Santa Barbara and Point Conception. Sunday night we had a light, fair wind, which set us up again; and having a fine sea breeze on the first part of Monday, we had the prospect of passing, without any trouble, Point Conception,—the Cape Horn of California,—where it begins to blow on the first of January, and blows all the year round. Toward the latter part of the afternoon, however, the regular north-west wind, as usual, set in, which brought in our studding-sails, and gave us the chance of beating round the point, which

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we were now abreast of; and which, stretching off into the Pacific, high, rocky, and barren, forms the central point of the coast for hundreds of miles north and south. A capful of wind will be a bagful here; and before night our royals were furled, and the ship was labouring hard under her top-gallant sails. At eight bells our watch went below, leaving her with as much sail as she could stagger under, the water flying over the forecastle at every plunge. It was evidently blowing harder, but then there was not a cloud in the sky, and the sun had gone down bright.

We had been below but a short time, before we had the usual premonitions of a coming gale; seas washing over the whole forward part of the vessel, and her bows beating against them with a force and sound like the driving of piles. The watch, too, seemed very busy, trampling about decks, and singing out at the ropes. A sailor can always tell, by the sound, what sail is coming in; and, in a short time, we heard the top-gallant sails come in, one after another, and then the flying jib. This seemed to ease her a good deal, and we were fast going off to the land of Nod, when—bang, bang, bang—on the scuttle, and "All hands, reef top-sails, ahoy," started us from our berths; and it not being cold weather, we had nothing extra to put on, and were soon on deck. I shall never forget the fineness of the

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night. It was a clear, and rather chilly night; the stars were twinkling with an intense brightness, and as far as the eye could reach, there was not a cloud to be seen. The horizon met the sea in a well-defined line. A painter could not have painted so clear a sky. There was no speck upon it. Yet it was blowing great guns from the north-west. When you see a cloud to windward, you feel that there is a place for the wind to come from; but here it seems to come from nowhere. No person could have told, from the heavens, by their eyesight alone, that it was not a still summer's night. One reef after another, we took in the topsails, and before we could get them hoisted up, we heard a sound like a short quick rattling of thunder, and the jib was blown to atoms out of the bolt rope. We got the topsails set, and the fragments of the jib stowed away, and the fore-topmast stay-sail set in its place, when the great mainsail gaped open, and the sail ripped from head to foot.

"Lay up on that main-yard, and furl the sail before it be blown to tatters!" shouted the captain; and in a moment we were up, and gathering the remains of it upon the yard. We got it wrapped round the yard, and passed gaskets over it as snugly as possible, and were just on deck again, when with another loud rent, which was heard throughout the ship, the fore-topsail, which

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had been double reefed, split in two, athwart ships, just below the reef-band, from earing to earing. Here again it was "down yard, haul out reef-tackles, and lay out upon the yard for reefing." By hauling the reef-tackles chock a block, we took the strain from the other earings, and passed the close reef-earings, and knotting the points carefully, we succeeded in setting the sail, close-reefed.

We had just got the rigging coiled up, and were waiting to hear "go below the watch!" when the main royal worked loose from the gaskets, and blew directly out to leeward, flapping, and shaking the mast like a wand. Here was a job for somebody. The royal must come in or be cut adrift, or the mast must be snapped short off. All the light hands in the starboard watch were sent up, one after another, but they could do nothing with it. At length John, the tall Frenchman, the head of the starboard watch (and a better sailor never stepped upon deck), sprang aloft, and, by the help of his long arms and legs, succeeded, after a hard struggle—the sail blowing over the yard-arm to leeward, and the skysail blowing directly over his head—in smothering it, and frapping it with long pieces of sinnet. He came very near being blown or shaken from the yard several times, but he was a true sailor, every finger a fish-hook. Having made all the sail snug, he prepared to send the yard down, which was a long

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and difficult job; for, frequently he was obliged to stop and hold on with all his might, for several minutes, and the ship pitching so as to make it impossible to do anything else. The yard at length came down safe, and after it the fore and mizen royal-yards were sent down. All hands were then sent aloft, and for an hour or two we were hard at work, making the booms well fast; unreefing the studding-sail and royal skysail gear; getting rolling ropes on the yards; setting up the weather breast backstays; and making other preparations for a storm. It was a fine night for a gale; just cool and bracing enough for quick work, without being cold, and as light as day. It was sport to have a gale in such weather as this. Yet it blew like a hurricane. The whole seemed to come with a spite, an edge to it, which threatened to scrape us off the yards. The force of the wind was greater than I had ever seen it before; but darkness, cold, and wet, are the worst parts of a storm to a sailor.

Having got on deck again, we looked round to see what time of night it was, and whose watch. In a few minutes the man at the wheel struck four bells, and we found that the other watch was out and our own half out. Accordingly, the starboard watch went below, and left the ship to us for a couple of hours, yet with orders to stand by for a storm.

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Hardly had they got below before away went the fore topmast staysail, blown to ribbons. This was a small sail, which we could manage in the watch, so that we were not obliged to call up the other watch. We laid out upon the bowsprit, where we were under water half the time, and took in the fragments of the sail, and as she must have some head-sail on her, prepared to bend another staysail. We got the new one out into the nettings; seized on the tack, sheets, and halyards, and the hanks; manned the halyards, cut adrift the frapping lines, and hoisted away; but before it was half-way up the stay it was blown to pieces. When we belayed the halyards there was nothing left but the bolt-rope. Now large eyes began to show themselves in the foresail, and knowing that it must soon go, the mate ordered us out upon the yard to furl it.—Being unwilling to call up the watch, who had been on deck all night, he roused out the carpenter, sailmaker, cook, steward, and other idlers, and, with their help, we manned the foreyard, and, after nearly half-an-hour's struggle, mastered the sail, and got it well furled round the yard.

Having got everything secure again, we were promising ourselves some breakfast; for it was nearly nine o'clock in the forenoon, when the main topsail showed evident signs of giving way. Some sail must be kept on the ship, and the

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captain ordered the main spencer-gaffs to be lowered down, and the two spencers (which were storm sails, bran new, small, and made of the strongest canvas), to be got up and bent, leaving the main topsail to blow away, with a blessing on it, if it would only last till we could set the spencers. These we bent on very carefully, with strong robands and seizings, and making the tackles fast to the clews, bowed them down to the waterways. By this time the main topsail was among the things that have been; and we went aloft to stow away the remnant of the last sail of those which were on the ship twenty-four hours before. The spencers were now the only whole sails on the ship, and being strong and small, and near the deck, presenting but little surface to the wind above the rail, promised to hold out well. Hove to under these, and eased by having no sail above the tops, the ship rose and fell, and drifted off to leeward like a line of battle ship.

For three days and three nights the gale continued with unabated fury, and with singular regularity. There were no lulls, and very little variation in its fierceness.

On the morning of the 20th, at daybreak, the gale had evidently done its worst, and had somewhat abated; so much so, that all hands were called to bend new sails, although it was still

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blowing as hard as two common gales. One at a time, and with great difficulty and labour, the old sails were unbent and sent down by the buntlines, and three new topsails, made for the homeward passage round Cape Horn, and which had never been bent, were got up from the sail room, and, under the charge of the sailmaker, were fitted for bending, and sent up by the halyards into the tops, and with stops and trapping-lines were bent to the yards, close-reefed, sheeted home and hoisted.

Inch by inch, as fast as the gale would permit, we made sail on the ship, for the wind still continued ahead, and we had many days sailing to get back to the longitude we were in when the storm took us. For eight days more we beat to windward under a stiff top-gallant breeze, when the wind shifted and became variable. A light south-easter, to which we could carry a reefed-topmast studding-sail, did wonders for our dead reckoning.

Friday, December 4th.—After a passage of twenty days we arrived at the mouth of the Bay of San Francisco.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

THIS large bay, which lies in latitude 37° 58′, was discovered by Francis Drake, and by him represented to be (as indeed it is) a magnificent bay, containing several good harbours, good depth of water, and surrounded by a fertile and finely-wooded country.

As we had now been about a year on the coast, it was time to think on the voyage home; and knowing that the last two or three months of our stay would be very busy ones, and that we should never have so good an opportunity to work for ourselves as the present, we all employed our evenings in making clothes for the passage homeward, more especially for Cape Horn. As soon as supper was over, and the kids cleared away, and each one had taken his smoke, we seated ourselves on our chests, round the lamp which swung from a beam, and each one went to work in his own way, some making hats, others trousers, others jackets, etc. etc., and no one was idle. The boys who could not sew well enough to make their own

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clothes, laid up grass into sinnet for the men, who sewed for them in return. Several clubbed together and bought a large piece of twilled cotton, which we made into trousers and jackets, and giving them several coats of linseed oil, laid them by for Cape Horn. I also sewed and covered a tarpaulin hat, thick and strong enough to sit down upon, and made myself a complete suit of flannel underclothing for bad weather. Those who had no south-wester caps made them, and several of the crew made themselves tarpaulin jackets, and trousers lined on the inside with flannel. Industry was the order of the day, and everyone did something for himself, for we knew that as the season advanced, and we went further south, we should have no evenings to work in.

Sunday, December 27th.—We had now finished all our business in this port, and it being Sunday we unmoored ship and got under weigh, firing a salute to the presidio, which was answered.

We sailed from the magnificent bay with a light wind; the tide, which was running out, carrying us at the rate of four or five knots. It was a fine day: the first of an entire sunshine we had had for more than a month. We passed directly under the high cliff on which the presidio is built, and stood into the middle of the bay, from whence we could see small bays, making up into the interior, on every side; large and beauti-

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ful wooded islands; and the mouths of very small rivers.

The tide leaving us, we came to anchor near the mouth of the bay, under a high and beautifully sloping hill, upon which herds of hundreds and hundreds of red deer, and the stag with high and branching antlers, were bounding about, looking at us for a moment, and then starting off, affrighted at the noise which we made, for the purpose of seeing the variety of their beautiful attitudes and motions.

At midnight, the tide having turned, we hove up our anchor and stood out of the bay, with a fine starry heaven above us,—the first we had seen for several weeks. Before the light northerly winds, which blow here with the regularity of trades, we worked slowly along, and made Point Ano Nuevo, the northerly point of the Bay of Monterey, on Monday afternoon. We spoke, going in, the brig Diana, of the Sandwich Islands, from the north-west coast, last from Asitka. She was off the point at the same time with us, but did not get into the anchoring ground until an hour or two after us. It was ten o'clock on Tuesday morning when we came to anchor. The town looked just as it did when I saw it last, which was eleven months before in the brig Pilgrim. The pretty lawn on which it stands, as green as sun and rain could make it;

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the pine wood on the south; the small river on the north side; the houses, with their white plastered sides and red-tiled roofs, dotted about on the green; the low, white presidio, with its soiled, tri-coloured flag flying, and the discordant din of drums and trumpets for the noon parade; all brought up the scenes we had witnessed here with much pleasure nearly a year before, when coming from a long voyage, and our unprepossessing reception at Santa Barbara. It seemed almost like coming to a home.

Wednesday, January 6th.—Set sail from Monterey with a number of Spaniards as passengers, and shaped our course for Santa Barbara.

The second morning after leaving Monterey we were off Point Conception. It was a bright sunny day, and the wind, though strong, was fair, and everything was in striking contrast with our experience in the same place two months before, when we were drifting off from a north-wester, under a fore and main spencer.

Sunday, January 10th.—Arrived at Santa Barbara, and on the following Wednesday, slipped our cable and went to sea on account of a south-easter. Returned to our anchorage the next day. We were the only vessel in the port. The Pilgrim had passed through the canal and hove to off the town, nearly six weeks before, on our passage down from Monterey, and was now at

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the leeward. She heard here of our safety at San Francisco.

Great preparations were making on shore for the marriage of our agent, who was to marry Donna Annetta De G—— De N——y C——, youngest daughter of Don Antonio N——, the grandee of the place, and the head of the first family in California. Our steward was ashore three days making pastry and cake; and some of the best of our stores were sent off with him. On the day appointed for the wedding, we took the captain ashore in the gig, and had orders to come for him at night, with leave to go up to the house and see the *fandango*. Returning on board, we found preparations making for a salute. Our guns were loaded and run out, men appointed to each, cartridges served out, matches lighted, and all the flags ready to be run up. I took my place at the starboard after gun, and we all waited for the signal from on shore. At ten o'clock the bride went up with her sister to the confessional dressed in deep black. Nearly an hour intervened when the great doors of the Mission church opened, the bells rang a loud discordant peal, the private signal for us was run up by the captain ashore, the bride, dressed in complete white, came out of the church with the bridegroom, followed by a long procession. Just as he stepped from the church door, a small white

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cloud issued from the bows of our ship, which was in full sight—the loud report echoed among the surrounding hills, and over the bay, and instantly the ship was dressed in flags and pennants from stem to stern. Twenty-three guns followed in quick succession, with an interval of fifteen seconds between each, when the cloud cleared away, and the ship lay dressed in her colours all day. At sundown another salute of the same number of guns were fired, and all the flags run down. This we thought was pretty well—a gun every fifteen seconds—for a merchantman with only four guns and a dozen or twenty men.

After supper the gig's crew were called, and we rowed ashore, dressed in our uniforms, beached the boat, and went up to the *fandango*. The bride's father's house was the principal one in the place, with a large court in front, upon which a tent was built, capable of containing several hundred people. As we drew near we heard the accustomed sound of violins and guitars, and saw a great portion of the people within. Going in we found nearly all the people of the town—Men, women, and children collected and crowded together, leaving barely room for the dancers, for on such occasions no invitations are given, but every one is expected to come, though there is always a private entertainment within the house for particular friends. The old women sat down in rows,

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clapping their hands to the music, and applauding the young ones. The music was lively, and among the tunes we recognised several of our popular airs, which we, without doubt, have taken from the Spanish.

A great deal was said about our friend Don Juan Bandini: and when he did appear, which was towards the close of evening, he certainly gave us the most graceful dance that I had ever seen. He was dressed in white pantaloons, neatly made, a short jacket of dark silk, gaily figured, white stockings, and thin morocco slippers upon his very small feet. His slight and graceful figure was well calculated for dancing, and he moved about with the grace and daintiness of a young fawn. An occasional touch of the toe to the ground seemed all that was necessary to give him a long interval of motion in the air. At the same time he was not fantastic or flourishing, but appeared to be rather repressing a strong tendency to motion. He was loudly applauded, and danced frequently towards the close of the evening. After the supper the waltzing began, which was confined to a very few of the "gente de razon," and was considered a high accomplishment, and a mark of aristocracy. The great amusement of the evening—which, I suppose, was owing to its being Carnival—was the breaking of eggs filled with cologne, or other essences,

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upon the heads of the company. One end of the egg is broken, and the inside taken out, then it is partly filled with cologne, and the whole sealed up. The women bring a great number of these secretly about them, and the amusement is to break one upon the head of a gentleman when his back is turned. He is bound in gallantry to find out the lady and return the compliment, though it must not be done if the person sees you. A tall, stately Don, with immense grey whiskers, and a look of great importance, was standing before me, when I felt a light hand on my shoulder, and turning round, saw Donna Augustia (whom we all knew, as she had been up to Monterey, and down again, in the Alert), with her finger upon her lip, motioning me gently aside. I stepped back a little, when she went up behind the Don, and with one hand knocked off his huge *sombrero*, and at the same instant, with the other, broke the egg upon his head, and springing behind me was out of sight in a moment. The Don turned slowly round, the cologne running down his face, and over his clothes, and a loud laugh breaking out from every quarter. He looked round in vain for some time until the direction of so many laughing eyes showed him the fair offender. She was his niece, and a great favourite with him, so old Don Domingo had to join in the laugh. A great

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many such tricks were played, and many a war of sharp manœuvring was carried on between couples of the young people, and at every successful exploit a general laugh was raised.

Another singular custom I was for some time at a loss about. A pretty young girl was dancing, named (after what would appear to us the sacrilegious custom of the country) "Espiritu Santa," when a young man went behind her, and placed his hat directly upon her head, letting it fall down over her eyes, and sprang back among the crowd. She danced for some time with the hat on, when she threw it off, which called forth a general shout; and the young man was obliged to go out upon the floor and pick it up. Some of the ladies upon whose heads hats had been placed, threw them off at once, and a few kept them on throughout the dance, and took them off at the end, and held them out in their hands, when the owner stepped out, bowed, and took them from them. I soon began to suspect the meaning of the thing, and was afterwards told that it was a compliment, and an offer to become the lady's gallant for the rest of the evening, and to wait upon her home. If the hat was thrown off, the offer was refused, and the gentleman was obliged to pick up his hat amid a general laugh. Much amusement was caused sometimes by gentlemen putting hats on the

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ladies, without permitting them to see by whom it was done. This obliged them to throw them off, or keep them on at a venture, and when they came to discover the owner, the laugh was often turned on them.

The captain sent for us about ten o'clock, and we went aboard in high spirits, having enjoyed the new scene much, and were of great importance among the crew from having so much to tell, and from the prospect of going every night until it was over; for these fandangos generally last three days.

The last night they kept it up in great style, and were getting into a high go, when the captain called us off to go aboard, for, it being south-easter season, he was afraid to remain on shore long; and it was well he did not, for that very night we slipped our cable, as a crowner to our fun ashore, and stood off before a south-easter which lasted twelve hours, and returned to our anchorage the next day.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

SAN PEDRO AND SAN DIEGO.

AFTER having been in port twenty-one days we sailed for San Pedro (*February* 1*st*), having gone "all fluking," with the weather-clew of the main-sail hauled up, the yards braced in a little, and the lower studding-sail just drawing, the wind hardly shifting a point during the passage. Here we found the Ayacucho and the Pilgrim, which last we had not seen since the 11th of September, nearly five months; and I had really felt something like an affection for the old brig which had been my first home, and in which I had spent nearly a year, and got the first rough and tumble of a sea life. She, too, was associated in my mind with Boston, the wharf from which we sailed, anchorage in the stream, leave taking, and all such matters, which were now to me like small links connecting me with another world which I had once been in, and which, please God, I might yet see again. I went on board the first night after supper—found the old cook in the galley, playing the fife which I had given as a parting present,

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had a hearty shake of the hand from him—and drove down into the forecastle, where were my old shipmates, the same as ever, glad to see me; for they had given us up as lost, especially when they did not find us in Santa Barbara. They had been at San Diego last, had been lying at San Pedro nearly a month, and had received three thousand hides from the Pueblo. These were taken from her the next day, which filled us up, and we both got under weigh on the 4th; she was bound up to San Francisco again, and we to San Diego, where we arrived on the 5th.

We were always glad to see San Diego, it being the depôt, and a snug little place, and seemed quite like home, especially to me who had spent a summer there. There was no vessel in port, the Rosa having sailed for Valparaiso and Cadiz, and the Catalina for Callao, nearly a month before. We discharged our hides, and in four days were ready to sail again to the windward, and to our great joy, for the last time! Over thirty thousand hides had been already collected, cured, and stowed away in the house, which, together with what we should collect, and the Pilgrim would bring down from San Francisco, would make our cargo. The thought that we were actually going up for the last time, and that the next time we went round San Diego Point, we would be "homeward bound," brought things so near a close, that we felt as

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though we were just there, though it must still be the greater part of a year before we could see Boston.

I spent one evening, as had been my custom, at the oven with the Sandwich Islanders, but it was far from being the usual noisy, laughing time. It has been said, that the greatest curse to the South Sea Islands was the first man who discovered them, and any man who knows anything of the history of our commerce in those parts, knows how much truth there is in this; as the white men with their vices have brought in diseases before unknown to the islanders, which are now sweeping off the native population of the Sandwich Islands, at the rate of one-fortieth of the entire population annually.

We got under weigh on the 10th, bound up to San Pedro, and had three days of calm and head winds, making but little progress. On the 11th we took a stiff south-easter, which obliged us to reef our topsails. While on the yard we saw a sail on the weather bow, and in half-an-hour passed the Ayacucho, under double-reefed topsails, beating down to San Diego. Arrived at San Pedro on the fourth day, and came to in the old place a league from the shore, with no other vessel in port, and the prospect of three weeks or more of dull life, rolling goods up a slippery hill, carrying hides on our heads over

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sharp stones, and perhaps slipping for a south-easter.

There was but one man in the only house here, and him I shall always remember as a good specimen of a Californian ranger. He had been a tailor in Philadelphia, and getting intemperate and in debt, he joined a trapping party, and went to the Columbia river, and thence down to Monterey, where he spent everything, and came to the Pueblo de los Angelos, to work at his trade. Here he went to leeward among the pulperias, gambling houses, etc., and came down to San Pedro to be moral by being out of temptation. He had been in the house several weeks, working hard at his trade upon orders which he had brought with him, and talked much of his resolution, and opened his heart to us about his past life.

After we had been here some time, he started off one morning in fine spirits, well dressed, to carry the clothes which he had made to the pueblo, and saying he would bring back his money and some fresh orders the next day. The next day came, and a week passed, and nearly a fortnight, when one day, going ashore, we saw a tall man, who looked like our friend the tailor, getting out of the back of an Indian's cart, which had come down from the pueblo. He stood for the house, but we bore up after him; when

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finding that we were overhauling him, he hove to and spoke to us. Such a sight I never saw before. Barefooted with an old pair of trousers tied round his waist by a piece of green hide, a soiled cotton shirt, and a torn Indian hat; "cleaned out," to the last real, and completely "used up." He confessed the whole matter; acknowledged that he was on his back; and now he had the prospect of a fit of the horrors for a week, and of being worse than useless for months.

This is a specimen of the life of half the Americans and English who are adrift over the whole of California. One of the same stamp was Russel, who was master of the hide-house at San Diego while I was there, and was afterwards turned away for his misconduct. He spent his own money, and nearly all the stores, among the half-bloods upon the beach, and being turned away, went up to the presidio, where he lived the life of a desperate "loafer," until some rascally deed sent him off "between two days" with men on horseback, dogs and Indians in full cry after him, among the hills. One night he burst into our room at the hide-house, breathless, pale as a ghost, covered with mud, and torn by thorns and briars, nearly naked, and begged for a crust of bread, saying he had neither eaten nor slept for three days. Here was the great Mr. Russel, who

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a month before was "Don Tomas," "Capitan de la playa," "Maestro de la Casa," etc. etc., begging food and shelter of Kanakas and sailors. He stayed with us until he gave himself up, and was dragged off to the calaboza.

Saturday, February 13th.—We were called up at midnight to slip for a violent north-easter, for this rascally port of San Pedro is unsafe in every wind but a south-easter, which is seldom known to blow more than once in half-a-century. We went off with a flowing sheet, and hove to under the lee of Catalina Island, where we lay for three days, and then returned to our anchorage.

Tuesday, February 23d.—This afternoon, a signal was made from the shore, and we went off in the gig, and found the agent's clerk, who had been up to the pueblo, waiting at the landing-place, with a package under his arm, covered with brown paper and tied carefully with twine. No sooner had we shoved off than he told us there was good news from Santa Barbara. "What's that!" said one of the crew; "has the b—y agent slipped off the hooks?" "No; better than that," said he, "the California has arrived, bringing letters, papers, news, and, perhaps, friends on board!" Our hearts were all up to our mouths, and we pulled away like good fellows; for the precious packet could not be opened except by the captain. As we passed under the stern, the clerk held up the package, and called out

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to the mate, who was leaning over the taffrail, that the California had arrived.

"Hurrah!" said the mate, so as to be heard fore and aft; "the California has come, and brought news from Boston."

Instantly there was a confusion on board, which nobody could account for, who has not been in the same situation. All discipline seemed for a moment relaxed.

"What's that, Mr. Brown?" said the cook, putting his head out of the galley; "The California has come." "Ay, ay, you angel of darkness, and there's a letter for you from Bulknop Street, number two-five—green door and brass knocker!"

The packet was sent down into the cabin, and every one waited to hear the result. As nothing came up, the officers began to feel that they were acting a child's part, and turned the crew to again; and the same strict discipline was restored, which prohibits speech between man and man, while at work on the deck; so that when the steward came forward with letters for the crew, each man took his letters, carried them below to his chest, and came up again immediately; and not a letter was read until we had cleared up decks for the night.

Supper, too, must be eaten before the letters were read; and when at last they were brought out, they all got round one, who had a letter, and expected to have it read aloud, and have it all in

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common. If any one went by himself to read, it was—"Fair play there, and no skulking!" I took mine and went into the sail-maker's berth, where I could read it without interruption. It was dated August, just a year from the time I had sailed from home; and every one was well, and no great change had taken place. Thus, for one year, my mind was set at ease, yet it was nearly six months from the date of the letter, and what another year would bring to pass, who could tell? Everyone away from home thinks that some great thing must have happened, while to those at home there seems to be a continued monotony and lack of incident.

Much as my feelings were taken up by my own intelligence from home, I could not but be amused by a scene in the steerage. The carpenter had been married just before leaving Boston, and during the voyage he had talked much about his wife, and had to bear and forbear, as every man known to be married must aboard ship, yet the certainty of hearing from his wife by the first ship seemed to keep up his spirits.

The California came; the packet was brought on board; no man was higher in spirits than he; but when the letters came forward there was none for him. The captain looked again, but there was no mistake. Poor Chips could eat no supper. He was completely down in the mouth.

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"Sails" (the sail-maker) tried to comfort him, and told him he was a b——y fool to give up his grub for any woman's daughter, and reminded him that he had told him a dozen times that he'd never see or hear from his wife again.

"Ah!" said Chips, "you don't know what it is to have a wife, and—"

"Don't I!" said Sails; and then came for the hundredth time, the story of his coming ashore at New York, from the Constellation frigate, after a cruise round the Horn—being paid off with over five hundred dollars,—marrying, and taking a couple of rooms in a four-storey house,—furnishing the rooms, with a particular account of the furniture, including a dozen flat bottomed chairs, which he always dilated upon, whenever the subject of furniture was alluded to, —going off to sea again, and leaving his wife half-pay, like a fool,—coming home and finding her off:—furniture gone,—flat-bottomed chairs and all; and with it his long togs, the half-pay, his beaver hat, white linen shirts and everything else. His wife he never heard of from that day to this, and never wished to do. Then followed a sweeping assertion, not much to the credit of the sex, if true, though he has a Pope to back him. "Come, Chips, bear up like a man, and take some hot grub. Don't be made a fool of by anything in petticoats. As for your wife

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you'll never see her again; she was 'up keeleg and off before you were outside of Cape Cod. You've hove your money away like a fool; but every man must learn, once, just as I did; so you'd better square the yards with her, and make the best of it."

This was the best consolation "Sails" had to offer, but it did not seem just the thing the carpenter wanted: for during several days he was very much dejected, and bore with difficulty the jokes of the sailors, and with still more difficulty their attempts at advice and consolation, of most of which the sail-maker's was a good specimen.

Thursday, February 25th.—Set sail for Santa Barbara, where we arrived on Sunday, the 28th. Just missed seeing the California, for she had sailed three days before, bound to Monterey, to enter her cargo and procure her license, and thence to San Francisco, etc.

Saturday, March 5th.—This was an important day in our almanac, for it was on this day that we were first assured that our voyage was really drawing to a close. The captain gave orders to have the ship ready for getting under weigh; and observed that there was a good breeze to take us down to San Pedro. Then we were not going up to windward. Thus much was certain, and was soon known fore and aft; and when we went in the gig to take him off, he shook hands with the

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people on the beach, and said that he never expected to see Santa Barbara again. This settled the matter, and sent a thrill of pleasure through the heart of every one in the boat. We pulled off with a will, saying to ourselves (I can speak for myself at least)—"Good bye, Santa Barbara! This is the last pull here! No more ducking in your breakers, and slipping from your cursed south-easters!" The news was soon known aboard, and put life into everything when we were getting under weigh. Each one was taking his last look at the Mission, the town, the breakers on the beach, and swearing that no money should make him ship to see them again; and when all hands tallied on to the cat-fall, the chorus of "Time for us to go!" was raised for the first time, and joined in, with full swing by everybody. One would have thought we were on our voyage home, so near did it seem to us, though there were yet three months for us on the coast.

Two days brought us to San Pedro, and two days more (to our no small joy), gave us our last view of that place, which was universally called "the hell of California," and seemed designed, in every way, for the wear and tear of sailors. Not even the last view could bring out one feeling of regret. "No thanks," thought I, as we left the sandy shores in the distance, "for the hours I have walked over your stones, barefooted, with hides on

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my head; for the burdens I have carried up your steep, muddy hill:—for the ducking in your surf; and for the long days and longer nights passed on your desolate hill, watching piles of hides, hearing the sharp bark of your eternal coati, and the dismal hooting of your owls."

As I bade good bye to each successive place, I felt as though one link after another were struck from the chain of my servitude. Having kept close in shore for the land-breeze, we passed the Mission of San Juan Campestrano the same night, and saw distinctly, by the bright moonlight, the hill which I had gone down by a pair of halyards, in search of a few paltry hides. "Forstan et hecolim," thought I, and took my last look at that place too; and on the next morning we were under the high point of San Diego. The flood tide took us swiftly in, and we came to, opposite our hide-house, and prepared to get everything in trim for a long stay. This was our last port. Here we were to discharge everything from the ship, clean her out, smoke her, take in our hides, wood, water, etc., and set sail for Boston. While all this was doing, we were to lie still in one place, as the port was a safe one, and there was no fear of south-easters. Accordingly, having picked out a good berth, with a good smooth beach opposite, for a landing-place, and within two cables' length of our hide-house, we moored ship, unbent all the

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sails, sent down the top-gallant yards and all the studding-sail booms, and housed the top-gallant masts. The boats were then hove out, and all the sails, the spare spars, the stores, the rigging not rove and, in fact everything which was not in daily use, sent ashore, and stowed away in the house. Then went all our hides and horns, and we left hardly anything in the ship but her ballast, and this we made preparation to heave out the next day. At night, after we had knocked off, and were sitting round in the forecastle, smoking, and talking, and taking sailors' pleasure, we congratulated ourselves upon being in that situation in which we had wished ourselves every time we had come into San Diego. "If we were only here for the last time," we had often said, "with our top-gallant masts housed, and our sails unbent!"—and now we had our wish. Six weeks or two months of the hardest work we had yet seen was before us, and then—"Good-bye to California!"

We turned in early, knowing that we might expect an early call: and sure enough, before the stars had quite faded, "All hands ahoy!" and we were turned to, heaving out ballast.

Friday and a part of Saturday we were engaged in this work, until we had thrown out all but what we wanted under our cargo on our passage home; when, as the next day was Sunday, and a good day for smoking the ship, we cleared

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everything out of the cabin and forecastle, made a slow fire of charcoal, birch bark, brimstone, and other materials, on the ballast in the bottom of the hold, caulked up the hatches and every open seam, and pasted over the cracks of the windows and the slides of the scuttles and companion-way. Wherever smoke was seen coming out we caulked and pasted, and, so far as we could, made the ship smoke tight. The captain and officers slept under the awning which was spread over the quarter-deck, and we stowed ourselves away under an old studding-sail, which we drew over one side of the forecastle. The next day, for fear that something might happen, orders were given for no one to leave the ship, and as the decks were lumbered up with everything, we could not wash them down, so we had nothing to do all day long.

The next morning we took the battens from the hatches and opened the ship. A few stifled rats were found; and what bugs, cockroaches, fleas, and other vermin there might have been on board, must have unrove their lifelines before the hatches were opened. The ship being now ready, we covered the bottom of the hold over, fore and aft, with dried brush for dunnage, and having levelled everything away, we were ready to take in our cargo. All the hides that had been collected, since the California left the coast, (a little more than two years), amounting to about forty thousand,

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were cured, dried, and stowed away in the house, waiting for our ship to take to Boston.

Now began the operation of taking in our cargo, which kept us hard at work, from the grey of the morning till starlight, for six weeks, with the exception of Sundays, and of just time to swallow our meals.

Friday, April 14th.—Arrived, brig Pilgrim from the windward. It was a sad sight for her crew to see us getting ready to go off the coast, while they, who had been longer on the coast than the Alert, were condemned to another year's hard service. I spent an evening on board, and found them making the best of the matter, and determined to rough it out as they might: but my friend S—— was determined to go home in the ship, if money or interest could bring it to pass. After considerable negotiating and working, he succeeded in persuading my English friend, Tom Harris,—my companion in the anchor watch—for thirty dollars, some clothes, and an intimation from Captain Faucon, that he should want a second mate before the voyage was up, to take his place in the brig as soon as she was ready to go up to windward.

Sunday, April 24th.—We had now been nearly seven weeks in San Diego, and had taken in the greater part of our cargo, and were looking out every day for the arrival of the California,

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which had our agent on board, when this afternoon, some Kanakas, who had been over the hill for rabbits, and to fight rattlesnakes, came running down the path, singing out "Sail ho!" with all their might. It being Sunday, and nothing to do, all hands were on the forecastle, criticising the new comer. She was a good substantial ship, not quite so long as the Alert, and wall-sided and kettle-bottomed, after the latest fashion of south-shore cotton and sugar waggons, strong, too, and tight, and a good average sailer, but with no pretensions to beauty, and nothing in the style of a "crack ship."

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CHAPTER XXIX.

LAST PORT.

Our cargo was now nearly all taken in; and my old friend, the Pilgrim, having completed her discharge, unmoored, to set sail the next morning on another long trip to windward. I was just thinking of her hard lot, and congratulating myself upon my escape from her, when I received a summons into the cabin. I went aft, and there found, seated round the cabin table, my old captain; Captain Faucon, of the Pilgrim, and Mr. R——, the agent. Captain T—— turned to me, and asked abruptly—

"D——, do you want to go home in the ship?"

"Certainly, sir," said I, "I expect to go home in the ship."

"Then," said he, "you must get some one to go in your place on board the Pilgrim."

I was so completely "taken aback" by this sudden intimation, that for a moment I could make no reply. I knew it would be hopeless to attempt to prevail on any of the ship's crew to

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take twelve months more upon the California coast in the brig. I knew, too, that Captain T—— had received orders to bring me home in the Alert; and he told me, when I was at the hide-house, that I was to go home in her; and even if this had not been so, it was cruel not to give me notice of the step they were going to take, until a few hours before the brig would sail. As soon as I had got my wits about me, I put on a bold front, and told him plainly that I had a letter in my chest, informing me that he had been written to by the owner in Boston, to bring me home in the ship; and moreover, that he had told me I was to go in the ship.

To have this told him, and to be opposed in such a manner, was more than my lord paramount had been used to. He turned fiercely upon me, and tried to look me down, and face me out of my statement; but finding that that wouldn't do, and that I was entering upon my defence in such a way as would show to the other two that he was in the wrong, he changed his ground, and pointed to the shipping papers of the Pilgrim, from which my name had never been erased, and said that there was my name—that I belonged to her—that he had an absolute discretionary power;—and, in short, I must be on board the Pilgrim, by next morning, with my chest and hammock, or have some one ready to go in my place; and that he

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would not hear another word from me. No court of star-chamber could proceed more summarily with a poor devil than this trio was about to do with me; condemning me to a punishment worse than a Botany Bay exile, and to a fate which would alter the whole current of my future life, for more than two years in California would have made me a sailor for the rest of my days. I felt all this, and saw the necessity of being determined. I repeated what I had before said, and insisted upon my right to return in the ship. I

> "Raised my arm, and tauld my crack
> Before them a',"

but it would have availed me nothing, had I been "some poor body," before this absolute domineering tribunal. But they saw I would not go, unless *vi et armis*, and they knew that I had friends and interest enough at home to make them suffer for any injustice they might do to me. It was probably this that turned the matter: for the captain changed his tone, and asked me if, in case any one went in my place, I would give him the same sum that —— gave Harris in exchange with him. I told him that if anyone was sent on board the brig I should pity him, and be willing to help him to that, or almost any amount, but would not speak of it as an exchange.

"Very well," said he. "Go forward about

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your business, and send English Ben here to me."

I went forward with a light heart, but feeling as angry, and as much contempt as I could well contain between my teeth. English Ben was sent aft, and in a few moments came forward, looking as though he had received his sentence to be hung. The captain told him to get his things ready to go on board the brig the next morning; and that I would give him thirty dollars and a suit of clothes. The hands had "knocked off" for dinner, and were standing round the forecastle, when Ben came and told his story. I could see plainly that it made a great excitement, and that unless I explained the whole matter, to them, the feeling would be turned against me. Ben was a poor English boy, a stranger in Boston, without friends or money; and being an active, willing lad, and a good sailor for his years, was a general favourite. "Oh yes!" said the crew, "the captain has let you off because you are a gentleman's son, and have got friends, and know the owners; and taken Ben, because he is poor, and has got nobody to say a word for him!" I knew this was too true to be answered: but I excused myself from any blame, and told them I had a right to go home, at all events. This pacified them a little, but Jack had got a notion that a poor lad was to be im-

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posed upon, and did not distinguish very clearly; and though I knew that I was in no fault, and in fact, had barely escaped the grossest injustice, yet I felt my berth was getting to be a very disagreeable one. The notion that I was not "one of them," which by a participation in all their labour and hardships, and having no favour shown me, had been laid asleep, and was beginning to revive. He had depended upon going home in the ship; and from Boston was going immediately to Liverpool to see his friends. Besides this, having begun the voyage with very few clothes, he had taken up the greater part of his wages in the slop-chest, and it was every day a losing concern to him; and, like all the rest of the crew, he had a hearty hatred of California; and the prospect of eighteen months or two years of "hide droghing" seemed completely to break down his spirit. I had determined not to go myself, happen what would, and I knew that the captain would not dare to attempt to force me. I knew, too, that the two captains had agreed together to get some one, and that unless I could prevail upon somebody to go voluntarily, there would be no help for Ben. From this consideration, though I said that I would have nothing to do with an exchange, I did my best to get some one to go voluntarily. I offered to give an order upon the owners in Boston for six months' wages,

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and also the clothes, books, and other matters, which I should not want upon the voyage home. When this offer was published in the ship, and the case of poor Ben was set forth in strong colours, several, who would not have dreamed of going themselves, were busy in talking it up to others, who they thought might be tempted to accept it; and, at length, one fellow, a harum scarum lad, whom we called Harry Bluff, and who did not care what country or ship he was in, if he had clothes enough and money enough—partly from pity for Ben, and partly from the thought that he should have "cruising money" for the rest of his stay,—came forward and offered to go and "sling his hammock in the bloody hooker." Lest his purpose should cool, I signed an order for the sum upon the owners in Boston, gave him all the clothes I could spare, and sent him aft to the captain, to let him know what had been done. The skipper accepted the exchange, and was doubtless glad to have it pass off so easily. At the same time he cashed the order, which was indorsed to him, and the next morning the lad went aboard the brig, apparently in good spirits, having shaken hands with each of us, and wished us a pleasant voyage home, jinking the money in his pockets, and calling out, "Never say die, while there's a shot in the locker."

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Friday, May 6th—Completed the taking in of our cargo, and was a memorable day in our calendar. The time when we were able to take in our last hide, we had looked forward to for sixteen months, as the first bright spot. When the last hide was stowed away, and the hatches caulked down, the tarpaulins battened on to them, the long boat hoisted in and secured, and the decks swept down for the night,—the chief mate sprung upon the top of the long boat, called all hands into the waist, and giving us a signal by swinging his cap over his head,—we gave three long, loud cheers, which came from the bottom of our hearts, and made the hills and valleys ring again. In a moment we heard three, in answer, from the California's crew, who had seen us taking in our long boat, and—

"The cry they heard, its meaning knew."

The last week, we had been occupied in taking in a supply of wood and water for the passage home, and in bringing on board the spars, sails, etc. I was sent off with a party of Indians to fill the water casks at a spring, about three miles from the shipping, and was absent three days, living at the town, and spending the day-time in filling the casks, and transporting them on ox-carts to the landing-place, whence they were taken on board by the crew with boats. This being all done with, we gave one day to

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bending our sails, and at night, every sail, from the courses to the sky-sails, was bent, and every studding-sail ready for setting.

Sunday, May 8th.—This promised to be our last day in California. Our forty thousand hides; thirty thousand horns; besides several barrels of otter and beaver skins, were all stowed below, and the hatches caulked down. All our spare spars were taken on board and lashed; all our water casks secured; and our live stock, consisting of four bullocks, a dozen sheep, a dozen pigs, and three or four dozen of poultry, were all stowed away in their different quarters—the bullocks in the long boat, the sheep in a pen on the fore hatch, the pigs in a sty under the bows of the long boat, and the poultry in their proper coop—the jolly boat being filled with hay for the sheep and bullocks. Our unusually large cargo, together with the stores for a five months' voyage, brought the ship's channels down into the water. In addition to this, she had been steeved so throughly, and was so bound by the compression of her cargo, forced into her by so powerful machinery, that she was like a man in a strait jacket, and would be but a dull sailer, until she had worked herself loose.

The California had finished discharging her cargo, and was to get under weigh at the same time with us. Having washed down the decks,

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and got our breakfast, the two vessels lay side by side, in complete readiness for sea, our ensigns hanging from the peaks, and all our tall spars reflected from the glassy surface of the river which, since sunrise, had been unbroken by a ripple. At length a few whiffs came across the water, and at eleven o'clock the regular north-west wind set steadily in. There was no need of calling all hands, for we had all been hanging about the forecastle the whole forenoon, and were ready for a start upon the first sign of a breeze. All eyes were aft upon the captain, who was walking the deck, with every now and then a look to windward. He made a sign to the mate, who came forward, took his station deliberately between the knight heads, cast a glance aloft, and called out, "All hands lay aloft and loose the sails!" We were half in the rigging before the order came; and never since we left Boston were the gaskets off the yards, and the rigging over-hauled in a shorter time. "All ready forward, sir!"—"All ready the main!"—"Cross jack yards all ready, sir!"—"Lay down all hands but one on each yard!" The yard arm and bunt gaskets were cast off; and each sail hung by the jigger, with one man standing at the tie to let it go. At the same moment that we sprang aloft, a dozen hands sprang into the rigging of the California, and in an instant were all over

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her yards; and her sails too, were ready to be dropped at the word. In the meantime our bow gun had been loaded and ran out; and its discharge was to be the signal for dropping the sails. A cloud of smoke came out of her bows; the echoes of the gun rattled our farewell among the hills of California; and the two ships were covered from head to foot with their white canvas. For a few minutes all was uproar and apparent confusion; men flying about like monkeys in the rigging; ropes and blocks flying; orders given and answered; and the confused noise of men singing out at the ropes. The topsails came to the mast-heads with "Cheerily, men!" and in a few minutes every sail was set, for the wind was light. The head sails were backed, the windlass came round "slip slap" to the cry of the sailors; "Hove short, sir," said the mate;—"Up with him!" "Ay, ay, sir." A few hearty and long heaves, and the anchor showed its head. "Hook cat!" The fall was stretched along the decks; all hands laid hold;—"Hurrah for the last time!" said the mate; and the anchor came to the cat-head to the tune of "Time for us to go," with a loud chorus. Everything was done quick, as though it were for the last time. The head yards were filled away, and our ship began to move through the water on her homeward bound course.

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The California had got under weigh at the same moment; and we sailed down the narrow bay abreast, and were just off the mouth, and finding ourselves gradually shooting ahead of her, were on the point of giving three parting cheers, when suddenly we found ourselves stopped short, and the California ranging fast ahead of us. A bar stretches across the mouth of the harbour, with water enough to float common vessels; but low in the water, and having kept well to leeward, as we were bound to the southward, we had stuck fast, while the California, being light, had floated over.

We kept all sail on, in the hope of forcing over, but failing in this, we hove aback, and lay waiting for the tide, which was on the flood, to take us back into the channel. This was somewhat of a damper to us, and the captain looked not a little mortified and vexed. "This is the same place where the Rosa got ashore," observed our red-haired second mate, most *mal a propos*. A malediction on the Rosa, and him too, was all the answer he got, and he slunk off to leeward. In a few minutes, the force of the wind and rising of the tide backed us into the stream, and we were on our way to our old anchoring-place, the tide setting swiftly up, and the ship barely manageable in the light breeze. We came to our old berth opposite the hide-house, whose inmates were not a little surprised to see us return. We felt as though

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we were tied to California: and some of the crew swore that they would never get clear of the b——y coast.

In about half-an-hour, which was near high water, the order was given to man the windlass, and again the anchor was catted; but not a word was said about "the last time." The California had come back on finding that we had returned, and was hove to, waiting for us, off the point. This time we passed the bar safely, and were soon up with the California, who filled away, and kept us company. She seemed desirous of a trial of speed, and our captain accepted the challenge, although we were loaded down to the bolts of our chain-plates, as deep as a sand-barge, and bound so taut with our cargo, that we were no more fit for a race than a man in fetters; while our antagonist was in her best trim. Being clear of the point, the breeze became stiff, and the royal masts bent under our sails; but we would not take them in until three boys sprang aloft into the rigging of the California, when they were furled at once, but with orders to stay aloft at the top-gallant mast-heads, and loose them again at the word. It was my duty to furl the fore-royal; and while standing by to loose it again, I had a fine view of the scene. From where I stood, the two vessels seemed nothing but spars and sails, while their narrow decks, far below, slanting over by the force of the wind aloft,

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appeared hardly capable of supporting the great fabrics raised upon them. The California was to the windward of us, and had every advantage, yet, while the breeze was stiff, we held our own. As soon as it began to slacken she ranged a little ahead, and the order was given to loose the royals. In an instant the gaskets were off, and the bunt dropped. "Sheet home the fore-royal!—Weather sheets home!"—"Lee sheets home!"—"Hoist away, sir!" is bawled from aloft. "Overhaul your clewlines!" shouts the mate. "Ay, ay, sir! all clear!"—"Taut leech! belay! Well the lee brace; haul taut to windward; and the royals are set." These brought us up again; but the wind continuing light, the California set hers, and it was soon evident that she was walking away from us Our captain then hailed, and said that he should keep off to his course; adding—"She isn't the Alert now. If I had her in your trim she would have been out of sight by this time." This was good-naturedly answered from the California, and she braced up, and stood close upon the wind up the coast; while we squared away our yards, and stood before the wind to the south-west. The California's crew manned her weather-rigging, waved their hats in the air, and gave us three hearty cheers, which we answered as heartily; and the customary single cheer came back to us over the water. She stood on her way, doomed to

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eighteen months' or two years' hard service upon this hated coast, whilst we were making our way to our home, which every hour and every mile was bringing us nearer to.

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CHAPTER XXX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

EVER since leaving San Diego, we had had a fair wind, and as much as we wanted of it. For seven days our lower topmast studding-sails were set all the time, and our royal and top-gallant studding sails, whenever she could stagger under them. Indeed, the captain had shown, from the moment we got to sea, that he would have no boy's play, but that the ship had got to carry all she could, and that he was going to make up by "cracking on" to her what she wanted in lightness. In this way we frequently made three degrees of latitude, besides something in longitude, in the course of twenty-four hours. Our days were spent in the usual ship's work.

Wednesday, May 18th.—Lat. 9° 54′ S., long. 113° 17′ W. The north-east trades had now left us, and we had the usual variable winds which prevail near the line, together with some rain. So long as we were in these latitudes we had but little rest in our watch on deck at night, for, as the winds were light and variable,

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and we could not lose a breath, we were all the watch bracing the yards, and taking in and making sail, and "humbugging" with our flying kites.

Sunday, May 22d.—Lat. 5° 14′ S., long. 166° 45′ W.—We were now a fortnight out, and within five degrees of the line, to which two days of good breeze would take us; but we had for the most part what the sailors call "an Irishman's hurricane,—right up and down."

As we approached the line, the wind became more easterly, and the weather clearer, and in twenty days from San Diego—

Saturday, May 28th,—at about three P.M., with a fine breeze from the east-south-east, we crossed the equator. In twenty-four hours after crossing the line, which was very unusual, we took the regular south-east trades. These winds come a little from the eastward of south-east, and, with us they blew directly from the south-east, which was fortunate for us, for our course was south by west, and we could thus go one point free.

Sunday, June 5th, we were in lat. 18° 29′ S., and long. 118° 10′ W., having made twelve hundred miles in seven days, very nearly, upon a taut bowline. Our good ship was getting to be herself again, and had increased her rate of sailing more than one-third since leaving San Diego. The crew ceased complaining of her, and the officers hove the log every two hours with

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evident satisfaction. This was glorious sailing. A steady breeze; the light trade wind clouds over our heads; the incomparable temperature of the Pacific—neither hot nor cold; a clear sun every day, and clear moon and stars each night; and new constellations rising in the south, and the familiar ones sinking in the north as we went on our course—"stemming nightly toward the pole." Already we had sunk the north star and the Great Bear in the northern horizon, and all hands looked out sharp to the southward of the Magellan Clouds, which each succeeding night we expected to make.

Sunday, June 12th.—Lat. 26° 4′ S., long. 115° 81′ W.—We had now lost the regular trades, and had the winds variable, principally from the westward, and kept on, in a southerly course, sailing very nearly upon a meridian, and at the end of the week—

Sunday, June 19th—were in lat. 34° 15′ S., and long. 116° 18′ W.

There began now to be a decided change in the appearance of things. The days became shorter and shorter; the sun running lower in his course each day, and giving less and less heat; and the nights so cold as to prevent our sleeping on the deck; the Magellan Clouds in sight, of a clear night; the skies looking cold and angry; and at times a long, heavy, ugly sea, setting in from the southward, told us what we were coming to.

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Friday, July 1st.—We were now nearly up to the latitude of Cape Horn, and having over forty degrees of east to make, we squared away the yards before a strong westerly gale, shook a reef out of the fore topsail, and stood on our way, east by south, with the prospect of being up with the Cape in a week or ten days.

Saturday, July 2d.—This day the sun rose fair, but it ran too low in the heavens to give any heat, or thaw out our sails and rigging; yet the sight of it was pleasant, and we had a steady "reef topsail breeze" from the westward. The atmosphere, which had previously been clear and cold, for the last few hours grew damp, and had a disagreeable wet chilliness in it; the thermometer had fallen several degrees since morning, which could not be accounted for in any other way than supposing that there must be ice near us; though such a thing had never been heard of in this latitude at this season of the year. At twelve o'clock we were below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, cook?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense irregular mass, its top points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo colour.

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This was an iceberg, one of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the northern ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue colour, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon upon deck, looking at it and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendour, and sublimity of the sight. Its great size—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as its base rose and sunk in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a small element of fear—all combined to give it the character of true sublimity.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

REDOUBLING CAPE HORN.

In our first attempt to double the Cape, when we came up to the latitude of it, we were seventeen hundred miles to the westward; but, in running for the Straits of Magellan, we stood so far to the eastward that we made our second attempt at a distance of not more than four or five hundred miles; and we had great hopes, by this means, to run clear of the ice, thinking that the easterly gales, which had prevailed for a long time, would have given it to the westward. With the wind about two points free, the yards braced in a little, and two close reefed topsails and reefed foresail on ship, we made great way towards the southward; and, almost every watch when we came on deck, the air seemed to grow colder and the sea to run higher. Still we saw no ice, and had great hopes of getting clear of it altogether, when, one afternoon, about three o'clock, while we were taking a *siesta* during our watch below, "All hands!" was called in a loud and fearful voice. "Tumble up here, men!—tumble

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up; don't stop for your clothes—before we are upon it!" We sprang out of our berths, and hurried upon deck. The loud sharp voice of the captain was heard giving orders, as though for life or death, and we ran aft to the braces, not waiting to look ahead, for not a moment was to be lost. The helm was hard up, the afteryards shaking, and the ship in the act of wearing. Slowly, with the stiff ropes and iced rigging, we swung the yards round, everything coming hard, and with a creaking and rending sound, like pulling up a plank that has been frozen into the ice. The ship was round fairly, the yards were steadied, and stood off on the other tack, leaving behind us, directly under our larboard quarter, a large ice island, peering out of the mist, and reaching high above our tops, while astern and on either side of the island, large tracts of field ice were dimly seen, heaving and rolling in the sea. We were now safe, and standing to the northward; but in a few minutes more, had it not been for the sharp look-out of the watch, we should have been fairly on the ice, and left our old ship's bones adrift in the Southern Ocean. After standing to the northward, a few hours, we wore ship, and the wind having hauled, we stood to the southward and eastward. All night long a bright look-out was kept from every part of the deck,

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and whenever ice was seen on the same bow or the other, the helm was shifted, and the yards braced, and by quick working of the ship she was kept clear.

The accustomed cry of "Ice ahead,"—"Ice on the lee bow!"—"Another Island!"—in the same tones, and the same orders following, seemed to bring us directly to our old positions of the week before. During our watch on deck, which was from twelve to four, the wind came out ahead, with a pelting storm of hail and sleet, and we lay hove to, under a close reefed topsail, the whole watch. During the next watch it fell calm, with a drenching rain, until daybreak, when the wind came out to the westward, and the weather cleared up, and showed us the whole ocean, in the course of which we should have steered, had it not been for the head wind and calm, completely blocked up with ice. Here then our progress was stopped; and we wore ship, and once more stood to the northward and eastward, not for the Straits of Magellan, but to make another attempt to double the Cape, still further to the westward; for the captain was determined to get round, if perseverance could do it; and the third time, he said, he never failed.

With a fair wind we soon got clear of the field of ice, and by noon had only the stray islands floating far and near upon the ocean. The sun

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was out bright, the sea was a deep blue, fringed with the white foam of the waves, which ran high before a strong south-wester; our solitary ship tore on through the water as though glad to be out of her confinement; and the ice islands lay scattered upon the ocean here and there, of various sizes and shapes, reflecting the bright rays of the sun, and drifting slowly northward before the gale. It was a contrast to much we had lately seen; and a spectacle not only of beauty but of life; for it required but little fancy to imagine these islands to be animated masses, which had broken loose from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," and were working their way, by wind and current, some alone, and some in fleets, to milder climates. No pencil has ever yet given anything like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture they are huge, uncouth masses, stuck in the sea; while their chief beauty and grandeur, their slow, stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, the fearful groaning and cracking of their parts—the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg; while the small and distant islands floating on the smooth sea, in the light of a clear day, looked like little floating fairy isles of sapphire.

From the north-east course we gradually hauled to the westward; and after sailing about two hundred miles, which brought us as near to the

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western coast of Terra del Fuego as was safe, and having lost sight of the ice altogether for the third time, we put the ship's head to the southward to try the passage of the Cape. The weather continued clear and cold, with a strong gale from the westward, and we were fast getting up with the latitude of the Cape, with a prospect of soon being round. One fine afternoon, a man who had gone into the foretop to shift the rolling tackles, sung out, at the top of his voice, and with evident glee, —"Sail ho!" Neither land nor sail had we seen since leaving San Diego; and any one who has traversed the length of a whole ocean alone, can imagine what an excitement such an announcement produced on board. "Sail ho!" shouted the cook, jumping out of his galley; "Sail ho!" shouted a man, throwing back the side of the scuttle, to the watch below, who were soon out of their berths and on deck; and "Sail ho!" shouted the captain down the companion way to the passenger in the cabin.

Besides the pleasure of seeing a ship and human beings in so desolate a place, it was important for us to speak a vessel, to learn whether there was ice to the westward, and to ascertain longitudes; for we had no chronometer, and had been drifting about so long that we had nearly lost our reckoning; and opportunities for lunar observations are not frequent or sure in such a place as Cape Horn.

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For these various reasons the excitement in our little community was running high; and conjectures were made, and everything thought of for which the captain would hail, when the man aloft sung out—"Another sail, large on the weather bow!" This was a little odd, but did not shake our faith in there being sail. At length the man in the top hailed, said he believed it was land after all. "Land in your eye!" said the mate, who was looking through the telescope; "they are *icelands*, if I can see a hole through a ladder;" and a few moments showed the mate to be right, and all our expectations fled; and instead of what we most wished to see, we had what we most dreaded, and what we hoped we had seen the last of. We soon, however, left these astern, having passed within two miles of them; and at sundown the horizon was clear in all directions.

Having a fine wind we were soon up with and passed the latitude of the Cape; and having stood far enough to the southward to give it a wide berth, we began to stand to the eastward, with a good prospect of being round and steering to the northward on the other side in a few days. But ill luck seemed to have lighted upon us. Not four hours had we been standing on in this course before it fell dead calm, and in half-an-hour it clouded up; a few straggling blasts, with spits of snow and sleet, came from the eastward; and in

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an hour more we lay hove to under a close reefed main topsail, drifted bodily off to leeward, before the fiercest storm that we had yet felt, blowing dead ahead from the eastward. It seemed as though the genius of the place had been roused at finding that we had nearly slipped through his fingers, and had come down upon us with tenfold fury. The sailors said that every blast, as it shook the shrouds and whistled through the rigging, said to the old ship, "No, you don't; no, you don't."

For eight days we lay drifting about in this manner. Sometimes—generally towards noon—it fell a dead calm; once or twice a round copper ball showed itself for a few moments where the sun ought to have been; and a puff or two came from the westward, giving some hope that a fair wind had come at last. During the first two days we made sail for these puffs, shaking the reefs out of the topsails, and boarding the tacks of the courses; but finding that it only made work for us when the gale set in again, it was soon given up, and we lay to under our close reefs. We had less snow and hail than when we were farther to the westward; but we had an abundance of what is worse to a sailor in cold weather—drenching rain. Snow is blinding, and very bad when coming upon a coast; but, for a genuine discomfort, give me rain with freezing weather. A snow-storm is exciting, and it does not wet through the clothes,

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(which is important to a sailor); but a constant rain there is no escaping from; it wets to the skin, and makes all protection vain. We had long ago run through all our dry clothes; and as sailors have no other way of drying them than the sun, we had nothing to do but to put on those which were the least wet.

At the end of each watch, when we came below, we took off our clothes and wrung them out; two taking hold of a pair of trousers—one at each end—and jackets in the same way. Stockings, mittens, and all, were wrung out also, and then hung up to drain and chafe dry against the bulkheads. Then feeling over our clothes, we picked out those which were the least wet, and put them on, so as to be ready for a call, and turned in, covered ourselves up with blankets, and slept until three knocks on the scuttle, and the dismal cry of "All starbowlines ahoy! Eight bells there below! Do you hear the news?" drawled out from on deck, and the sulky answer of "Ay, ay!" from below, sent us up again.

Friday, July 22d.—This day we had a steady gale from the southward, and stood on under close sail, with the yards eased a little by the weather-braces, the clouds lifted a little, and showing signs of breaking away. In the afternoon I was below with Mr. H——, the third mate, and two others filling the bread-locker in the steerage from the casks, when a bright gleam of sunshine broke out

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and shone down the companion-way and through the skylight, lighting up everything below, and sending a warm glow through the heart of every one. It was a sight we had not seen for weeks—an omen, a God-send. Even the roughest and hardest face acknowledged its influence. Just at that moment we heard a loud shout from all parts of the deck, and the mate called out down the companion-way to the captain, who was sitting in the cabin. What he said we could not distinguish; but the captain kicked over his chair, and was on deck at one jump We could not tell what it was; and anxious as we were to know, the discipline of the ship would not allow of our leaving our places. Yet as we were not called, we knew there was no danger. We hurried to get through with our job; seeing the steward's black face peering out of the pantry, Mr. H—— hailed him to know what was the matter. "Lan'o, to be sure, sir! Do you hear 'em sing out, Lan'o? De cap'em say 'im Cape Horn!"

This gave us a new start, and we were soon through our work, and on deck; and there lay the land, fair upon the starboard beam, and slowly edging away upon the quarter. All hands were busy looking at it—the captain and mate from the quarter-deck, the cook from his galley, and the sailors from the forecastle; and even Mr. N——, the passenger who had kept in his shell for nearly

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a month, and hardly been seen by anybody, and who we had almost forgotten was on board, came out like a butterfly, and was hopping about as bright as a bird.

The land was the island of Staten Island, just to the eastward of Cape Horn; and a more desolate-looking spot I never wish to set eyes upon; —bare, broken, and girt with rock and ice, with here and there, between the rocks and broken hillocks, a little stunted vegetation of shrubs. It was a place well suited to stand in the junction of the two oceans, beyond the reach of human cultivation, and encounter the blasts of a perpetual winter. Yet, dismal as it was, it was a pleasant sight to us; not only as being the first land we had seen, but because it told us that we had passed the Cape, were in the Atlantic, and that, with twenty-four hours of this breeze, might bid defiance to the Southern Ocean. It told us, too, our latitude and longitude better than any observation; and the captain now knew where we were, as well as if we were off the end of Long Wharf.

We lost the land gradually astern; and at sun down had the Atlantic Ocean clear before us.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

STRAIGHT FOR BOSTON.

It is usual in voyages round the Cape from the Pacific to keep to the eastward of the Falkland Islands; but as it had now set in a strong, steady, and clear south-wester, with every prospect of its lasting, and we had had enough of high latitudes, the captain determined to stand immediately to the northward, running inside the Falkland Islands Accordingly, when the wheel was relieved at eight o'clock, the order was given to keep her due north, and all hands were turned up to square away the yards and make sail. In a moment the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Every one was on the alert; and even the two sick men turned out to lend a pull at the halyards. The wind was now due south-west, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close-hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed sail, but as we were going before it we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft, and a reef

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shaken out of the topsails, and the reefed foresail set. When we came to mast-head the topsail yards, with all hands at the halyards, we struck up "Cheerily, men," with a chorus that might have been heard half-way to Staten Island.

Under her increased sail, the ship drove through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the captain sang out from the quarter-deck—"Another reef out of that fore-topsail, and give it to her!" Two hands sprang aloft: the frozen reef-points and earings were cut adrift, the halyards manned, and the sail gave out her increased canvas to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effects of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her. She flung the foam from her bows, the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still everything held. Preventer braces were reefed and hauled taut; tackles got upon the backstays, and everything done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship—"Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the tow-rope!" and the like; and we were on the forecastle, looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at

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which she was going, when the captain called out—"Mr. Brown, get up the topmast studding-sail! what she can't carry she may drag." The mate looked on a moment; but he would let nc one be before him in daring. He sprang forward —"Hurrah, men, rig out the topmast sail boom, lay aloft, and I'll send the rigging up to you." We sprang aloft into the top, lowered a girt line, by which we hauled up the rigging, rove tacks and halyards, ran out the boom, and lashed fast: and sent down the lower halyards as a preventer. It was a clear starlight night, cold and blowing: but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the "old man" was mad, but no one said a word. We had had a new topmast studding-sail made with a reef in it—a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a great deal, saying that when it was time to reef a studding-sail it was time to take it in. But we found a use for it now; for there being a reef in the topsail, the studding-sail could not be set without one in it also. To be sure a studding-sail with reefed top-sail was rather a new thing; yet there was some reason in it, for if we carried that away, we should lose only a sail and a boom; but a whole topsail might have carried away the mast and all.

While we were aloft, the sail had been got out, bent to the yard, reefed, and ready for

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hoisting. Waiting for a good opportunity, the halyards were manned and the yard fairly hoisted to the block; but when the mate came to shake the cat's paw out of the downhaul, and we began to boom-end the sail, it shook the ship to the centre. The boom buckled up and bent like a whip stick, and we looked every moment to see something go; but being of the short, tough, upland spruce, it bent like whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen. The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather brace hauled taut to take off the strain. Every rope-yarn seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvas; and with sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually jumping from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven; and had it been life or death with every one of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvas.

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands were sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young

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colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly from her—slapping his hands upon his thighs, and talking to the ship—"Hurrah, jade, you've got the scent!—you know where you're going!" And when she leaped out of the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled in her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking—"There she goes—handsomely!—as long as she creaks she holds," while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away, if anything went. At four bells we hove the log, and she was going eleven knots fairly; and had it not been for the sea from aft, which sent the ship home, and threw her continually off her course, the log would have shown her to be going much faster. I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the Kennebec, who was a good helmsman; and for two hours we had our hands full. A few minutes showed us that our monkey jackets must come off; and cold as it was, we stood in our shirt sleeves in a perspiration, and were glad enough to have eight bells and the wheel relieved. We turned in and slept as well as we could, though the sea made a constant roar under our bows, and washed over the forecastle like a cataract.

At four o'clock we were called again. The

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same sail was still on the vessel, and the gale, if there was any change, had increased a little. No attempt was made to take the studding-sail in; and, indeed, it was too late. If we had started anything towards taking it in, either tack or halyards, it would have blown to pieces, and carried something away with it. The only way now was to let everything stand, and if the gale went down, well and good; if not, something must go—the weakest stick or rope first—and then we could get it in. For more than an hour she was driven on at such a ferocious rate that she seemed actually to crowd the sea into a heap before her; and the water poured over the spritsail yard as it would over a dam. Toward daybreak the gale abated a little, and she was just beginning to go more easily through the water, when Mr. Brown determined to give her no respite, and, depending upon the wind's subsiding as the sun rose, told us to get along the lower studding-sail. This was an immense sail, and held wind enough to last a Dutchman a week—hove to. It was soon ready, the bottom topped up, the preventer guys rove, and the idlers called up to man the halyards; yet such was still the force of the gale, that we were nearly an hour setting the sail; carried away the overhaul in doing it, and came very near snapping off the swinging boom. No sooner was it set than the ship tore on like one that was mad,

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and began to steer as wild as a hawk. The men at the wheel were puffing and blowing at their work, and the helm was going hard up and hard down constantly. Add to this, the gale did not abate as the day came, but the sun rose in clouds. A sudden lurch threw the man from the weather wheel, across the deck and against the side. The mate sprang to the wheel, and the man, regaining his feet, seized the spokes, and they hove the wheel up just in time to save her from broaching to, though half the studding-sail went under water; and as she came to, the boom came up at an angle of forty-five degrees. She had evidently more on her than she could bear; yet it was in vain to try to take it in—the clewline was not strong enough; when another wide yaw, and a come-to snapped the guys, and the swinging boom came in with a crash against the lower rigging. The out haul block gave way, and the topmast studding-sail boom bent in a manner which I never before supposed a stick could bend. I had my eye on it when the guys parted, and it made one spring and buckled up so as to form nearly half-a-circle, and sprang out again to its shape. The clewline gave way at the first pull; the cleat to which the halyards were belayed was wrenched off, and sail blew round the sprit-sail yard and head guys, which gave us a bad job to get in. A half-hour served to clear all away.

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and she was suffered to drive on with her top-mast studding-sail set, it being as much as she could stagger under.

During all this day and the next night we went on under the same sail, the gale blowing with undiminished violence; two men at the wheel all the time, watch and watch, and nothing to do but to steer and look out for the ship, and be blown along—until noon of the next day—

Sunday, July 24th.—when we were in lat. 50° 27′ N., long. 62° 13′ W., having made four degrees of latitude in the last twenty-four hours. Being now to the northward of the Falkland Islands, the ship was kept off, north-east, for the equator; and with her head for the equator, and Cape Horn over the taffrail, she went gloriously on; every heave of the sea leaving the Cape astern, and every hour bringing us nearer to home, and to warm weather. Many a time when blocked up in the ice, with everything dismal and discouraging about us, we had said—if we were once fairly round, and standing north on the other side, we should ask for no more; and now we had it all, with a clear sea and as much wind as a sailor could pray for. If the best part of a voyage is the last part, surely we had all that we could wish. Everyone was in the highest spirits, and the ship seemed as glad as any of us, at getting out of her confine-

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ment. At each change of the watch, those coming on deck asked, "How does she go along?" and got for answer, the rate, and customary addition —"Ay! and the Boston girls have hold of the tow rope and the watch, and can't haul in half of the slack!"

Each day the sun rose higher in the horizon, and the nights grew shorter; and at coming on deck each morning there was a sensible change in the temperature. The ice, too, began to melt from the rigging and spars, and except a little which remained in the tops and round the bounds of the lower masts, was gone.

As we left the gale behind us, the reefs were shaken out of the topsails, and made as fast as she could bear it; and every time all hands were sent to the halyards, a song was called for, and we hoisted away with a will.

Sail after sail was added, as she drew into fine weather; and in one week after leaving Cape Horn, the long top-gallant masts were got up, top-gallant and royal-yards crossed, and the ship restored to her fair proportions.

Sunday, July 31st.—At noon we were in lat. 36° 41′ N., long. 38° 39′ W.; having traversed the distance of two thousand miles, allowing for changes of course, in nine days. A thousand miles in four days and a-half—this is equal to steam!

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Soon after eight o'clock, the appearance of the ship gave evidence that this was the first Sunday we had yet had of fine weather. As the sun came up clear, with a promise of a fair, warm day, and, as usual on Sunday, there was no work going on, all hands turned to upon clearing out the fore-castle. The wet and soiled clothes which had accumulated there during the past month, were brought up on deck; the chests moved; brooms, buckets of water, swabs, scrubbing brushes, and scrapers, carried down, and applied till the fore-castle floor was as white as chalk, and everything neat and in order.

We went on for several days employed in this way, nothing remarkable occurring; and, at the latter part of the week, fell in with the south-east trades, blowing about east-south-east, which brought them nearly two points abaft our beam. These blew strong and steady, so that we hardly started a rope, until we were beyond their latitude. The first day of "all hands," one of those little incidents occurred, which are nothing in themselves, but are great matters in the eyes of a ship's company, as they serve to break the monotony of a voyage, and afford conversation to the crew for days afterwards. These small matters, too, are often very interesting, as they show the customs and state of feeling on shipboard.

In merchant vessels, the captain gives his

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orders, as to the ship's work, to the mate in a general way, and leaves the execution of them, with a particular ordering, to him. This has become so fixed a custom, that it is like a law, and is never infringed upon by a wise master, unless his mate is no seaman; in which case, the captain must often oversee things for himself. This, however, could not be said of our chief mate; and he was very jealous of any encroachment upon the borders of his authority.

On Monday morning the captain told him to stay the fore topmast plumb. He accordingly came forward, turned all hands to, with tackles on the stays and backstays, coming up with the seizings, hauling here, belaying there, and full of business, standing between the knight-heads to sight the mast—when the captain came forward, and also began to give orders. This made confusion; and the mate, finding that he was all aback, left his place, and went aft, saying to the captain—

"If you come forward, sir, I'll go aft. One is enough on the forecastle."

This produced a reply, and another fierce answer; and the words flew, fists were doubled up, and things looked threatening.

"I'm master of this ship."

"Yes, sir, and I'm mate of her, and know my place! My place is forward, and yours is aft!"

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"My place is where I choose! I command the whole ship · and you are mate only so long as I choose!"

"Say the word, Captain T., and I'm done! I can do a man's work aboard! I didn't come through the cabin windows! If I'm not mate, I can be man," etc., etc.

This was all fun for us, who stood by, winking at each other, and enjoying the contest between the higher powers. The captain took the mate aft, and they had a long talk, which ended in the mate returning to his duty. The captain had broken through a custom which is a part of the common law of a ship, and without reason; for he knew that his mate was a sailor, and needed no help from him, and the mate was excusable for being angry. He was wrong and the captain right. Whatever the captain does is right, *ipso facto*, and any opposition to it is wrong on board a ship; and every officer and man knows this when he signs the ship's articles—it is a part of the contract. Yet there has grown up in merchant vessels a series of customs, which have become a well-understood system, and have almost the force of prescriptive law.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

DRAWING NEAR HOME.

THE same day, I met with one of those narrow escapes which are so often happening in a sailor's life. I had been aloft nearly all the afternoon at work, standing for as much as an hour on the fore top gallant-yard, which was hoisted up, and hung only by the tie; when having got through the work, I bailed up my yards, took my yarns, took my serving board in my hand, laid hold deliberately of the top-gallant rigging, took one foot from the yard, and was just lifting the other, when the tie parted, and down the yard fell. I was safe, by my hold upon the rigging, but it made my heart beat quick.

Had the tie parted one instant sooner, or had I stood an instant longer on the yard, I should inevitably have been thrown violently from the height of ninety or a hundred feet overboard; or what is worse, upon deck. However, "a miss is as good as a mile!" a saying which sailors very often have occasion to use. An escape is always a joke on board ship. A man would be ridiculed

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who should make a serious matter of it. A sailor knows too well that his life hangs upon a thread to wish to be always reminded of it; so, if a man has an escape, he keeps it to himself, or makes a joke of it. I have often known a man's life to be saved by an instant of time, or by the merest chance—the swinging of a rope, and no notice taken of it. One of our boys, when off Cape Horn reefing topsails on a dark night, and when there were no boats to be lowered away,—and where, if a man fell overboard, he must be left behind—lost his hold of the reefing point, slipped from the foot rope, and would have been in the water in a moment, when the man who was next to him on the yard caught him by the collar of his jacket, and hauled him up upon the yard with—"Hold on another time, you young monkey, and be d—d to you!" and that was all that was heard about it.

Thursday, August 18th.—At three, P.M., made the island of Fernando de Noronha, lying in lat. 3° 55′ S., long. 32° 35′ W. and between twelve o'clock Friday night and one o'clock Saturday morning, crossed the equator, for the fourth time since leaving Boston, in long. 35′ W.; having been twenty-seven days from Staten Island—a distance, by the course we had made, of more than four thousand miles.

We were now to the northward of the line, and every day added to our latitude. The Magellan

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clouds, the last sign of south latitude, were sunk in the horizon, and the North Star, the Great Bear, and the familiar signs of northern latitudes, were rising in the heavens. Next to seeing land, there is no sight which makes one realise more that he is drawing near home, than to see the same heavens under which he was born, shining at night over his head. The weather was extremely hot, with the usual tropical alternation, of a scorching sun and squalls of rain: yet not a word was said in complaint of the heat, for we all remembered that only three or four weeks before we would have given nearly our all to have been where we now were. We had plenty of water, too, which we caught by spreading an awning, with shot thrown in to make hollows. These rain squalls came up in the manner usual between the tropics.

The wind blew strong and steady, keeping us generally upon a bowline, as our course was about north-north-west; and sometimes, as they veered a little to the eastward, giving us a chance at a main top-gallant studding-sail; and sending us well to the northward, until

Sunday, September 4th, when they left us, in lat. 23° N., long. 51° W., directly under the Tropic of Cancer.

For several days we lay "humbugging about" in the Horse latitudes, with all sorts of winds and weather, and occasionally, as we were in the

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latitude of the West Indies, a thunder-storm. It was hurricane month, too, and we were just in the track of the tremendous hurricane of 1830, which swept the North Atlantic, destroying almost everything before it. The first night after the trade-winds left us, while we were in the latitude of the Island of Cuba, we had a specimen of a true tropical thunder-storm. A light breeze had been blowing directly from aft during the first part of the night, which gradually died away, and before midnight it was dead calm, and a heavy black cloud had shrouded the whole sky. When our watch came on deck at twelve o'clock it was black as Erebus: the studding-sails were all taken in, and the royals furled; not a breath was stirring; the sails hung heavy and motionless from the yards; and the perfect stillness and the darkness, which was almost palpable, were truly appalling. Not a word was spoken, but everyone stood as if waiting for something to happen.

In a few minutes the mate came forward, and in a low tone which was almost a whisper, told us to haul down the jib. The fore and mizen top-gallant sails were taken in in the same silent manner; and we lay motionless upon the water, with an uneasy expectation which, from the long suspense, became actually painful. We could hear the captain walking the deck, but it was too dark

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to see anything more than one's hand before the face. Soon the mate came forward again, and gave an order, in a low tone, to clew up the main top-gallant sail; and so infectious was the awe and silence, that the clewlines and buntlines were hauled up without any of the customary singing out at the ropes. An English lad and myself went up to furl it; and we had just got the bunt up, when the mate called out to us something, we did not hear what—but supposing it to be an order to bear a hand, we hurried and made all fast, and came down, feeling our way among the rigging. When we got down, we found all hands looking aloft, and there, directly over where we had been standing, upon the main top-gallant mast head, was a ball of light, which the sailors name a composant (*corpus sancti*), and which the mate had called out to us to look at. They were all watching it carefully, for sailors have a notion, that if the composant rises in the rigging, it is a sign of fair weather, but if it comes lower down, there will be a storm. Unfortunately, as an omen, it came down and showed itself on the top-gallant yard-arm. We were off the yard in good season, for it was a fatal sign to have the pale light of the composant thrown upon one's face. As it was, the English lad did not feel comfortable to have it so near him, and directly over his head. In a few minutes it disappeared, and

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showed itself again on the fore top-gallant yard; and after playing about for some time, disappeared again, when the man in the forecastle pointed to it upon the flying jib-boom end. But our attention was drawn from watching this by the falling of some drops of rain, and by a perceptible increase of the darkness, which seemed suddenly to add a new shade of blackness to the night. In a few minutes low grumbling thunder was heard, and some random flashes of lightning came from the south-west. Every sail was taken in but the topsails; still no squall appeared to be coming. A few puffs lifted the topsails, but they fell again to the mast, and all was as still as ever. A moment more and a terrible flash and peal broke simultaneously over our heads, and let down the water in one body, like a fallen ocean. We stood motionless, and almost stupified; yet nothing had been struck. Peal after peal rattled over our heads with a sound which seemed to stop the breath in the body; and "the speedy gleams" kept the whole ocean in a glare of light. The violent fall of the rain lasted but a few minutes, and was succeeded by occasional drops and showers; but the lightning continued incessant for several hours, breaking the midnight darkness with irregular and blinding flashes; during all which time there was not a breath stirring, and we lay motionless, like a mark to be shot at,

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probably the only object on the surface of the ocean for miles and miles.

We stood hour after hour, until the watch was out, and we were relieved at four o'clock. During all this time hardly a word was spoken; no bells were struck, and the wheel was silently relieved. The rain fell at intervals in heavy showers; and we stood drenched through and blinded by the flashes, which broke the Egyptian darkness with a brightness which seemed almost malignant; while the thunder rolled in peals, the concussion of which appeared to shake the very ocean. A ship is not often injured by lightning, for the electricity is separated by the great number of points she presents, and the quantity of iron which she has scattered in various parts. The electric fluid ran over her anchors, topsail sheets, and ties; yet no harm was done to us. We went below at four o'clock, leaving things in the same state. It was not easy to sleep, when the very next flash may tear the ship in two, or set her on fire; or where the death-like calm may be broken by the blast of a hurricane taking the masts out of the ship. But a man is no sailor if he cannot sleep when he turns in, and turn out when he's called. And when at seven bells, the customary, "All the larboard watch, ahoy!" brought us on deck, it was a fine, clear, sunny morning, the ship going leisurely along with a good breeze, and all sail set.

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From the latitude of the West Indies until we got inside the Bermudas, where we took the westerly and south-westerly winds, that blow steadily off the coast of the United States early in autumn, we had every variety of weather, and two or three moderate gales, or as sailors call them. double-reefed topsail breezes.

Our captain had been married only a few weeks when he left Boston; and after an absence of over two years, it may be supposed that he was not slow in carrying sail. The mate, too, was not to be beaten by anybody: and the second mate, though he was afraid to press sail, was afraid as death of the captain, and being between two fears, sometimes carried on longer than any of them. We snapped off three flying jib-booms in twenty-four hours, as fast as they could be fitted and rigged out, sprung the spritsail-yard, and made nothing of studding-sail booms. Besides the natural desires to get home, we had another reason for urging the ship on. The scurvy had begun to show itself on board. One man had it so badly as to be disabled and off duty, and the English lad, Ben, was in a dreadful state, and was daily growing worse. His legs swelled and pained him so that he could not walk; his flesh lost its elasticity, so that if it were pressed in, it would not return to its shape; and his gums swelled until he could not open his mouth. His breath, too, became offensive; he lost

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all strength and spirits; could eat nothing; grew worse every day; and, in fact, unless something was done for him, would be a dead man in a week, at the rate at which he was sinking. The medicines were all, or nearly all gone; and if we had had a chest full, they would have been of no use, for nothing but fresh provisions and *terra firma* has any effect upon the scurvy. This disease is not so common now as formerly, and is attributed generally to salt provisions, want of cleanliness, the free use of grease and fat (which is the reason of its prevalence among whalemen), and last of all to laziness. It never could have been the latter cause on board our ship; nor from the second, for we were a very cleanly crew, kept our forecastle in neat order, and were more particular about washing and changing clothes than many better-dressed people on shore.

Sunday, September 11th.—Lat. 30° 40′ N., long. 63° 23′ W., the Bermudas bearing north-north-west, distant one hundred and fifty miles. The next morning, about ten o'clock, "Sail ho!" was cried on deck, and all hands turned up to see the stranger. As she drew nearer, she proved to be an ordinary hermaphrodite brig, standing south-south-east, and probably bound out from the Northern States to the West Indies, and was just the thing we wished to see. She hove to for us, seeing that we wished to speak her;

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and we ran down to her, boom-ended our studding-sails, backed our main topsail, and hailed her,—"Brig ahoy!" "Hallo!" "Where are you from?" "From New York, bound to Curacoa!" "Have you plenty of provisions to spare?" "Ay, ay, plenty of them!" We lowered away the quarter-boat instantly; and the captain and four hands sprang in, and they were very soon dancing over the water, and alongside the brig. In about half-an-hour they returned with half-a-boat load of potatoes and onions, and each vessel filled away and kept on her course. She proved to be the brig Solon, of Plymouth, from the Connecticut river, and last from New York, bound to the Spanish Main with a cargo of fresh provisions, mules, tin bake pans, and other *notions.* The onions were genuine and fresh; and the mate of the brig told the men in the boat, as he passed the bunches over the side, that the girls had strung them on purpose for us the day he sailed. We had supposed, on board, that a new president had been chosen the last winter; and just as we filled away, the captain hailed and asked who was President of the United States. They answered, Andrew Jackson; but thinking that the General could not have been elected a third time, we hailed again, and they answered—Jack Downing: and left us to correct the mistake at our leisure.

It was just dinner-time when we filled away,

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and the steward, taking a few bunches of onions for the cabin, gave the rest to us, with a bottle of vinegar. We carried them forward, stowed them away in the forecastle, refusing to have them cooked, and ate them raw, with our beef and bread. And a glorious treat they were. The freshness and crispness of the raw onion, and the earthy taste, give it a great relish to one who has been a long time on salt provisions. We were perfectly ravenous after them. It was like a scent of blood to a hound. We ate them at every meal by the dozen, and filled our pockets with them, to eat in our watches on deck; and the bunches, rising in the form of a cone, from the largest at the bottom to the smallest no larger than a strawberry at the top, soon disappeared. The chief use, however, of the fresh provision, was for the men with the scurvy. One of them was not able to eat, but he soon brought himself to by gnawing upon raw potatoes; but the other, by this time, was hardly able to open his mouth; and the cook took the potatoes raw, pounded them in a mortar, and gave him the juice to drink. This he swallowed by the teaspoonful at a time, and rinsed it about his gums and throat. The strong earthy taste and smell of this extract of a raw potato at first produced a shuddering through the whole frame, and after drinking it, an acute pain, which ran through all parts of his body; but knowing by

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this that it was taking strong hold, he persevered, drinking a spoonful every hour or so, and holding it a long time in his mouth; until, by the effect of this drink, and of his own restored hope, (for he had nearly given up in despair), he became so well as to be able to move about, and open his mouth enough to eat the raw potatoes and onions pounded into a soft pulp. This course soon restored his appetite and strength; and ten days after we spoke the Solon, so rapid was his recovery, that from lying helpless and almost hopeless in his berth, he was at the mast-head furling a royal.

With a fine south-west wind, we passed inside of the Bermudas, and, notwithstanding the old couplet, which was quoted again and again by those who thought we should have one more touch of a storm before our voyage was up—

"If the Bermudas let you pass,
You must beware of Hatteras."

we were to the northward of Hatteras, with good weather, and beginning to count, not the days, but the hours, to the time that we should be at anchor in Boston harbour.

Friday, September 16th.—Lat. 38° N. long. 69° 13′ W. A fine south-east wind; every hour carrying us nearer in toward the land. All hands on deck in the dog watch, and nothing talked about but our getting in—where we should make—going to church—how Boston would look

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—friends—wages paid—and the like. Every one was in the best spirits; and the voyage being nearly at an end, the strictness of discipline was relaxed; for it was not necessary to order in a cross tone what one was ready to do with a will. The little differences and quarrels which a long voyage breeds on board a ship were forgotten, and every one was friendly; and two men who had been on the eve of a battle half the voyage, were laying out a plan together for a cruise on shore. When the mate came forward, he talked to the men, and said we should be on George's Bank before to-morrow noon; and joked with the boys, promising to go and see them, and to take them to Marble-head in a coach.

Saturday 17*th.*—The wind was light all day, which kept us back somewhat; but a fine breeze springing up at nightfall, we were running fast in toward the land. At six o'clock we expected to have the ship hove to for soundings, as a thick fog coming up showed we were near them; but no order was given, and we kept on our way. Eight o'clock came, and the watch went below; and for the whole of the first hour the ship was tearing on, with studding-sails out, slow and aloft, and the night as dark as a pocket. At two bells the captain came on deck, and said a word to the mate, when the studding-sails were hauled into the tops, or boom-ended, and after-yards backed, the deep

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sea-lead carried forward, and everything made ready for sounding. A man on the spritsail-yard with the lead, another on the cat-head with a handful of line coiled up, another in the main chains, each with a quantity of the line coiled away in his hand. "All ready there, forward?" "Ay, ay, sir!" "Hea-e-ave!" "Watch! oh! watch!" sings out the man on the spritsail-yard, and the heavy lead drops into the water. "Watch! oh! watch!" bawls out the man on the cat-head, as the last fake of the coil drops from his hand; and "Watch! oh! watch!" is shouted by each one, as the line drops from his hold, until it comes to the mate, who tends the lead, and has the line in coils on the quarter-deck. Eighty fathoms, and no bottom! A depth as great as the height of St. Peter's! The line is snatched in a block upon the swifter, and three or four men haul it in and coil it away. The after-yards are braced full, the studding-sails hauled out again, and in a few minutes more the ship had her whole way upon her. At four bells, backed again, hove the lead, and—sounding! at sixty fathoms! Hurrah for Yankee land! Hand over hand we hauled the lead in, and the captain, taking it to the light, found black mud at the bottom. Studding-sails taken in, after-yards filled, and the ship kept on under easy sail all night; the wind dying away

Sunday 18*th.*—Block Island bore, by calcu-

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lation, N.W.½W. 15 miles, but the fog was so thick all day we could see nothing.

Towards night a moderate breeze sprang up; the fog, however, continuing as thick as before, and we kept on to the eastward. About the middle of the first watch a man on the forecastle sung out, in a tone which showed that there was not a moment to be lost,—"Hard up the helm!" and a great ship loomed out of the fog, coming directly down upon us. She luffed at the same moment, and we just passed one another—our spanker-boom grazing over her quarter. The officer of the deck had only time to hail, and she answered, as she went into the fog again, something about Bristol—probably a whaleman from Bristol, Rhode Island, bound out. The fog continued through the night, with a very light breeze, before which we ran to the eastward, literally feeling our way along. The lead was hove every two hours, and the gradual change from black mud to sand, showed that we were approaching Nantucket South Shoals. On Monday morning, the increased depth and deep blue colour of the water, and the mixture of shells and white sand which we brought up, upon sounding, showed that we were in the channel, and nearing George's; accordingly the ship's head was put directly to the northward, and we stowed on, with perfect confidence in the soundings, though we had not taken

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an observation for two days, nor seen land; and the difference of an eighth of a mile might put us ashore. Throughout the day a provoking light wind prevailed; and at eight o'clock a small fishing schooner, which we passed, told us we were nearly abreast of Chatham lights. Just before midnight, a light land breeze sprung up, which carried us well along, and at four o'clock, thinking ourselves to the northward of Race Point, we hauled upon the wind, and stood into the bay, north-north-west, for Boston Light, and commenced firing guns for a pilot. Our watch went below at four o'clock, but could not sleep, for the watch on deck were banging away at the guns every few minutes. And, indeed, we cared very little about it, for we were in Boston Bay; and, if fortune favoured us, we could all "sleep in" the next night, with nobody to call the watch every four hours.

We turned out, of our own will, at daybreak, to get a sight of land. In the grey of the morning, one or two small fishing-smacks peered out of the mist; and when the broad day broke upon us, there lay the low sand-hills of Cape Cod, over our larboard quarter, and before us the wide waters of Massachusett's Bay, with here and there a sail gliding over its smooth surface.

About ten o'clock a little boat came bobbing over the water, and put a pilot on board, and

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sheered off in pursuit of other vessels bound in. Being now within the scope of the telegraph stations, our signals were run up at the fore; and in half-an-hour afterwards the owner on Change, or in his counting-room, knew that his ship was below; and the landlords, runners, and sharks in Ann Street, learned that there was a rich prize for them down in the bay; a ship from round the Horn, with a crew to be paid off with two years' wages.

We had all set our hearts upon getting up to town before night, and going ashore; but the tide beginning to run strong against us, and the wind, what there was of it, being ahead, we made but little by weather-bowing the tide, and the pilot gave orders to cock-bill the anchor, and overhaul the chain. Making two long stretches, which brought us up into the roads, under the lee of the castle, we clewed up the topsails, and let go the anchor; and for the first time since leaving San Diego—one hundred and thirty-five days—our anchor was upon the ground. In half-an-hour more, we were lying snugly, with all sails furled, safe in Boston harbour; our long voyage ended; the well-known scene about us; the dome of the State House fading in the western sky; the light of the city starting into sight, as the darkness came on; and at nine o'clock the clangour of the bells, ringing their accustomed

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peals; among which the Boston boys tried to distinguish the well-known tone of the Old South.

We had just done furling the sails, when a beautiful little pleasure-boat luffed up into the wind, under our quarter, and the junior partner of the firm to which our ship belonged, jumped on board. I saw him from the mizen topsail-yard, and knew him well. He shook the captain by the hand, and went down into the cabin, and in a few moments came up and inquired for me of the mate. The last time I had seen him I was in the uniform of an under-graduate of Harvard College; and now, to his astonishment, there came down from aloft a "rough alley" looking fellow, with duck trousers and red shirt, long hair, and face burnt as black as an Indian's. He shook me by the hand, congratulated me upon my return and my appearance of health and strength, and said my friends were all well. I thanked him for telling me what I should not have dared to ask; and if—

> "The first bringer of unwelcome news
> Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
> Sounds ever after like a sullen bell."

certainly I shall ever remember this man and his words with pleasure.

The captain went up to town in the boat with Mr. H——, and left us to pass another night on

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board ship, and to come up with the morning's tide under command of the pilot.

About ten o'clock, a sea breeze sprang up, and the pilot gave orders to get the ship under weigh. All hands manned the windlass; and the long drawn "Yo, heave, ho!" which we had last heard dying away among the desolate hills of San Diego, soon brought the anchor to the bows; and with a fair wind and tide, a bright sunny morning, royals and sky-sails set, ensign streamer, signals and pennant flying, and with our guns firing, we came swiftly and handsomely up to the city. Off the end of the wharf, we rounded to, and let go our anchor; and no sooner was it at the bottom, than the decks were filled with people, custom house officers, Topliff's agent, to inquire for news; others inquiring for friends on board, or left upon the coast; dealers in grease, besieging the galley to make a bargain with the cook for his slush, "loafers," in general: and last and chief, boarding-house runners, to secure their men. Nothing can exceed the obliging disposition of these runners, and the interest they take in a sailor returned from a long voyage with plenty of money. Two or three of them, at different times, took me by the hand; remembered me perfectly; were quite sure I had boarded with them before I sailed; were delighted to see me back; gave me their cards; had a hand-cart

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waiting on the wharf on purpose to take my things up; would lend me a hand to get my chest ashore; bring a bottle of grog on board if we did not haul in immediately—and the like. In fact we could hardly get clear of them to go aloft and furl the sails. Sail after sail, for the hundredth time, in fair weather and in foul, we furled now for the last time together, and came down and took the warp ashore, manned the capstan, and with a chorus which waked up half the North End, and rang among the buildings in the dock, we hauled her into the wharf. Here, too, the landlords and runners were active and ready, taking a bar to the capstan, lending a hand at the ropes; laughing, and talking, and telling the news. The city bells were just ringing "one" when the last turn was made fast, and the crew dismissed. In five minutes more, not a soul was left on board the good ship Alert, but the old overseer, who had come down from the office.

PILOT-BOAT.

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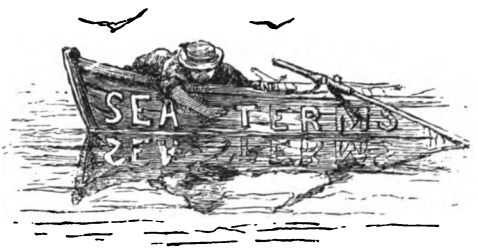

Abaft—Towards the stern.
Astern—In the direction of the stern.
Athwart ships—Across the line of a ship's length.
Athwart hawse—Across the direction of a ship's bow.

Bale—To pump or lift out the water.
Ballast—Weight taken aboard to keep a vessel steady.
Bare poles—No sail set.
Beam ends—Turned over to one side.
Bear down—To come after a vessel from windward.
Bear up, or bear away—To bring a vessel round to the leeward.
Belay—Fastening ropes round pins.
Bend—Make fast.
Binnacle—Box near helm inclosing compass.
Bitts—Pieces of wood to which cables are fastened.
Blocks—Wooden wheels through which tackle passes.
Boatswain—Officer in charge of rigging, and whose duty it is to summon crew.
Boom—Spar on which foot of studding-sail is extended.
Bow—Front or prow.
Bower—An anchor.

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Bowline—Rope extending from edge of square sail.
Bowsprit—Spar protruding beyond bow.
Brace—Rope by which yards are turned about.
Bulwarks—Woodwork round vessel above deck.
Bunt—Middle of a sail.
Buntine—Thin woollen stuff used for flags.
Buntlines—Ropes for hauling up sails.

Capstan—Machine placed perpendicularly on deck for heav ing or hoisting.
Careen—Lie over.
Cat-head—Piece of wood projecting from ship's side to which anchor is secured.
Cat's-paw—Light current during calm.
Caulk—Closing of seams.
Chafing-gear—Covering put on rigging to prevent rubbing.
Chock—A wedge.
Chock-a-block—When lower block of tackle is hauled close up to the upper.
Clew—Lower corner of square sails.
Close-hauled—Yards braced up so as to sail as much as possible to windward.
Cock-bill—Applied to yards when hauled up at an angle with deck, and to anchor when hanging to cat-head by ring only.
Coxswain—Steersman of a boat, and who has charge of it.

Fathom—Six feet.
Fid—Wooden pin for splicing ropes; a block of wood or iron resting on trestle-trees, supporting mast.
Fore-and-aft—Lengthwise with vessel.
Fore-castle—Part of deck in front of foremast.
"*Full and by*"—Order to helmsman to keep sails full and sail close to wind.
Furl—Rolling up a sail on boom yard.

Gaff—Spar to which head of a fore-and-aft sail is attached
Galley—Cooking department.

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"*Give way*"—Order to commence rowing, or to pull hard.
Grapnel—Small boat anchor with claws.
Gunwale (*gunnel*)—Upper rail of a boat or ship.

Hand over hand—Pulling a rope by placing one hand rapidly before the other alternately.
Heave to—To lie to
"*Heave in stays*"—To turn round in tacking.
Heel over, (*to*)—To lie over on one side.
Hogged—Strained at each end.
"*Hold water*"—To keep oars in water and thus impede boat's way.
Holy stone—Large stone used for cleaning deck.
Hull—Body of a vessel.

Jib—Triangular sail near bow.
—*Flying*—Sail beyond jib
Jolly-boat—Small boat hoisted at the stern.

Kink—Hard twist in a rope.
"*Knock off*"—Order to leave off work.
Knot—A mile.

Larboard—Left side. Now changed to *port*.
Launch—The long boat.
"*Launch ho!*"—High enough.
"*Lay!*"—Come or go—as lay aloft.
Lee—Quiet side in contradistinction to weather side.
Leeward—Opposite of windward.
Leeway—Space lost by a vessel drifting to leeward.
"*Lie to!*"—Order to stop progress in sailing.
"*Light out to windward!*"—Haul sail over to windward.
Lighter—Boat used in loading and unloading.
List—Inclination of vessel to one side—as "list to port.
Log or log-book—Ship's journal.
Log—Line used to ascertain rate of ship's sailing.
Long boat—Large boat.
Loof—Part of ship where planks bend towards stern

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Loom—Part of oar resting between the pins or row-locks
Luff—as spring-a-luff—Order to helmsman to keep nearer to wind.
"*Luff and touch her!*"—Order to bring vessel up and see how near she can sail to wind.
Lugger—Small vessel carrying lug-sails.
Lug-sail—Sail which hangs obliquely to mast.
Lurch—Rolling of vessel to one side.

Marlingspike—An iron pin.
Mate—Officer next to captain.
Midships—Middle or broadest part of ship.
"*Miss stays*"—Missing the tack.
Mizen-mast—One nearest stern.
Moon-sail—Small sail sometimes carried above skysail.
Moor—Anchoring by two anchors.

Neap tides—Low tides occurring at middle of moons second and fourth quarters.
"*Near!*"—Order to steersman when too near wind.

Oakum—Tow used for caulking and filling up holes.
Off-and-on—Tacking to and from the land.
Offing—Distance from shore.
Overhaul—To slacken as applied to ropes.

Painter—Rope at boat's bow for making fast on capstan or windlass.
Pawl—Iron check-bar to prevent turning back.
Pay off—When vessel's head falls off from wind.
Pay out—To let cable run out.
Pinnace—Largish boat between launch and cutter.
Poop—High deck at stern. "Pooped" sea breaking over stern.
Port—Left side. Same as larboard. "*Port the helm!*"—Put it to left side.

Quarter-deck—Part beyond main mast.

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Rake—Inclination of mast from the perpendicular.
Range of cable—A coil ready to pay out.
Reef—Curtailing sail by tying up the reef bands.
Reeve—To pass the end of a rope through a block or hole.
Riding at anchor—Lying at anchor.
"*Right the helm!*"—Put it amidships—straight with ship.
"*Round in!*"—Haul in on a rope.
"*Round up!*"—Haul up on a tackle.
Row-locks or Rollocks—Apertures or pins in gunwale of boats for oars to rest in.
Royal—Light sail above top-gallant.
Rudder—Helm of small boat.
Run or to let go "by the run"—To let go at once instead of slacking off.

Sag—To drift.
"*Sail ho!*"—Exclamation when stranger ship comes in sight.
Scud—To drive before gale without sail.
Scull—Short oar. "*To scull*"—To row with one oar from stern of boat.
Scuttle—"*To scuttle a ship*"—To sink her by boring holes in her bottom.
Seize—To fasten rope.
Sheet anchor—Main anchor.
Shrouds—Ropes supporting masts extending from top of masts to sides of ship.
Skysail—Light sail above the royal.
Slack—The loose or hanging part of rope or sail.
Slue—To turn round or over.
Snub—To check a rope suddenly.
"*So!*"—Order to stop pulling rope in.
Spanker—The after fore-and-aft sail.
Spar—Mast, yard or boom.
Spell—Portion of time given to any work.
Spell, to—To relieve another at work.
"*Spell ho!*"—Exclamation to be relieved from work by another.

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Spencer—A fore-and-aft sail abaft fore and main masts.
Splice—Joining two ropes together.
Square as to "Square yards"—To make them horizontal with keel.
Square sail—A temporary sail at the foremast.
"Stand by!"—Be in readiness.
Standing—Applied to part of rope or rigging made fast.
Starboard—Right side.
Starbowlines—When in starboard watch.
Stay—To put about a vessel on other tack.
Stays—Thick ropes fastening masts from top of one to foot of another.
"Steady!"—Order to keep helm straight, in same position.
Strike—To lower.
Studding-sails—Set outside the square sails.
"Surge ho!"—To slack up a rope quickly.
Swab—Mop of old rope.

Tack—To put about by bringing head round opposed to *wearing*. *Starboard-tack*—When wind is on starboard side.
Taffrail—Railing round stern.
Tail up or down—Swinging up or down with tide when at anchor, opposed to *heading*.
"Tail on!" or "Tally on!"—Order to take hold of rope and pull.
Taunt—High or tall. *"All a-taunt"*—When all the light masts and spars are aloft.
Taut—Tight.
Thole-pins—Pins of wood or metal inserted in gunwale of boat for holding oars—same as Rollocks.
Thwarts—Oarsmen's seats across boats.
Tiller—Spoke handle for rudder of sailing boat.
Timber-heads—Projecting pieces of wood to which ropes are made fast.
Top—Platform on mast resting on trestle-trees.
Top-light—Signal lantern carried aloft.

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Top-mast—Second above deck.
Top-gallant mast—Third above deck.
Touch—Applied to sail flapping.
Transoms—Pieces of wood across the sternport.
Trestle-trees—Timbers at mast-head to support cross-trees and top.
Trice—To haul up by means of a rope.
Trick—Man's time at helm.
Truck—Knot of wood on the top of highest mast.
Trysail—A fore and aft sail set behind.
"*Turn up!*"—Order to summon men from below

Vang—Rope used for steadying gaff.
Veer—To change.
Veer and haul—To pull and slack alternately.

Warp—To moor a vessel from one place to another by means of a rope made fast to some fixed object.
Wear—Turning a vessel round *by the stern* so as to catch wind. Opposed to tacking.
Weather—Direction from which wind blows.
Weatherly ship—One that works well to windward.
Weigh—To lift up or to weigh the anchor.
Windlass—Rotary machine for same purpose as capstan but placed horizontally, used in merchant ships to weigh the anchor, &c.

Yard—Long spar to which sail is attached.
Yard-arm—Extremity of a yard.
Yoke—Wooden handle to rudder in rowing boat with lines for each hand to steer by.

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SHIP'S SAILS AND RIGGING.

EXPLANATION OF FIGURES.

1. Bow.
2. Forecastle.
3. Quarter-deck.
4. Stern.
5. Bowsprit.
6. Spritsail-yard.
7. Fore-mast.
8. Main-mast.
9. Mizen-mast.
10. Top.
11. Cross-tree.
12. Cap.

SAILS.

13. Fore-topmast Staysail.
14. Jib.
15. Flying Jib.
16. Fore Spencer.
17. Main Spencer.
18. Spanker.
19. Fore Sail.
20. Fore Topsail.
21. Fore Top-gallant Sail.
22. Fore Royal.
23. Fore Skysail.
24. Main-sail.
25. Main Topsail.
26. Main Top-gallant Sail.
27. Main Royal.
28. Main Skysail.
29. Mizen Topsail.
30. Mizen Top-gallant Sail.
31. Mizen Royal.
32. Mizen Skysail.
33. Lower Studding-sail.
34. Ditto—Lee.
35. Fore-topmast Studding-sail.
36. Ditto—Lee.
37. Fore Top-gallant Studding-sail.
38. Ditto—Lee.
39. Fore Royal Studding-sail.
40. Ditto—Lee.
41. Main Topmast Studding-sail.
42. Ditto—Lee.
43. Main Top-gallant Studding-sail.
44. Ditto—Lee.
45. Main Royal Studding-sail.
46. Ditto—Lee.

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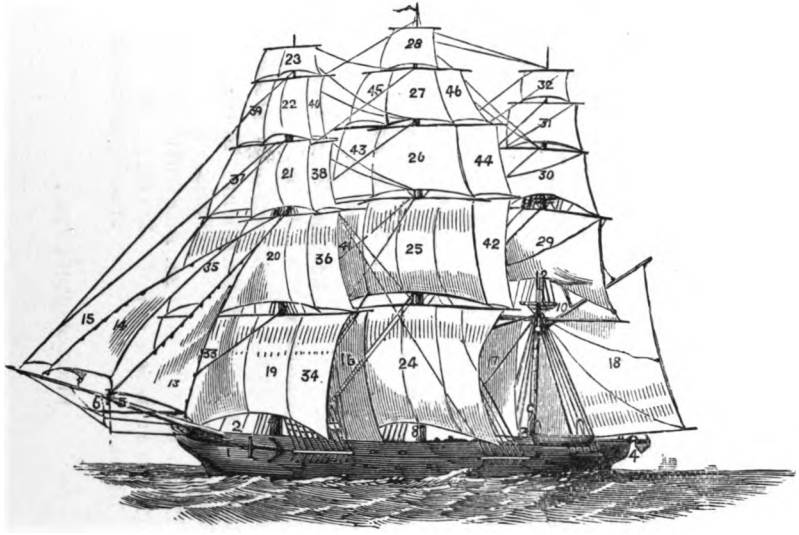

SHIP'S SAILS AND RIGGING.

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